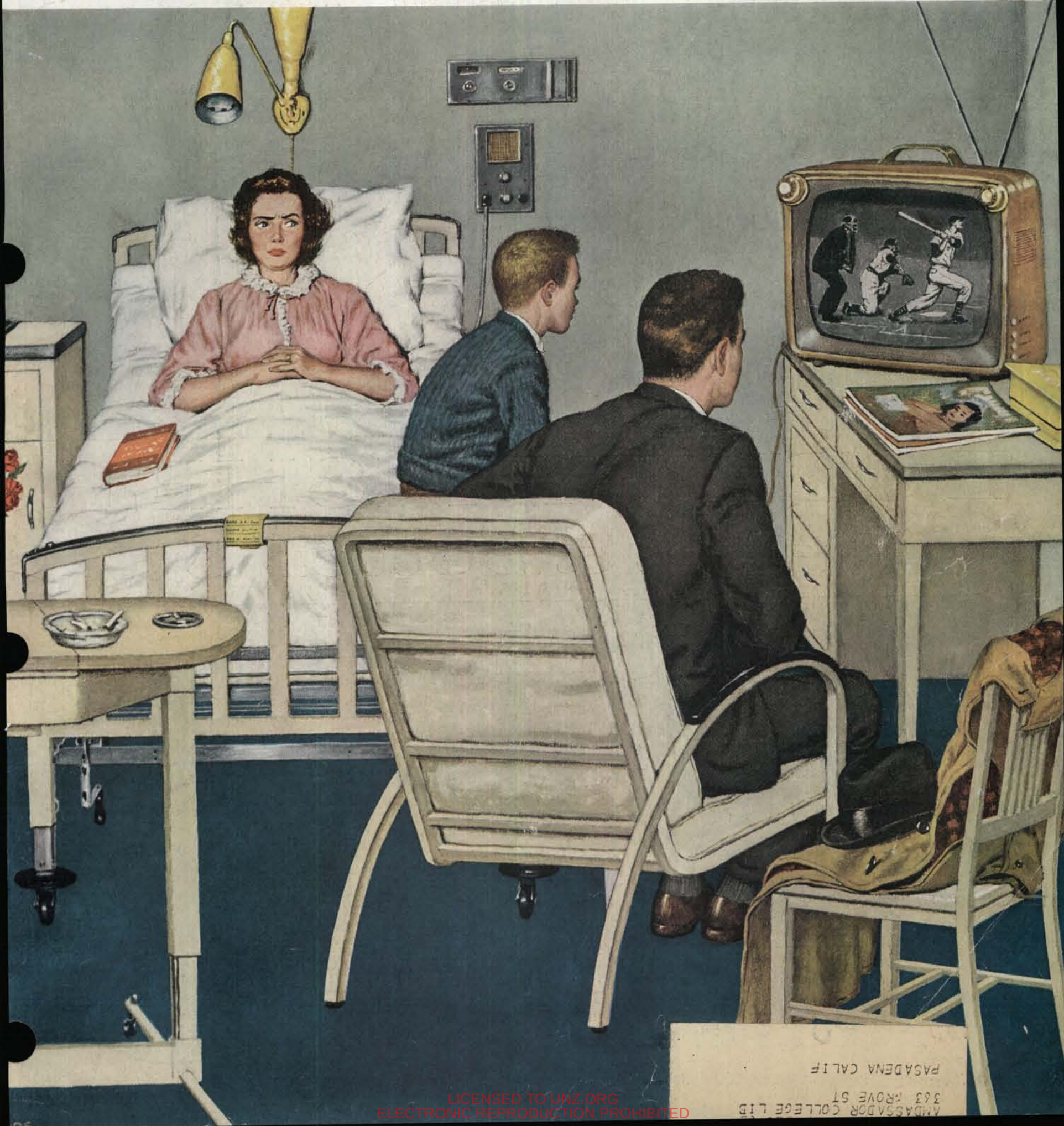
The Saturday Evening
POST
April 29, 1961 – 15¢

How to Bet the Horses
By TED ATKINSON

DEAN MARTIN By PETE MARTIN

KANSAS By JOHN BIRD

SECRETARY OF LABOR GOLDBERG ON THE UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS



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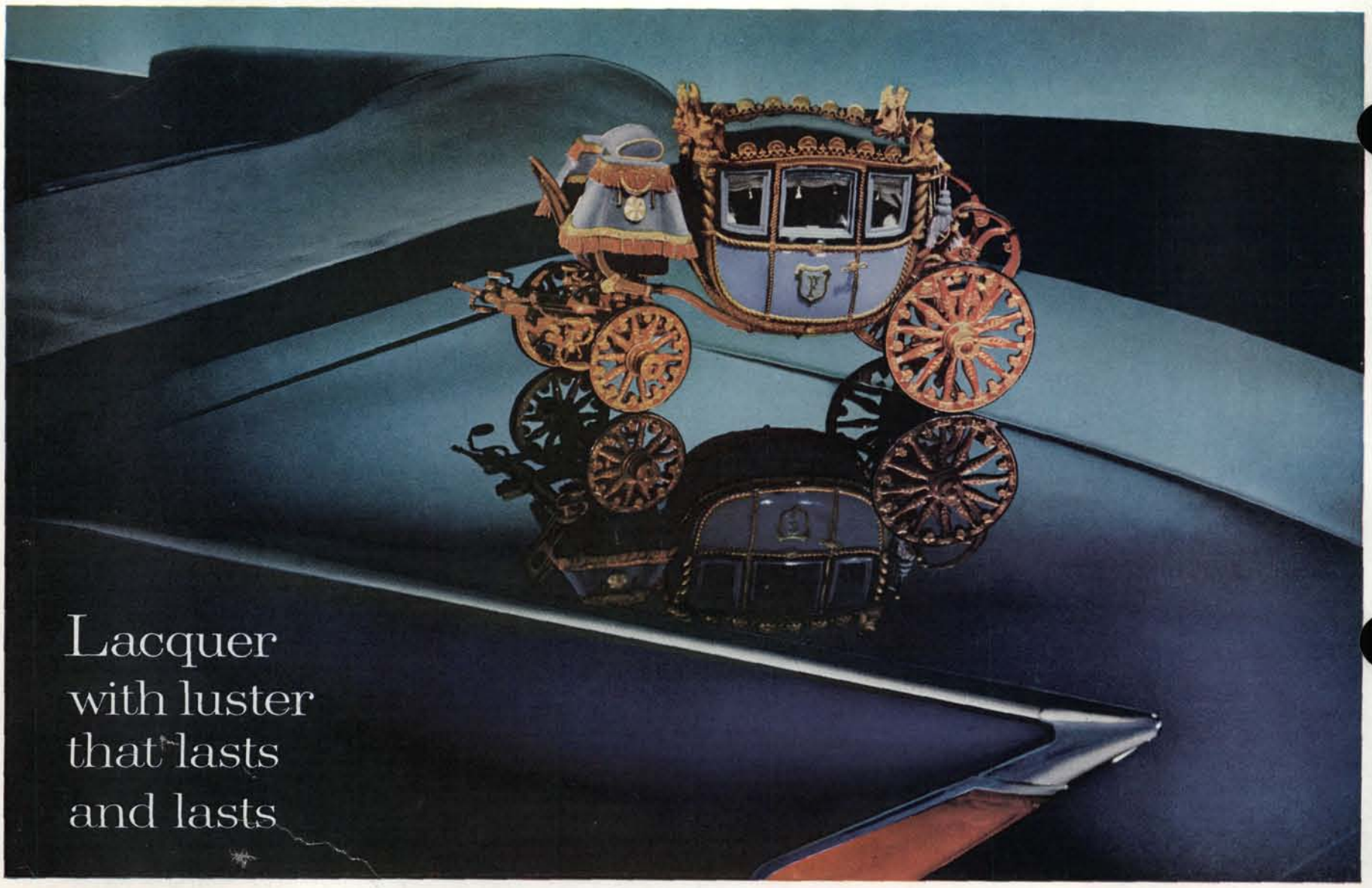

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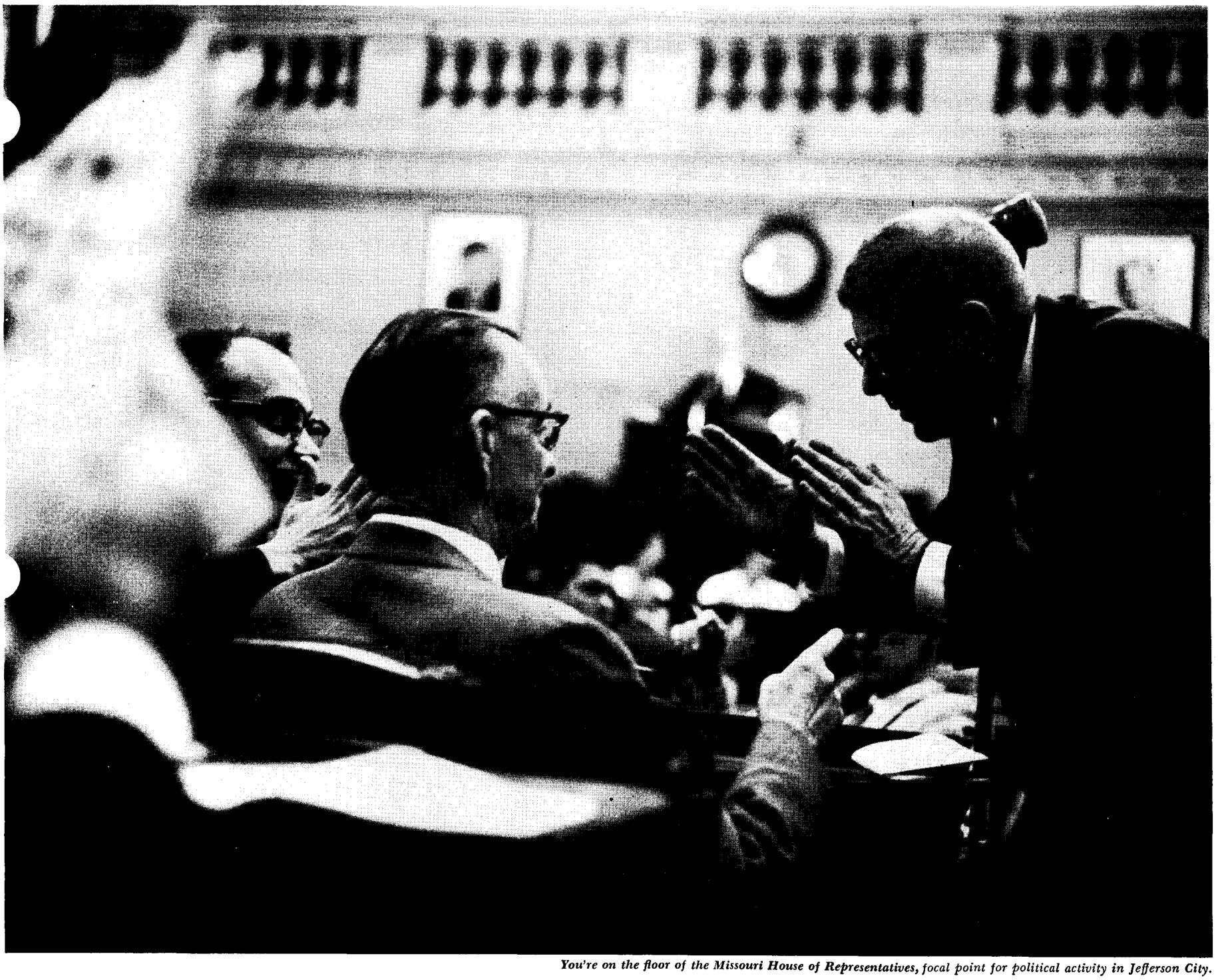


You're on the floor of the Missouri House of Representatives, focal point for political activity in Jefferson City.

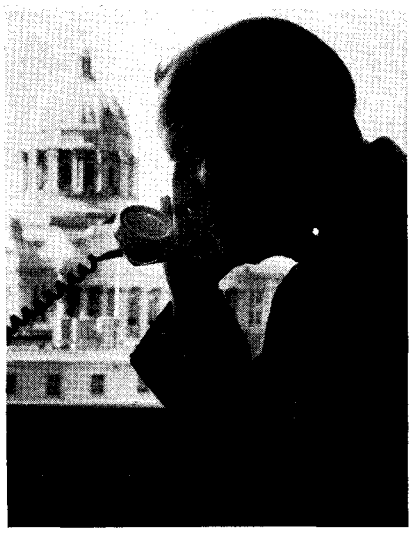
We help them run the Show-me State

In Missouri's capital, Jefferson City, there is one *big* business—the State. 1,766 telephones in 41 departments smooth the flow of its operations. And who carries the calls? One of America's 3,300 *Independent* telephone companies.

Drive into this Missouri River city from any direction. One thing strikes your eye—the Capitol dome.

For Jefferson City, where shoes and appliances and steel building parts are now produced, has been engaged in the business of State government since the son of Daniel Boone plotted its street plan in 1822.

Historians will recall the independent thinking of this city's people in 1861. When a convention elected to remain with the Union, the governor formed a personal militia to fight for the Confederacy. And today, true to tradition, even telephone service is supplied by an *independently* owned and managed company.



***Guiding Missouri's growth,** Division of Resources & Development Director James D. Idol relies on* Independent *telephone service for his link with state-wide projects.*

Capital City Telephone operates 17,400 phones from a single exchange to serve Jefferson City and its surrounding rural area. And providing first-rate service is a prime necessity in this busy community. To assure it, plant investment has nearly *tripled* in little more than a decade. Every modern telephone innovation is available to business and residential subscriber alike.

Independent telephone companies serve four other capitals: Tallahassee, Lincoln, Honolulu, Juneau. In fact, there are nearly 11,000 on-the-go communities where Independents have invested four *billion* dollars in plant and equipment . . . to help you reach all America.

Get better acquainted with this vital, vigorous industry and its contributions to the nation's growth. Facts about it are included in the illustrated booklet, "An American Story." For your free copy, write: *Dept. 44, U.S. Independent Telephone Association, 438 Pennsylvania Building, Washington 4, D.C.*

INDEPENDENT

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

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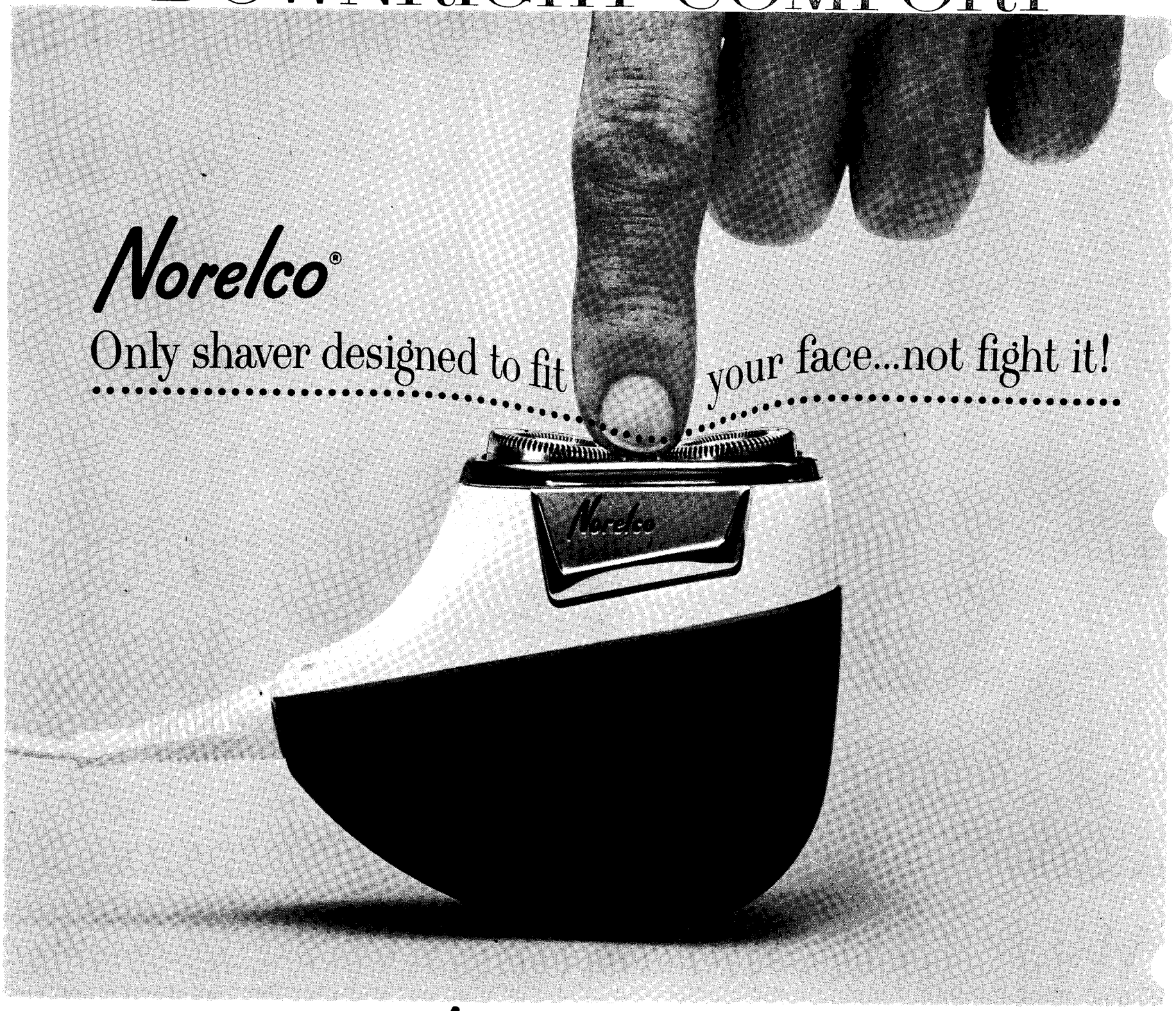
DOWNRIGHT COMFORT

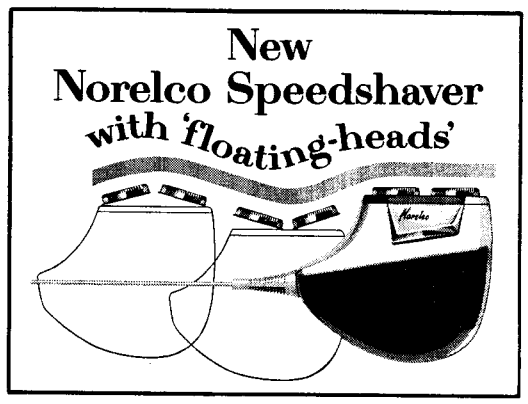


First in rotary blades *Norelco* is now first with 'floating-heads'! They swivel automatically to sweep clean every last hill and hollow.

Here is the new Norelco Speedshaver with 'floating-heads.' The first and only shaver ever designed to fit the contours of your face *automatically!*

See how Norelco's 'floating-heads' are free to move —up, down, all around—they adjust themselves *while you shave,* adapt to every curve and angle of your face! No whisker can escape them—anywhere!

Within these 'floating-heads' are Norelco's famous self-sharpening *rotary* blades. They *sweep away* whiskers without the irritating back-and-forth clipping action of conventional rigid-head shavers. No need to bear down—Norelco's more powerful new motor adjusts automatically to beard density for the closest, cleanest, most comfortable shave ever!



The remarkable new Norelco 'floating-head' Speedshaver has pop-open side vents for easy cleaning. A built-in voltage regulator for 110-220 volts allows virtual world-wide use, with free adaptor plug. The price? Only $29.95 (AC/DC) with case.

• Don't forget, too, Norelco's famous 'Flip-Top' Speedshaver®—world's largest seller—gives rotary blade shaving at $24.95 (AC/DC, 110 volts only, with case). Also the new Norelco Sportsman, battery-operated, $19.95.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Norelco is known as PhiliShave in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world. Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Remember Luke Sewell, long-time American League catcher and manager? Remember Joe Sewell (brother of Luke), who hit .353 for Cleveland in 1923? Remember Truett (Rip) Sewell, Pirate blooper-ball hero of the '40's? Now we have Amos Sewell, a *Post* cover artist who throws curve balls at bedridden mothers. Here's the pitch: Sisler is up (artist Sewell modeled the batter after an old photograph of ex-National Leaguer Dick Sisler), and mom is sizzling. Of course, if she craves the company of her menfolk, she should not be hospitalized so early in the baseball season. But that's no reason why she should have to squint at the TV set from out in left field. Mom was admitted to the hospital "for observation," so why should her visitors do all the observing?

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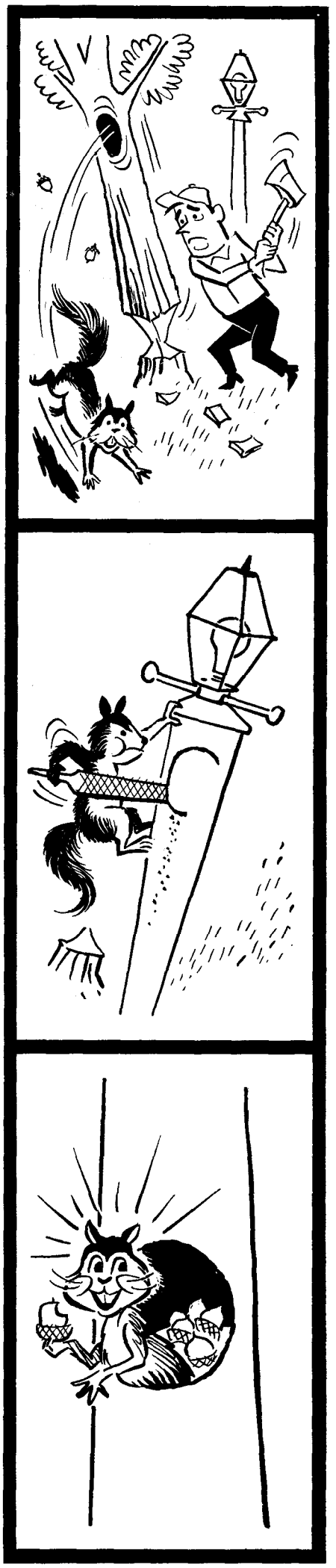

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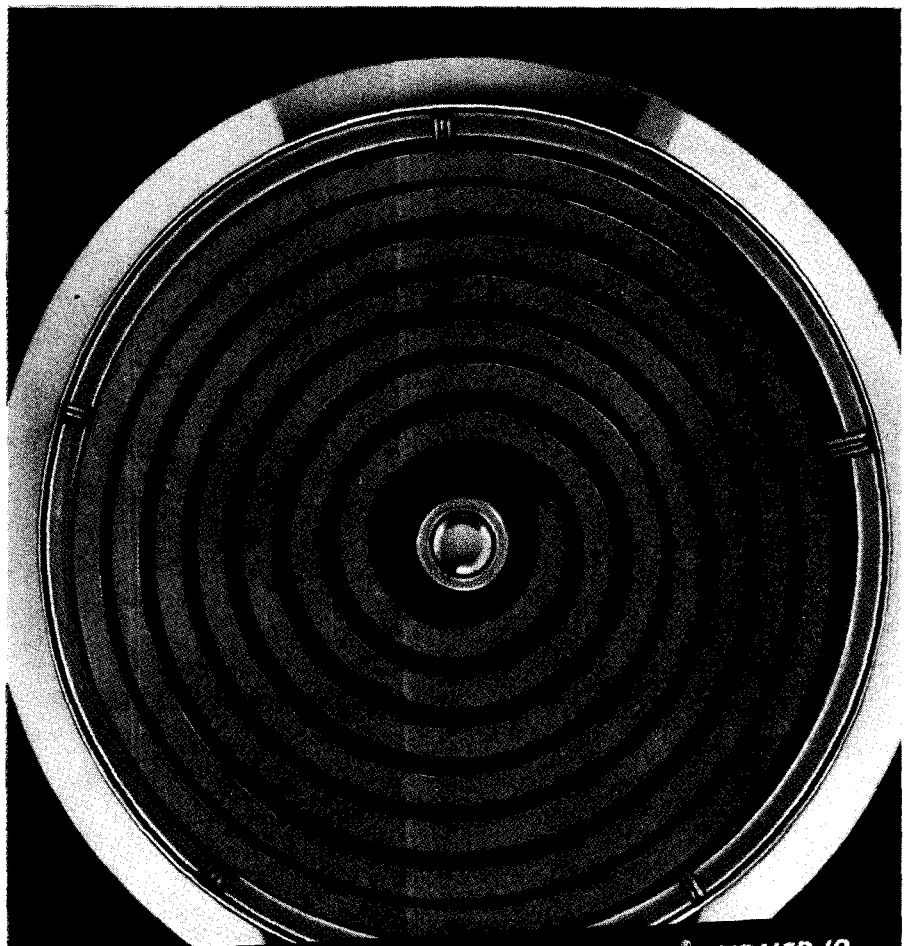

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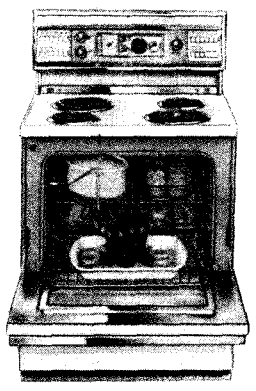
Now a watched pot does boil with Hotpoint 3-in-1 Calrod – the new electric burner that's faster than gas.

And, this new Hotpoint Calrod burner makes any pan perform like a plug-in automatic appliance. A built-in thermostat automatically maintains the just-right heat you select. A touch of a button gives you the right size heat pattern – small, medium or large – to fit the pan.

You'll find one of the new 3-in-1 Calrod burners on every 1961 Hotpoint Custom Crest range. Remember, too: all Calrod burners on Hotpoint ranges are flameless to assure cooler, cleaner cooking than gas. See a demonstration at your Hotpoint dealer's soon.



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New Roast-Minder automatically cooks meat just-right, keeps it that way for hours until you serve • Rota-Grill rotisserie for barbecue fun • Lift-off door makes oven cleaning easy.

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A DIVISION OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, CHICAGO 44, ILLINOIS

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Letters

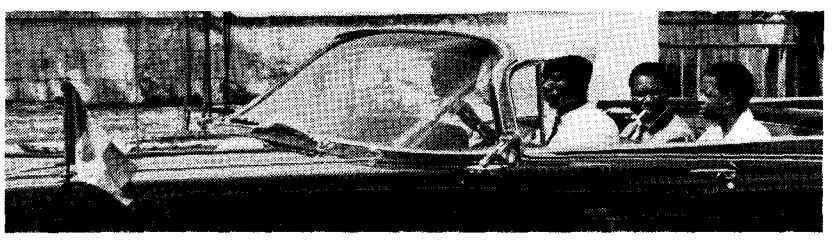
Who's Who in Africa

Dear Sirs:

The Stewart Alsop article WHAT AFRICA IS REALLY LIKE in the Mar. 25 issue has a picture [below] of two important African leaders riding in a Cadillac. The man with the cigarette is incorrectly identified as President Tubman of Liberia. I am sorry, but that man is President Sékou Touré of Guinea. President Tubman is not in the picture.

CHARLES T. GREENE, *President*
Pupil-to-Pupil Program
Washington, D.C.

● *Misinformation from our photographer. The cigarette smoker is President Touré. At right is his minister of education, Camara Damantang.—ED.*



Dear Sirs:

The picture of Sékou Touré in one of his *five* Cadillacs causes me to wonder who paid for all those cars? . . . Even a president of the United States would be criticized if he owned five Cadillacs.

C. J. ALLERS
Traverse City, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

It's interesting to note that Touré relies on a Cadillac and not a Russian-built job for transportation.

VICTOR LASKY
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am an African student. It is not my hobby to write to the press, but having read two inflammatory and derogatory articles on Africa by your correspondent S. Alsop [the prior article was WILL AFRICA GO COMMUNIST?, Feb 18] I cannot refrain myself from commenting on them. . . .

From what he wrote, he appears to be strongly anti-African nationalism, and a strong supporter of colonialism and imperialism.

Africa is 100 per cent anti-Communist and will remain so. The African leaders are very sincere indeed in their determination to achieve freedom for all th African countries, and no amount o propaganda will make them change their firm stand to liquidate colonialism from every area of Africa and to eliminate racism and white settlers' despotism. Attempts from any quarter to defame or discredit our leaders will meet strong resistance from the African people.

JERRY S. OSODO
Grand Junction, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Though it may be truthfully assumed some few African leaders are suffering from delusions of grandeur, it does not make good sense to hold the foibles of their immaturity up to ridicule. Let them have their moment in the sun. Darkness and despair have been their lot too long.

This immaturity, in time, will give way to political maturity—a maturity we should cultivate in a climate of good will and understanding, rather than in an atmosphere of derision.

CARL D. LACY
Lamar, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

The only noteworthy sentence in WILL AFRICA GO COMMUNIST? is: "We Americans must get over the notion that we necessarily do everything better than anybody else."

MRS. D. FROST
Theydon, Southern Rhodesia

Dear Sirs:

The steatopygia which Mr. Alsop says is the criterion of attractiveness in Africa has not gone unadmired in our own culture. The bustle was just such a "falsie," to use Alsop's word. When bustles were in vogue, an American woman missionary is supposed to have tongue-lashed a Chinese about the practice of foot binding. The Oriental replied, "China lady make her feet small. Melican lady make her back large. But each get a man."

GRACE R. PREMO
Santa Monica, Calif.

Saving Infant Eyes

Dear Sirs:

I just finished reading your Mar. 25 article THEY SAVE INFANT EYES [by Joseph P. Blank]. Retinoblastoma took our daughter's sight eleven years ago. Mrs. Scott's discovery of the cancer almost exactly coincided my own at that time. How wonderful that now there is new hope for many of these babies.

MARJORY WISSLER
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

It is a comfort to us to know of Doctor Reese and the retinoblastoma clinic through your article. We had never heard the word retinoblastoma until January, 1960, when our year-old daughter was being examined by an ophthalmologist. Her left eye was removed several days later with the malignance which had completely filled the eyeball. . . . The success Doctor Reese has achieved in treating his patients brightens the cloud which hovers over us.

MRS. GLEN VAN LIHN
Pensacola, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Had doctors been as learned twenty-three years ago, my left eye might have been saved. However, I should like to give this word of encouragement to parents of children whose eyesight has been affected. I can never remember having but one eye, but this has not hampered a happy, well-adjusted life. I've been able to do anything and go any place any

(Continued on Page 6)

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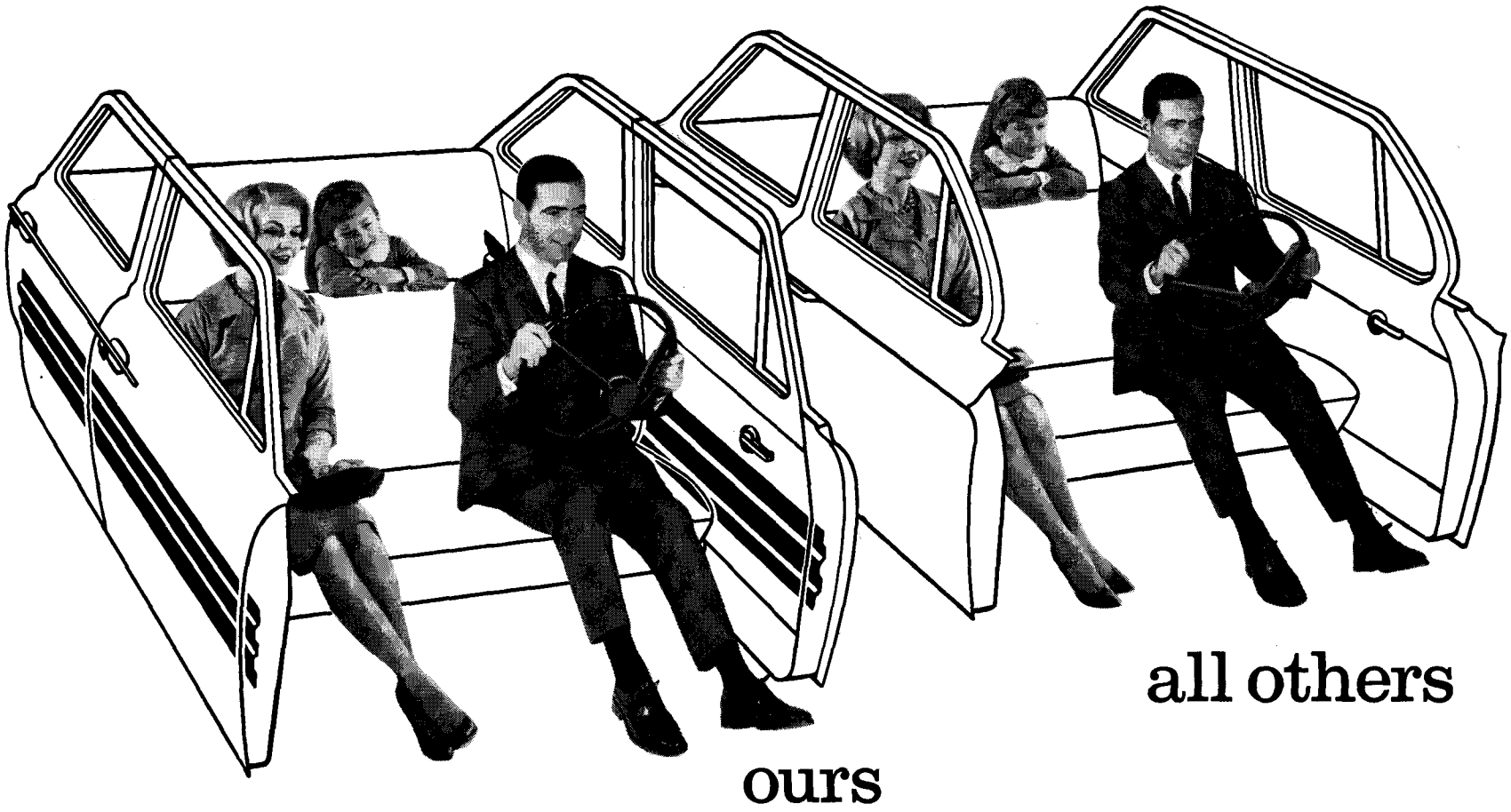
Which doors are stronger?



Only in the 1961 Ford Family of Fine Cars are doors reinforced with steel beams

Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

The bodies of our cars are stronger. The doors, for example, are reinforced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter. It also means that they are less subject to distortion, which reduces the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

* * *

Millions of car frames are shaped like an "X." Weak in the middle, they can be twisted out of shape. Guardrail frames in the Ford and Mercury curve out. They are strong in the middle. Guard rails also protect passengers in the unitized bodies used in Falcon, Thunderbird, Comet and Lincoln Continental.

* * *

Passengers in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are well protected against all kinds of weather and driving conditions. Doors and windows have more rubber weather sealing than competitive cars. Water, cold air and dust are sealed out. Interiors remain dry and comfortable.

* * *

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier. With 50% more rubber body mounts in our cars, the result is a remarkably quiet ride.

Also adding to the silence of the ride in the Ford Family of Fine Cars is the extra sound insulation. We use more than other manufacturers use in comparable cars. In the Mercury, for instance, we use over 65 pounds of sound and weather insulation.

* * *

These are five of the many reasons we think you will find (upon comparing our cars with other cars) that Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.

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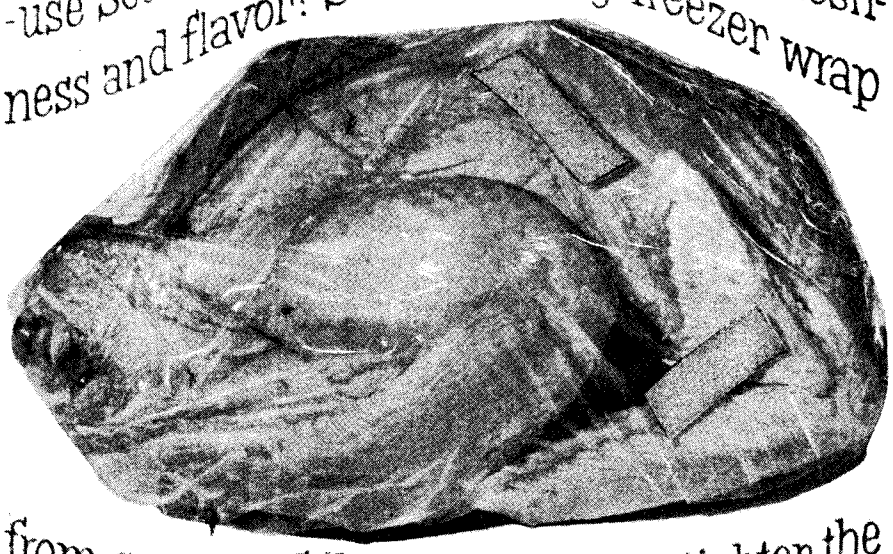
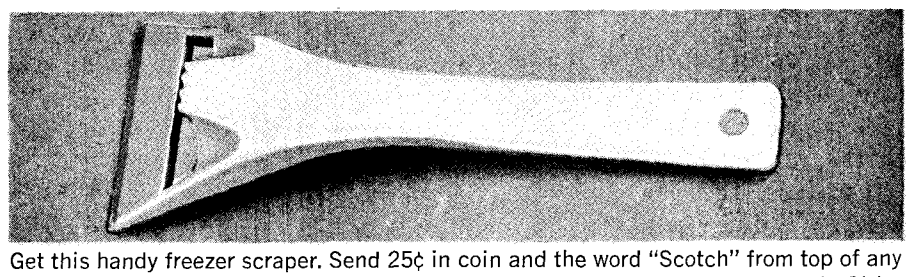
FOR THE BIRDS!

...or meat or anything you wrap for your freezer -use "Scotch Brand Freezer Tape to seal in freshness and flavor! Sticks to every freezer wrap



from saran to foil...actually grips tighter the colder it gets so packages won't pop open! In cutter-edge boxes-35¢ and 98¢. And remember, also look for "Scotch" Brand Masking Tape Plastic Tape · Double-Faced Tape 33 Plastic Electrical Tape. Tape is a tool—choose the best tape for the job → "Scotch" Brand!



Get this handy freezer scraper. Send 25¢ in coin and the word "Scotch" from top of any "Scotch" Freezer Tape box to: "Scotch" Brand Tapes, Box 88, Fremont, Ohio.

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

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Letters (Continued from page 4)

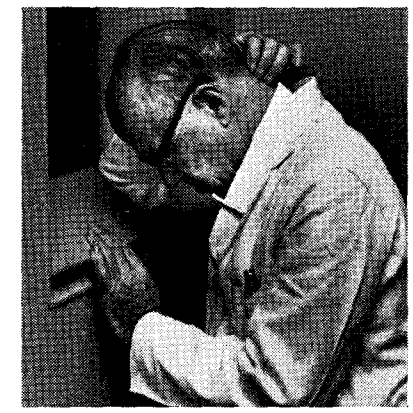
other child could. My parents did not make a big issue of treating me as a physically handicapped child; thus I had a happy, carefree childhood. Artificial prostheses are so well fitted these days that only those who know me intimately even know that my right eye is artificial.

MRS. PHIL CARLSON
Batesville, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

Superb! Superb! Superb! Photographer Larry Fried is to be congratulated for the spine-tingling, dramatic photograph of Doctor Reese [reprinted below]. I predict this will become a photographic classic.

MAJ. RALPH N. LEONE, USAF
Amarillo, Tex.



Dr. A. B. Reese, preparing himself for the ordeal of telling parents their child's eye must be removed.

Sir Winston Loved to Tell This One

Dear Sirs:

[Re Of Men I Have Known, Part I: Winston Churchill, by Dean Acheson, Mar. 18]: An article appeared in *Time* during World War II reporting a conversation Mr. Churchill had with an aide aboard his private railroad car in England.

Over after-dinner drinks, Churchill remarked to his aide that he, Churchill, must have drunk at least a carload of brandy in his lifetime. The aide brought out his slide rule and, after a few calculations, announced that, on the contrary, the prime minister had drunk only about one eighth of a carload. Mr. Churchill replied that this information was very disappointing to a man of his age.

Either Mr. Acheson is embellishing his article [which describes a similar event aboard the Presidential yacht *Williamsburg*] or Sir Winston enjoys being disappointed over how much liquor he thinks he has drunk but hasn't.

JAMES S. TEMPLETON
Chicago, Ill.

● *Dean Acheson replies: "Mr. Churchill greatly enjoyed this story and accompanying demonstration and to my knowledge performed it several times. It was always a hit, and to restrict a hit to one performance would be sinful waste. If our alert correspondent, Mr. Templeton, has any good after-dinner acts, unless he has a restraining wife, I bet he hasn't signed off after one production."* —ED.

'Pun Our Word

Dear Sirs:

To the author of that description of your Mar. 18 cover [a scene in Montana's sheep country]: All right, all right! A pun is a pun is a pun, but really —"Be kind to mother sheep. This means ewe" is going too far!

DORIS GILLESPIE
South Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

If ewe ever pulled a worse one, we ain't herd 'er!

HELEN AND JOE INGHAM
Selinsgrove, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Wool ewe sheep that cover commentator out for a change of scenery!

TOM DOHERTY
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Those last three lines of your cover blurb were a clarion call indeed. "Stand up for our woolly-legged friends." My blood tingled. "Be kind to mother sheep." My head sunk on my chest in reverence. "This means ewe." My hand went to my temple in salute, and my resolution became steel. I will! I will!

Please send instructions on procedure the next time I see a sheep being sheared. Do I slug the shearer?

HERMAN MARGLES
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Each week either my husband or I say, "I wonder which of those fellows wrote that comment about the cover." If his identity is not a deep, dark secret, will you kindly let us know who writes them? And be sure to tell him our admiration knows no bounds.

MAY SAXON MILLER
Topeka, Kans.

● *Since January last year the cover blurbist has been Bill Breisky, an associate editor whose other anonymous enterprise is the* Keeping Posted *page.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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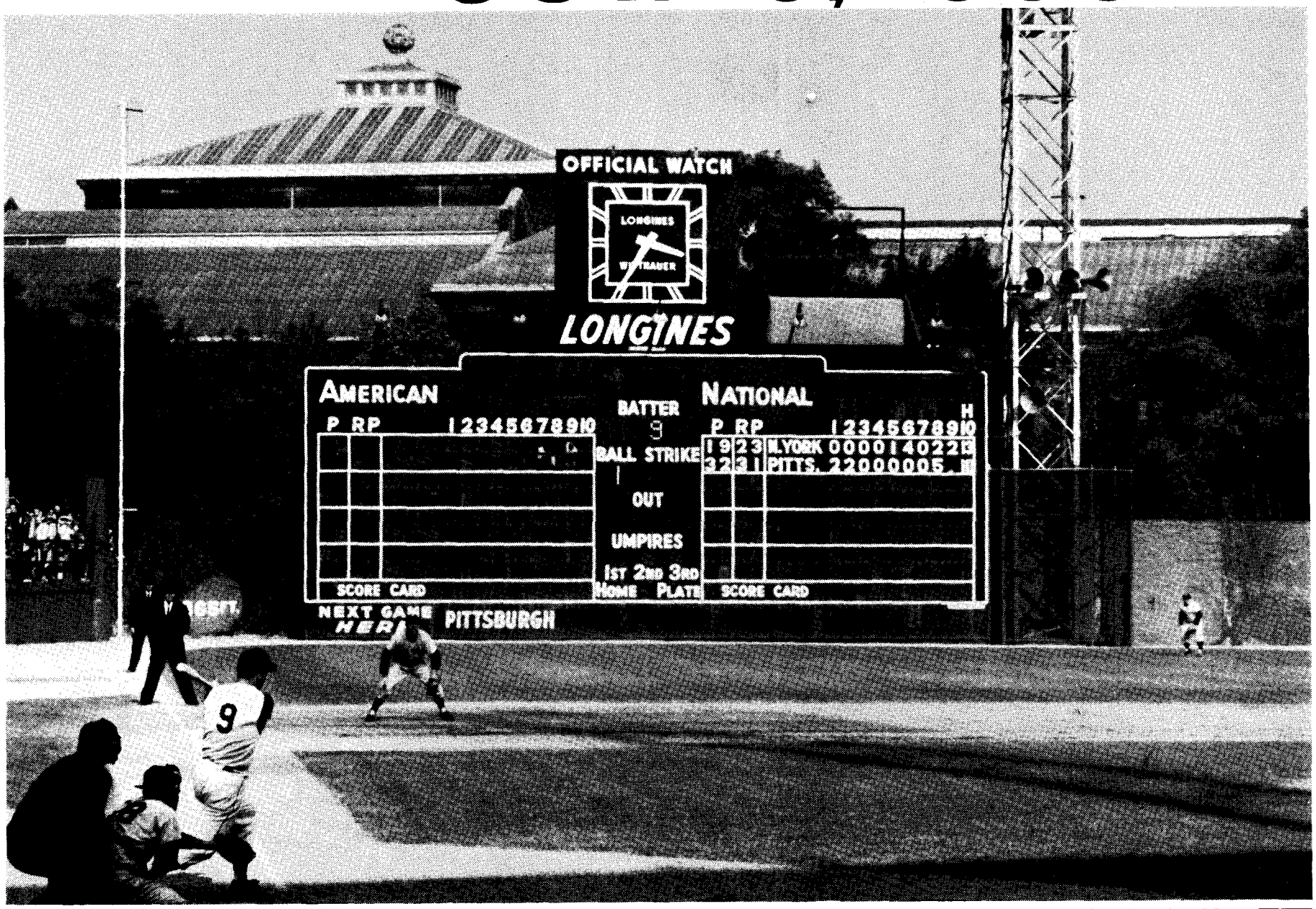
OCT. 13, 1960...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

In familiar fashion, the Yankees have come from behind to tie up the game. The conclusion seems inevitable — to everyone except Pirate Mazeroski as he stands at bat in the bottom of the ninth. He gets his pitch, high and fast. Bedlam follows! 45,000 fans leap to their feet to see the ball clear the left field fence and give Pittsburgh its first World Championship in 35 years! And Royal-Globe is there!

Royal-Globe carries travel accident insurance for every team in both the American and National Leagues—only one of the countless ways in which Royal-Globe touches the lives of millions of Americans.

For 116 years, Royal-Globe has been insuring both the usual and the unique with equal integrity. One of the largest insurance organizations in the world, Royal-Globe has, in the United States alone, over 175 field offices and over 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to provide whatever kind of coverage you require. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*

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Who makes the water safe?

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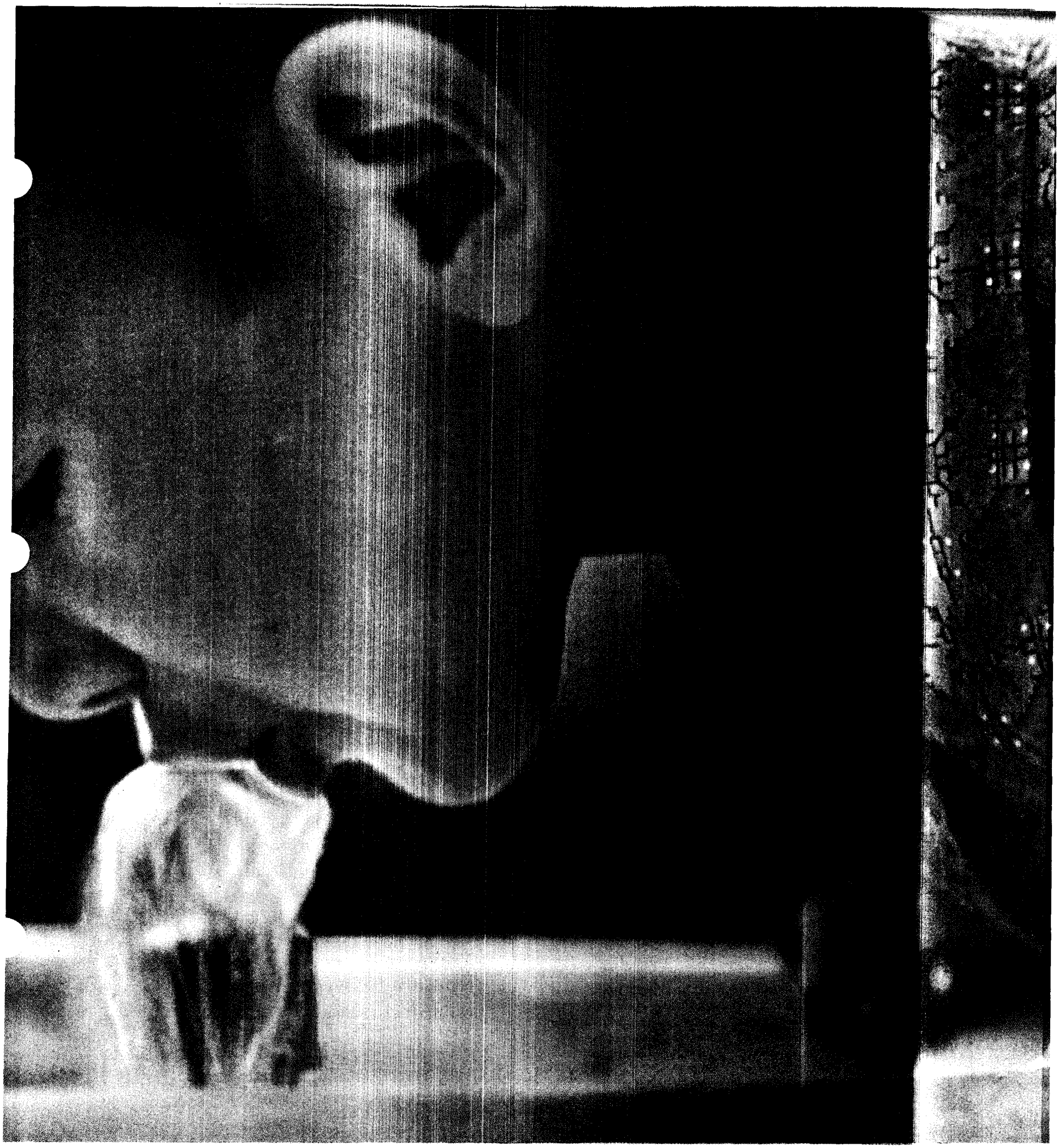

Whether we're quenching our thirst or plunging into the pool, we take the purity of our water pretty much for granted. Chlorine is the chief reason why. Olin, a major force in the field of chemicals, helped put typhoid and other water-borne diseases out of business with its work in chlorine. For public water systems, Olin actually pioneered the production of liquid chlorine. For swimming pools, Olin developed an easy-to-use granular and tablet form of chlorine. There's no label on water, but today when Tommy slurps his fill at the public fountain, it *could* read "made safe by Olin."

Olin

■ Another creative solution to a problem... from the Chemicals Division of Olin.

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Editorials

Let's Not Help Arm Our Enemies in the Name of Trade!

It could be that Communist plotters owe as much to bureaucratic ineptitude here in our own country as to their spies. The case of the ball-bearing machines which almost got to Russia supports this suspicion.

The machines in question, which are manufactured by the Bryant Chucking Grinder Company of Springfield, Vermont, are vital in the production of a type of miniature ball bearings which are important in the making of missiles and other military paraphernalia. These machines are unique, and without them the Soviet missile program has been considerably handicapped. Early last year the U.S.S.R., recognizing their importance, ordered forty-five Bryant machines—almost as many as the sixty-six on duty in this country—and the company made the normal application to the Department of Commerce for an export license. The license was granted, and shipment of an advance consignment of the machines seemed imminent.

At this point American security got a break from the patriotism of two men—one an engineer employed by the Bryant company, the other an officer in a company which had been associated with Bryant in developing the machine. These men informed the Department of Commerce of the significance of the machine in defense work and attempted to get the export license revoked. The department, then under Secretary Frederick H. Mueller, took the position that practically identical machines were available in Italy and elsewhere, and therefore no security reason for refusing to export Bryant machines to Russia existed. After the change of Administrations, Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, apparently relying on the file of reports left behind by his predecessor, found no reason to hold up the machines. Nobody appeared troubled by the question: Why, if Russia can buy equally good machines anywhere, is she willing to pay much more for the Bryant machines?

The shipment might have been made had the matter not come to the attention of Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, vice chairman of the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security. The committee promptly set up hearings and called in a dozen or so of the top authorities on ball-bearing manufacture, whose testimony established the unique role of the Bryant machine in the defense industry.

The immediate result—after a seri of photo finishes virtually on th dock—was a permanent withdrawal permission to send the machines t Russia. The long-term results are pected to be a tightening of ex controls and greater attention by Co merce and other departments to th views of Defense officials in matters this kind. In a press conference Pre ident Kennedy described the affair a "not the best example of governmen in action" and gave assurance tha better liaison could be expected.

Perhaps the most surprising revela tion from Senator Dodd's investigatio was the news that the Defense Depart ment had repeatedly objected to th licensing of the Bryant shipments, bu had been unable to persuade officials i the Commerce Department that th machines should be kept in this coun try. This points up the difference i viewpoint between Government offi cials devoted to increasing trad among nations and those concerne with our military security. Obviously while promotion of international tra is certainly desirable, it is even m important to make certain that iten vital to our security are excluded from commerce with Iron Curtain countries. The Bryant-machine story also underscores the importance of the investigative function of committees of Congress, especially when sparked by an old FBI man like Senator Dodd.

Libraries Do a Fine Job, But We Need More of Them

Few facets of life in this country are more hotly debated than the quality of our school system. Its aims, methods and achievements—along with its shortcomings—have been submitted to searching examination.

Concentration on the failures of our schools has, however, obscured another and equally serious aspect of the situation—the problem of the half-educated adult. Awakening the country to this problem is a major objective of the American Library Association and the National Book Committee, which together have just sponsored National Library Week. As Norman H. Strouse of the Book Committee writes, "Only a lifetime of continuing self-education through reading can prepare Americans to exercise responsible citizenship with understanding of themselves and today's complex world."

Books are the key to continuing education. Reading is an activity which the adult student can pursue in his leisure time and at his own pace, pausing at will to appraise a new thought or to savor a turn of phrase that somehow brings fresh meaning or added dimension to a familiar idea. Moreover, unlike other leisuretime activities which are sometimes considered educational, reading requires the active participation of the mind.

Few persons, of course, can collect personal libraries large and diverse enough to meet the needs of continuing self-education, but this fact need work no hardship on anyone whose community is served by an adequate public library. It is precisely in this area, however, that the nation's educational facilities fall most shockingly short of even minimum standards.

As the sponsors of National Library Week have pointed out, the total book collection of all the public libraries in the country amounts to only 1.3 volumes per capita. Twenty-five million Americans have no access whatever to public-library service. And very few states meet the minimum annual operating budget recommended by the Library Association of approximately three dollars per capita—less than the price of one average hard-cover book.

At a time when the United States must act as leader of the free world, this shortage of the most basic tool of adult education cannot be tolerated. What contribution to the needs of his time can a man make, however willing he may be, if he has been denied the opportunity to prepare himself for citizenship?

Travelers Come Home With Firsthand Misinformation!

Among the hordes of American tourists swarming abroad every year are thousands of innocent carriers of a very dangerous commodity—misinformation. This they disseminate upon their return home through speeches, P.T.A. meetings, cocktail parties and radio and TV appearances and newspaper articles.

Their misinformation is gathered from conversations with cab drivers, tour guides, hotel clerks, official interpreters and sundry other people tourists come in contact with.

In Cuba before this country broke off with Castro, an indignant young couple from California complained to the American Embassy that anti-Americanism did not exist and that Cuba had been deeply wronged by the State Department. They added that the behavior of their country shamed them. Yet during their stay in Havana a radio commentator exhorted the American people to rise up against their "corrupt and reactionary government," ar *Revolución*, the semiofficial gover ment newspaper, accused American Ambassador Philip Bonsal of "conspiring with the counterrevolutionaries." But the couple had not read any newspapers.

An American who had been in Bolivia only a week insisted that the United States was to blame for Bolivia's economic and political difficulties.

People in totalitarian countries will rarely express their real thoughts to a stranger. Despite these admonitions, swarms of tourists will probably continue to disseminate their superficial and misguided impressions to increasingly large and uncritical audiences. If recent trends are an indication, the rare bird who responds to questions such as, "How do the Germans feel about Berlin?" with, "How should I know, I was only there a week," will be extin

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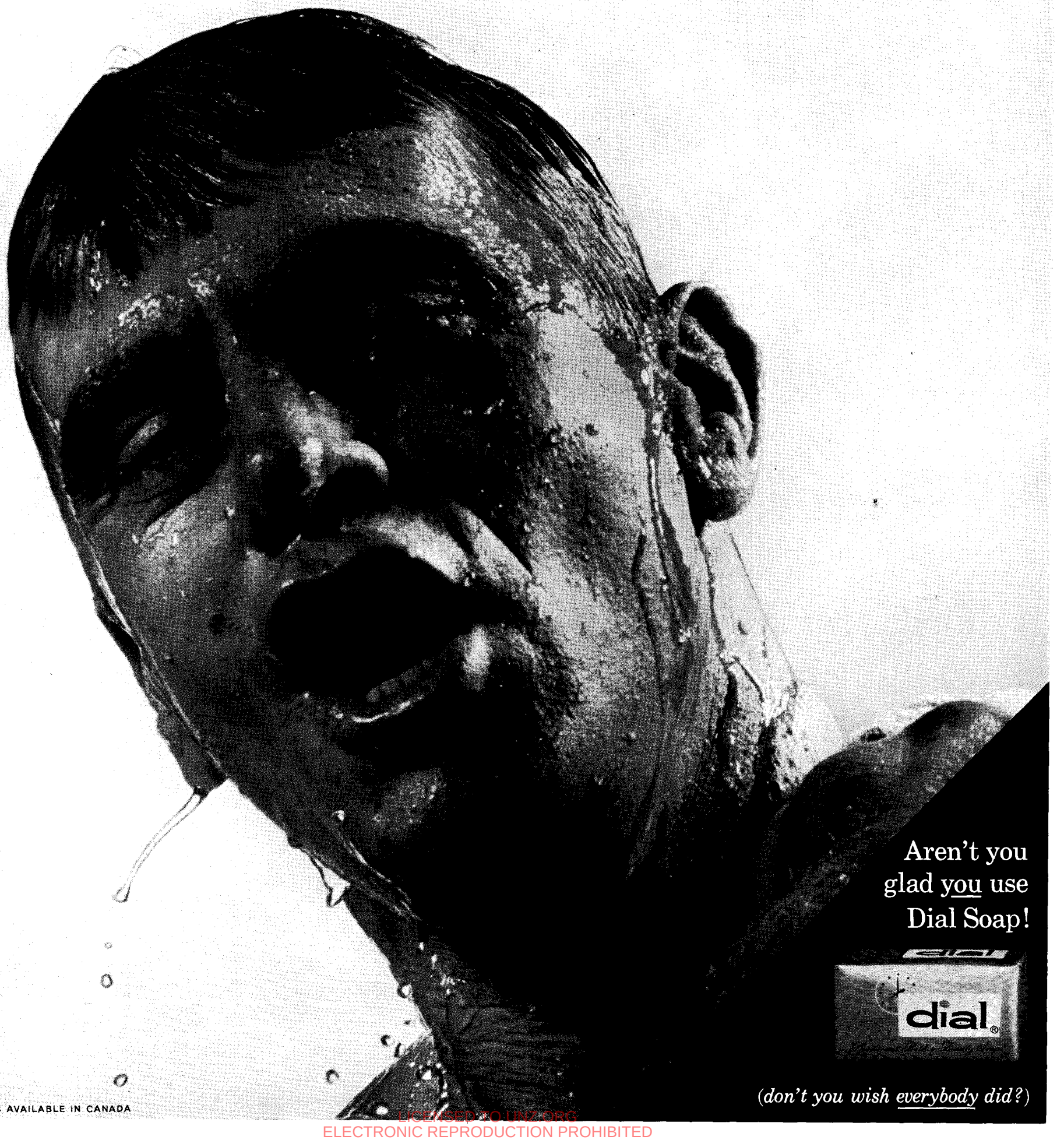
Do yourself a favor

Bathe with Dial soap. Only Dial contains AT-7, most effective deodorant in soap. Dial removes bacteria that cause perspiration odor—keeps you fresh longer than any other leading bath bar! Do yourself a favor. Get some today. Dial—the soap for people who like people.



DIAL IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA

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Now for Schick Injector Users, an edge so smooth you won't believe there's a blade in the razor!

ANNOUNCING A NEW DIMENSION IN SHAVING COMFORT— THE NEW SCHICK INJECTOR BLADE WITH KRONA EDGE!

METAL MAGIC!

Radical new blade development assures you clean, close shaves with almost incredible ease and comfort. So smooth, your first impression is—*your razor has no blade at all!*

Really the only way to appreciate Krona Edge is to try it for yourself. Krona Edge comes in 2 injector sizes, 10 blades for 69¢, and 15 blades for 98¢.

Now a frank word of explanation!

The Krona Edge is designed expressly to fit the Schick Injector Razor—don't accept imitations. Moreover, production of Krona Edge is extremely complex—involves one of the most time-consuming cycles in precision metal manufacturing. With the tremendous demand for this sensational new injector blade, it's just possible *your* store may run out. If this is the case, we're so anxious for you to experience the comfort of a Krona Edge shave, we'll send you a

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY!

Send us your name, address—we'll mail you a 4-blade injector with our compliments.

SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR CO.
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NEW KRONA EDGE

SCHICK QUALITY AROUND THE WORLD. Factories in Halmstad, Sweden; Toronto, Canada; and the U.S.A.

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FOAM IS FINE HERE

but not in your car's SHOCK ABSORBERS

Whether in shaving lather or shock absorber fluid, foam is light and fluffy, practically without density. Your car's shock absorbers rely on a special fluid to cushion the jolts and bumps caused even by turnpike driving. But when that fluid turns to foam—a problem in most conventional shock absorbers—the bumps and jolts *aren't absorbed, they're transmitted to you.* You get less comfort, less control, uneven tire wear.

Columbus shock absorbers* are practically foam-free, thanks to patented, revolutionary design. Proved on the finer European cars, they cost no more—yet are guaranteed to give you *full-time* comfort and control for thousands of miles longer.

If you've driven your car 15,000 miles or more, chances are you need foam-fighting Columbus shock absorbers. Available at better service stations, garages and car dealers everywhere.

KEEP YOUR DRIVING ON THE LEVEL

FULL-TIME

COLUMBUS

SHOCK ABSORBERS

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THE COLUMBUS PARTS CORPORATION • 1801 Spielbusch Ave., Toledo 1, Ohio / A subsidiary of The AP Parts Corp.

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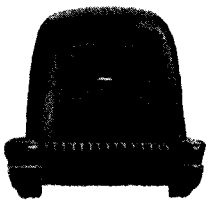
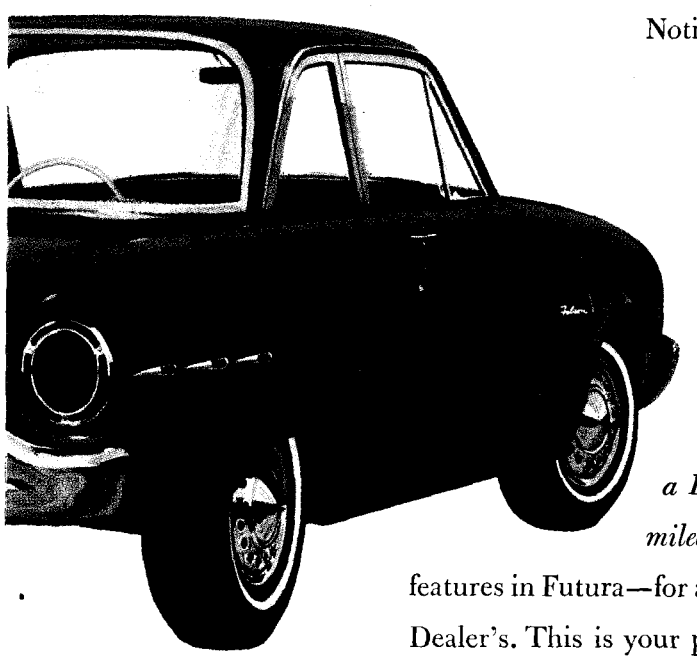
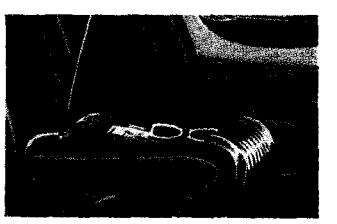
Look what's new  *since you last looked at Falcon*

new Falcon Futura *by* Ford

COMPACT COUSIN OF THE THUNDERBIRD



Here's a brand-new version of America's favorite compact . . . the new Falcon Futura. Notice the two front seats are separate—and both are custom-contoured. Futura colorings and trim schemes are exquisite originals, too. Deep-pile carpeting extends wall to wall. Arm rests for everyone add to the enchantment. And look! In Futura, personal effects ride right at your finger tips—elegantly concealed in a sleek console *between* the front seats. Only the men who designed the Thunderbird could have created this masterpiece! ~ There are two lively engines to choose from: for extra power there's Falcon's zesty new 170 Special.



Handy personal console between seats

For *proven* economy—the famous Falcon 144. *With this engine and standard transmission a Falcon averaged 32.68 miles per gallon in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run . . . the highest mileage ever obtained by a 6- or 8-cylinder car in the 25-year history of the Run!* You get all these features in Futura—for a price that's *way below** other luxury compacts! ~ The new Falcon Futura is at your Ford Dealer's. This is your personal car: see it now!

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

*Based on a comparison of manufacturers' suggested retail delivered prices.

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The author (in dark overcoat) during his recent tour of areas that have been hit hard by unemployment. Here he talks with jobless men in Hibbing, Minn.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT?

The Secretary of Labor analyzes our most critical employment slump in 20 years—and lists the steps the Kennedy Administration is taking to end it.

By ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG

"I'm twenty-seven years old, Mr. Secretary. I spent four years learning the tool- and die-making trade. Now I can't get a job doing it. I only worked five months last year. . . ."

"I'm thirty-six years old, put in sixteen of my best years in the plant here. I've been looking for a job for eleven months. . . ."

"I am a widow, Mr. Goldberg. There used to be over two hundred of us worked in my company. Now there are thirteen or fourteen in the stock room. Machines do the rest. I'll have to go on relief next if something doesn't turn up. . . ."

"I had eighteen years in. I have a wife and two kids, seven and eleven. I've been through my unemployment payments. Then the taxes come up, and I had to lose my insurance policy. I haven't applied for welfare, sir, because I've got a car, and that counts you out. . . ."

Those are some of the voices of the unemployed I have been listening to in industrial states hard-hit by spreading joblessness. In city after city, in employment offices, in union halls, in quiet neighborhoods under the shadows of idle mills and vacant factories, they come to be heard: "I worked five days last year. . . ." "No work in ten months. . . ." "They say they don't need nobody. . . ." "I don't see how I can support my family."

Eventually the faces and the stories begin merging into a picture of a stubborn long-term trend throughout all our manufacturing industries—hurting even in good times and now rubbed sore by recession.

The economists who describe this situation deal necessarily in statistics. In my own department, my economic advisers recently drew up a list of facts indicating the gravity of growing idleness. Some of the facts are:

• About 5,500,000 persons were out of work last month—the largest number of unemployed American workers since the summer of 1941. Total employment, at about 65,000,000, equaled the monthly record for March. In a basically sound, and fundamentally strong economy such as ours, high employment levels often obscure the very grave condition in which our

(Continued on Page 73)

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The top half of one of the movies' most successful comedy teams candidly tells why he broke with Jerry Lewis.

I CALL ON DEAN MARTIN

By PETE MARTIN

Martin and Lewis in 1956, shortly before they dissolved their ten-year partnership. After the split Dean recalls, "The consensus was that I'd be left dying by the wayside. You know something? I believed it myself."

When Dean Martin strolled into the suite he engages permanently at The Sands Hotel in Las Vegas ("so I'll always have a place to sack-in when I'm here"), sunlight like golden paint striped the walls outside. Inside there was shadow-freckled dimness and a lot of paneling in pickled pine, in which someone had carefully bored imitation wormholes. Martin draped his body so nonchalantly along one end of a huge curved divan that he seemed to be coming to rest in sections.

I was hoping he would talk without any off-the-record hedging. For one thing, I wanted his version of the split-up which had demolished the once fabulously successful comedy team of Martin and Lewis. I hoped he would discuss frankly the stories I had heard of his seamy progress through his teen years and his reputation as a Gargantuan consumer of booze.

He talked all right; I needn't have worried about that. No subject I suggested stopped him. On the contrary, he was so frank that I was startled. It was like listening to a reading from the novel, *Catcher in the Rye*, interspersed with dialogue from *Guys and Dolls*.

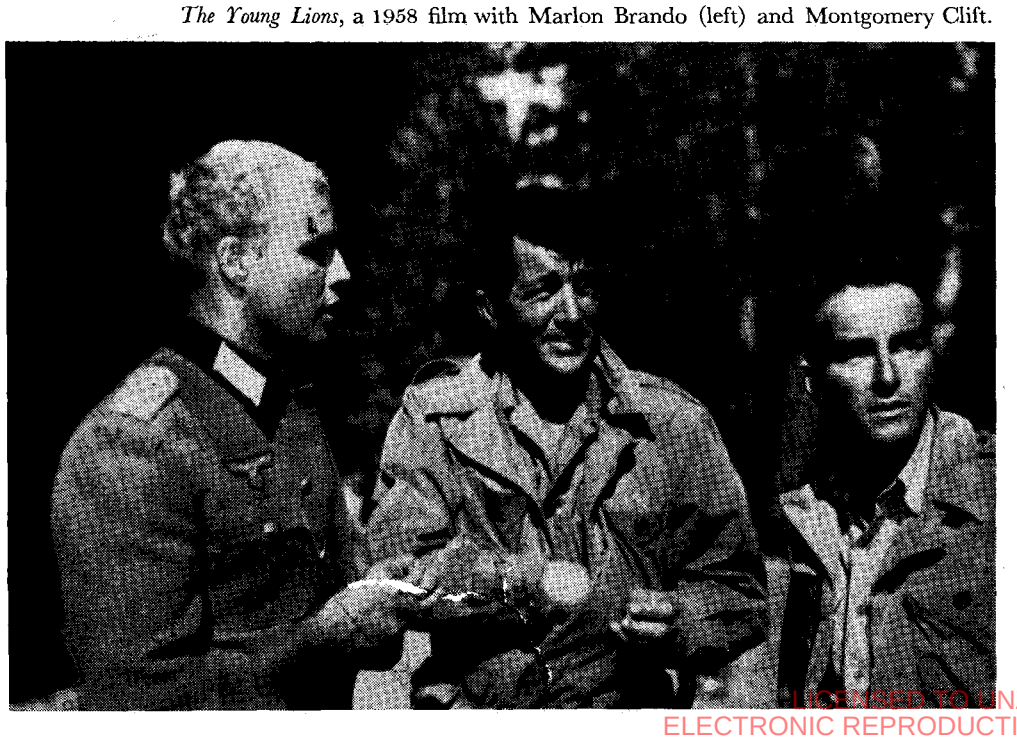
I said that I knew he'd been born Dino Crocetti on June 17, 1917, the son of a Steubenville, Ohio, barber. "What kind of a town was Steubenville in those days?" I asked.

"It was wide open," he said, flinging his arms at the walls to demonstrate. "It was like a small chunk of Las Vegas, only they called it Little Chicago then. In Steubenville you could walk into a gambling joint as easily as you could walk into a drugstore. There was gambling going on behind almost every cigar-store front."

Had he risen from the slums, as so many people in show business like to boast? I had heard, I said, that he came from a good middle-class family.

"You heard right," he agreed. "My father was a very successful barber. We Crocettis had everything we wanted. I had a bicycle. We had a car and good food—as a cook, my mother was the greatest. Her specialties were spaghetti and meat balls, veal and peppers or sausages and peppers. I didn't have to peddle newspapers to help out. If you've heard anything different, it's hooey. I did quit school

Martin finally established himself as a dramatic actor when he landed a part in *The Young Lions*, a 1958 film with Marlon Brando (left) and Montgomery Clift.



1960: With Joi Lansing, Barbara Nichols and Tony Curtis in *Who Was That Lady?* Martin grosses about $2,000,000 a year from movies, TV, records and investments.

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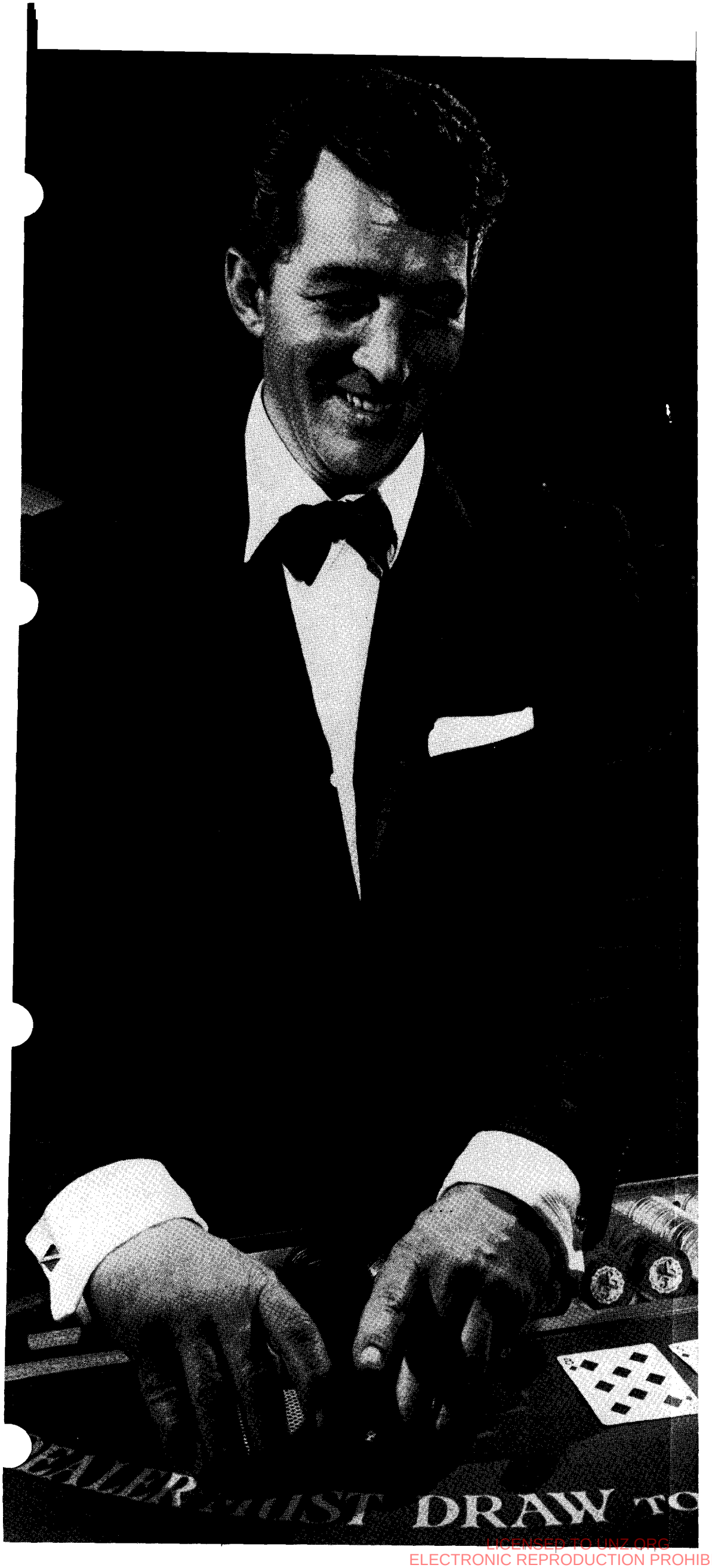

At The Sands Hotel, of which he is a part owner Martin isn't faking when he stands in as a blackjack dealer; he once was a professional croupier.

during tenth grade, but that was because I thought I was smarter than the teacher. My father said, 'O.K., if it'll make you happy, go to work.' All my mother and father wanted was for every Crocetti to be happy.

"After that I had a lot of jobs—I think my first one was working in a filling station. When I was fourteen, I had become what was laughingly called an amateur prize fighter."

I remarked that fourteen was pretty young to become a fighter.

He shrugged. "There wasn't much else for a kid to do except a little stealing; neckties, hubcaps—stuff like that. But a little shoplifting never hurt anybody. Every kid has done his share of it in his time. Even today when I go into a haberdashery and spend $500, I steal a necktie or a pair of gloves or a pair of socks. I'm sure that the owners know it, but I'm such a good customer they don't really care. Everyone has a little larceny in him, a little bit of original sin; only some of it's not too original."

His voice was easy. It flowed in a liquid baritone. When he ran down, I asked him at what weight he had fought.

"Welter," he said, "143 to 146 pounds."

Pretty husky for a fourteen-year-old. "You must have been a well-developed kid," I said. "At that age I was so clumsy I broke my collarbone tackling the football dummy."

"Back home," he said, "there were a lot of rough-tough kids, and you had to learn to handle yourself early. Steubenville is a steel-working town. The Weirton Steel and the Wheeling Steel mills are there, and it's right across from Pittsburgh." A grin slid across his face. "There's a line from the song, *Mr. Wonderful*. I'll be parodying it on the stage tonight, here at the dinner show at The Sands, so you'll hear it. It goes like this: 'Back home in Steubenville they're doubting all this, I swear. They're still betting six-to-five I get the chair.'"

I said that I couldn't see that fighting had given him a cauliflower ear or layers of scar tissue to thicken his brow. He said, "I was lucky that way, but my lip is permanently cracked, and my hands aren't exactly pretty. They weren't taped correctly—my manager knew even less about (Continued on Page 59)

Dean, Jeanne and their daughter Gina, four. There are seven Martin children; four are by his first marriage.

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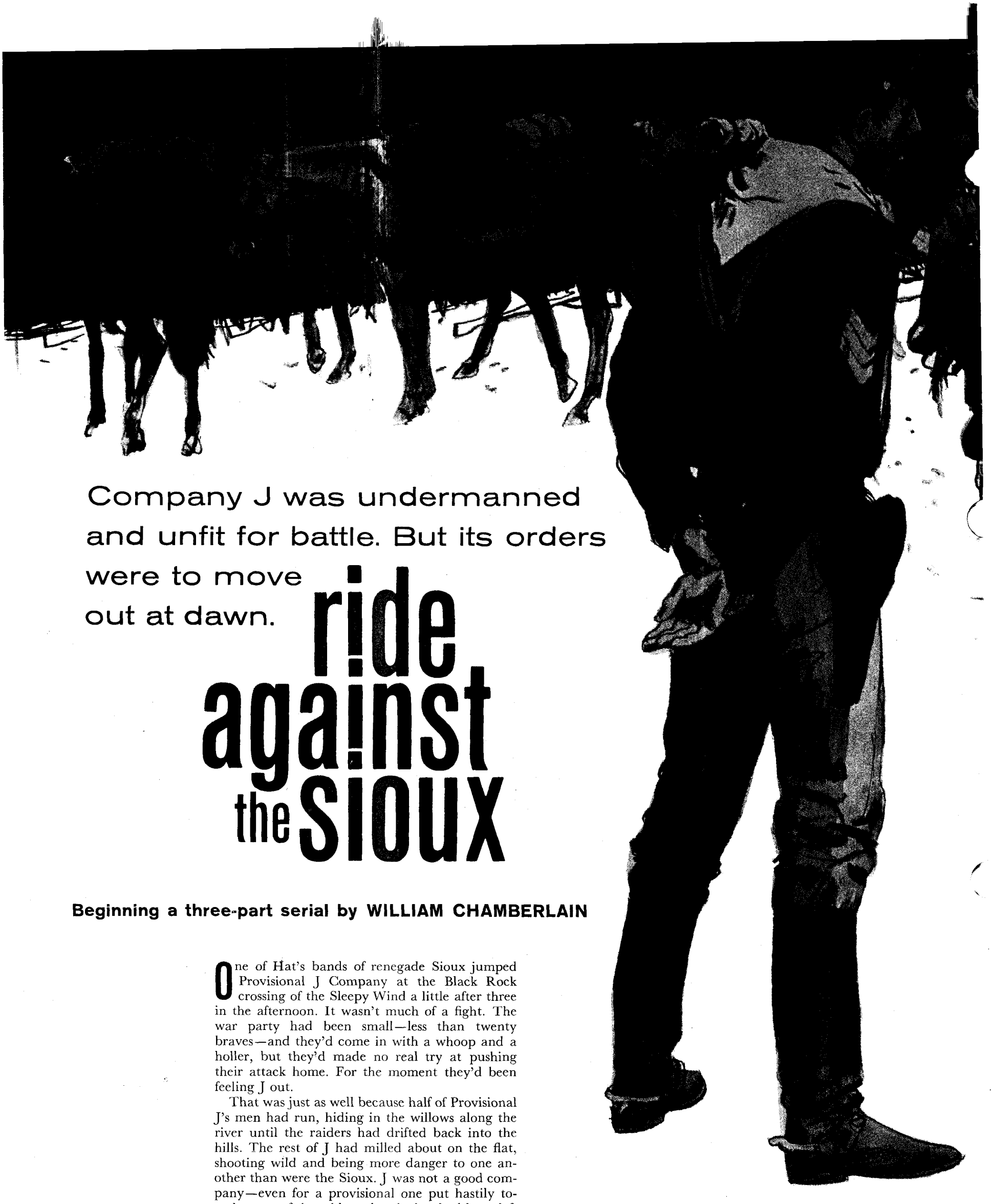

Company J was undermanned and unfit for battle. But its orders were to move out at dawn.

ride against the Sioux

Beginning a three-part serial by WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

One of Hat's bands of renegade Sioux jumped Provisional J Company at the Black Rock crossing of the Sleepy Wind a little after three in the afternoon. It wasn't much of a fight. The war party had been small—less than twenty braves—and they'd come in with a whoop and a holler, but they'd made no real try at pushing their attack home. For the moment they'd been feeling J out.

That was just as well because half of Provisional J's men had run, hiding in the willows along the river until the raiders had drifted back into the hills. The rest of J had milled about on the flat, shooting wild and being more danger to one another than were the Sioux. J was not a good company—even for a provisional one put hastily together out of the odds and ends that had been left

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"Send him ahead to scout Jensen's as fast as he can push his horses," the wounded lieutenant said.

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

at Fort McKeogh when the regiment had taken the field three weeks ago.

At that, Hat's Sioux might have taken J then and there had not Lance Cpl. Webb Quarterhill's point already been on the north side of the river. Quarterhill had dismounted his handful of troopers—caught the raiders in the flank with a solid slam of aimed fire; a half-dozen Indian ponies had been knocked over and a few warriors hurt, maybe. It had been enough to discourage the rest for the time being; not enough to guarantee that they wouldn't be back.

So Quarterhill was thinking as he held his men in the scattered firs on the hillside to cover J while it reassembled on the flat below. He was a rangy man, wide in the shoulders and lean in the hips; not yet thirty, but the years of war behind him had graved lines about his mouth and put a little gray at his temples and left a faint sadness in his face when it was in repose—a severity relieved by the mildly sardonic good humor that sparked his gray eyes now and then.

Sagebrush-covered hills, their drabness broken by splashes of color from lupine and Indian paintbrush, came steeply down to the river here as the country began to break into rough ridges climbing toward the Cinnabars. New country to Webb Quarterhill; he'd come to Fort McKeogh less than two weeks ago as one of the recruit contingent from Jefferson Barracks. Yesterday morning, before they'd marched from McKeogh, Ed Harvey had given Webb a thumbnail sketch of the country into which they were going. Jensen's ranch lay upriver on the cottonwood flats where Fourth of July Creek spilled out of the hills to join the Sleepy Wind. J would march up the Fourth of July.

Ed Harvey was acting first sergeant of this collection of misfits that had been hastily thrown together night before last. It was not a usual thing for a first sergeant to make a confidant of a recruit he'd seen less than a half-dozen times. However, Ed Harvey had worn the Army's cloth for a long while, and his eyes hadn't missed the marks of soldiering that showed behind Quarterhill's reserve.

"Your record says naught of previous service," he'd said as they'd led out in the cool dawn. "No matter. It is my guess that you have ridden behind the trumpet before. Right?"

"Maybe," Quarterhill had grunted noncommittally.

Harvey had given him a sharp look out of frosty eyes. "A man's past is his own," he had grumbled. "Still, I have got to make a purse out of a sow's ear in kickin' this bunch of bums into some sort of a company, and I have got to have help in doin' it. You are Lance Corporal Quarterhill as of now—and, if you learned your soldiering in a gray suit, I couldn't care less."

Webb had shrugged and given Harvey a tight grin and said nothing as they had come out onto Fort McKeogh's parade, where the mist still clung to the hollows of the ground. Most of the why of this business was something he had not been told, Harvey had added then, his temper soured by morning coffee still unsettled in his belly.

"It is for sure that somebody got a flea in his ear in a hell of a hurry," he'd growled at Quarterhill. "Last night Lootenant Miller sends for me a little after tattoo has gone.

"'You are now acting first sergeant of Provisional Company J, sergeant,' he tells me. 'We march tomorrow morning for Elk Basin at the head of Fourth of July Creek. Each man will carry sixty rounds for (Continued on Page 43)

"Webb Quarterhill, ma'am, at your service."

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Kansas, My Kansas

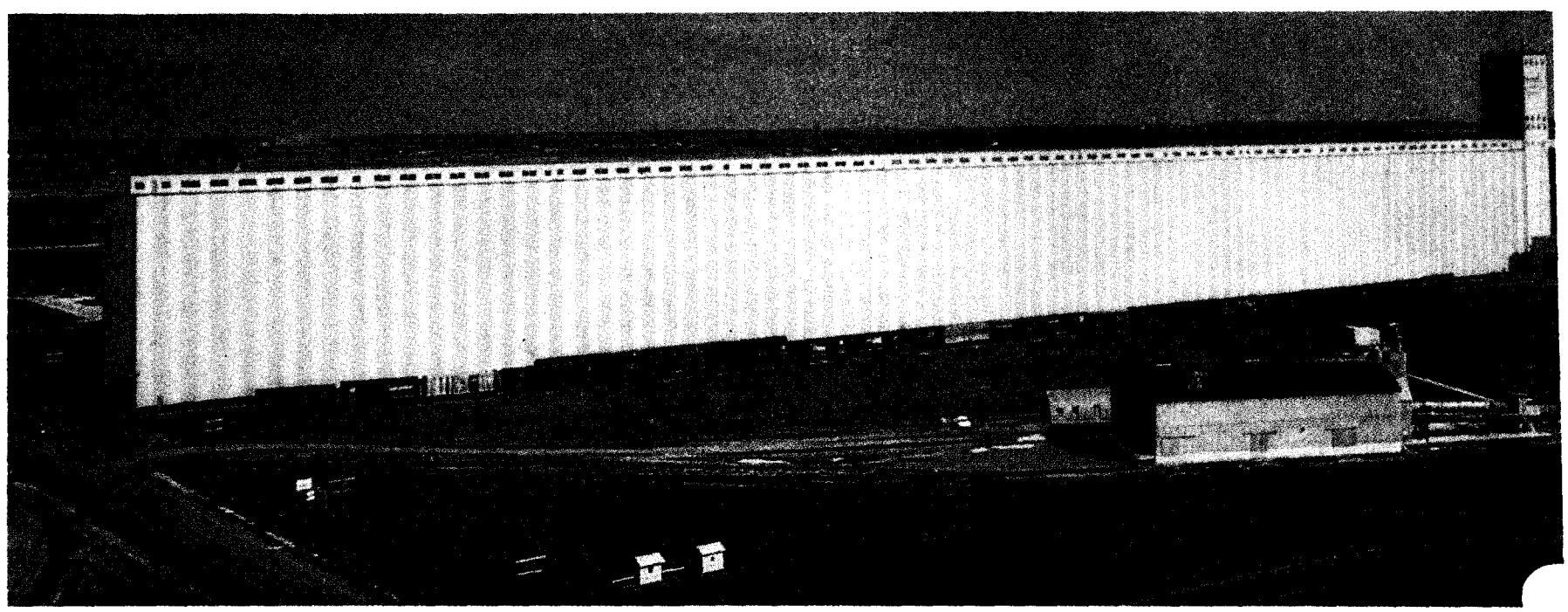
By JOHN BIRD • A *Post* editor revisits his native state—now celebrating her centennial—and finds the "old dame" fat and conservative, but fondly reliving her rip-roaring pioneer days.

Wheat harvest in Smith County. Kansas farmers, aided by new scientific methods, no longer fear the dust storms that ravaged these prairies in the '30's.

For some reason, my old home state of Kansas long has reminded me of a weather-toughened old dame, prim and frugal in her daily life, but on occasion likely to kick up her skirts in a raffish cancan. This may be at considerable variance with the standard personification of the thirty-fourth state as a calm, clear-eyed pioneer mother, but so be it. The old girl is doing some fancy prancing right now, commemorating her 100th birthyear with extensive hurrah and pageantry involving bush-bearded pioneers, gun-slinging cowboys and sheriffs, whooping Indians, painted dance-hall girls and, of course, that flaming old anti-slavery fanatic, John Brown.

When I heard of these festivities, it seemed fitting that I should revisit my native state and wish her many happy returns. True, after growing up on her High Plains, I had spent most of my adult years elsewhere. Kansas was still on her bony knees in dust and depression back in the '30's when, along with many other of her surplus offspring, I had fled to gentler climes—and a steady job. But being born a Jayhawker is an incurable disease. Even after long exile the symptoms recur in the form of niggling memories of the vast sweep of Kansas landscape, the magnificent color of her skies, the hoarse, insistent voice of her winds and, perhaps most of all, the inconsistency of her behavior.

This last trait has caused Kansas to be much misunderstood and even maligned by obtuse outsiders. But to the likes of me, it made her far more alluring than if she were completely predictable and respectable. For the Kansas I fondly remembered was as capricious as her volatile weather. Her attitudes seemed to reflect the varied human strains which shaped her into a state—stringy New England abolitionists, hell-for-leather cattlemen, stolid wheat bringers from the steppes of Russia, ascetic religious sects and even a few free-thinkers seeking room for their free thoughts. With equal facility and affection Kansas mothered blue-nosed reformers and gaudy sinners, farsighted educators and bumptious ignoramuses, courageous statesmen and barn-lot politicians, writers of great wit and nasty backhouse scribblers, pioneers in medical



This grain elevator in Hutchinson is one of the largest in the world. Nearly half a mile long, it holds 17,000,000 bushels of the state's huge wheat surplus.

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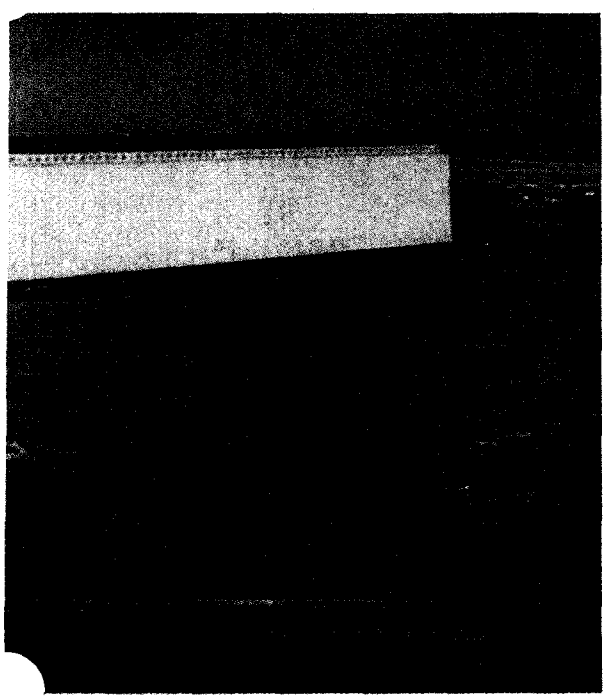
The worn, yet dignified, house in Abilene where Dwight D. Eisenhower lived as a boy. At right is the new Eisenhower Museum. Across the street (not shown) a library is being built for the Eisenhower documents.

A new Boeing B-52 in Wichita, the state's aircraft center. Though often called a farm state, Kansas makes more money from industry.

science and monstrous quacks. Many had this in common: They were individualists; they stood out against the flat horizon.

And perhaps most endearing, my old Kansas has a wonderful sense of humor—a wry one, to be sure, for her life was not easy. Long ago her settlers learned that the great rectangle of earth that is Kansas—about 200 miles wide and 400 long, 82,276 square miles, larger than Ohio and Indiana together—could not be easily subdued, but must be taken essentially as she was, with her droughts, tornadoes and blizzards as well as with her bountiful years and incomparable autumns when the harvest-flavored air was a joyful tonic. Often there was no choice in Kansas but to cry or to laugh—and to the state's everlasting credit she produced more wisecracks than sob stories. I fondly remember the news dispatch of the mid-'30's from Great Bend, reporting the worst dust storm of years and commenting, "Lady Godiva could ride through the streets without even her horse seeing her."

Thus fortified with memories, I flew to Kansas, rented a car and covered a mere 1200 miles of the state's 125,000 miles of roads—the main ones are as good as any in the nation, wide, straight and fast, speed limit seventy mph, except on the Kansas Turnpike, where it is eighty mph (Continued on Page 81)



Under the Murphy Plan every Kansas town has a doctor, and many have clinics. Here, in the Quinter hospital, Drs. Richard Penfold (left), Carl Gunter and Herman Hiesterman attend a patient.

A scene at the University of Kansas, largest of the 42 academic institutions in this education-minded state.

Swimmers in a Reno County pool. Water sports are wildly popular in this hot, dry climate.

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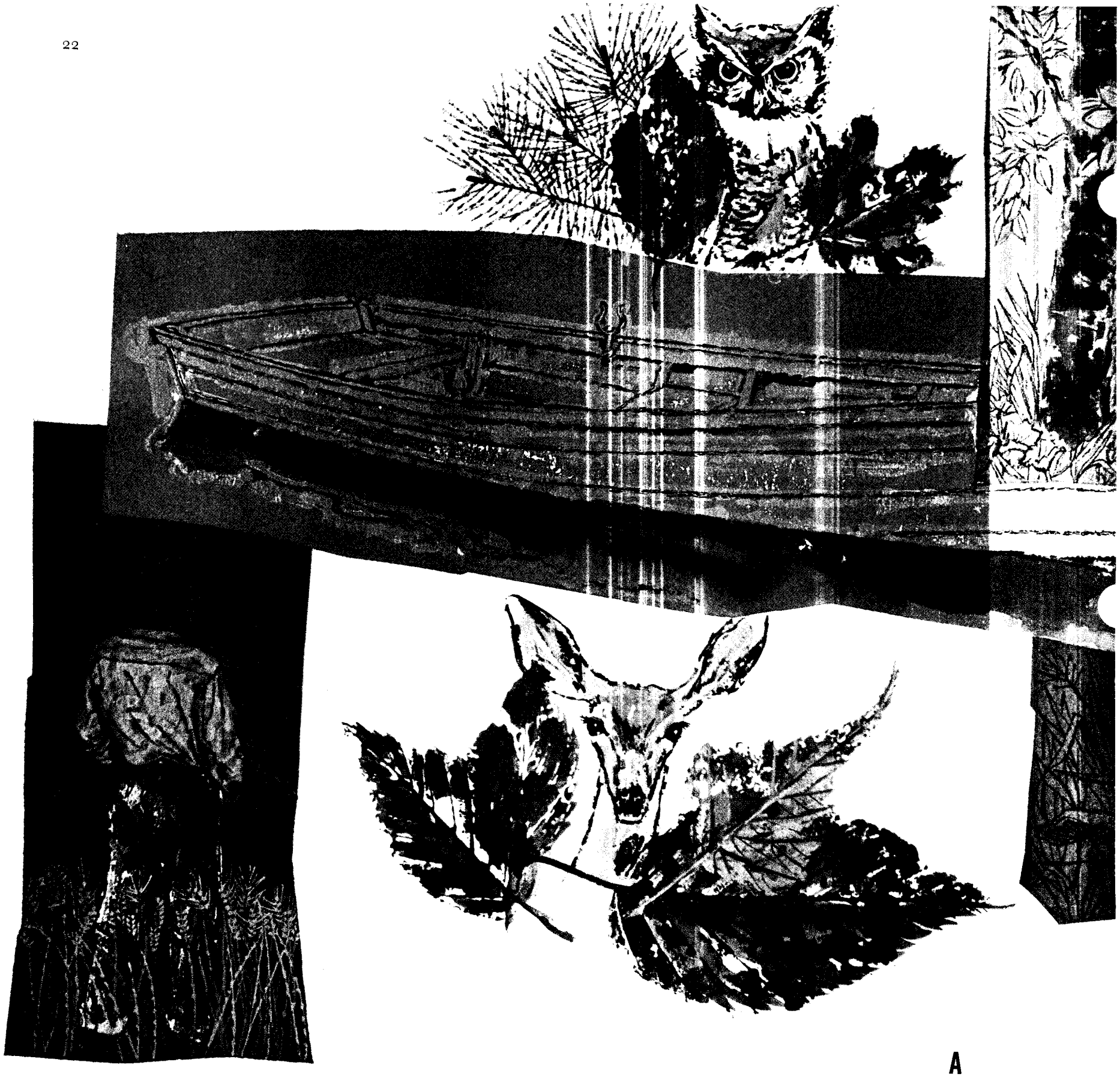

A Short Story by NEILL C. WILSON

THE SKIFF BENEATH THE ALDER

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Illustrated by Don Almquist

The woods were moist from last night's rain and scented with sunny spring morning, but the man was too hurried to stop and savor. His hat, no catchall for fishhooks, was neatly dented. Two points of crisp handkerchief showed at the breast pocket. His shoes were polished. He parted the head-high azaleas and pressed on.

A crackle sounded down one of the tangled aisles. He came stock-still. It was a hare, he decided, taking off through the trash of the forest floor, or a bough of green cones rattling down. The man, after listening intently, resumed his stride. The tall shafts of the redwoods changed color with each bend of his path, cinnamon to rose-purple to black-brown. He had no time for such effects. He came to a trail fork and chose the left-hand way without hesitating.

A boy, unaware of anyone else in the woods, continued his divergent course, leaping to fallen tree trunks and down their other sides, squishing the deep moss and wet bracken, keeping an eye out for wood-rat nests. Those ricks of stick and rubbish are prized by florists, and a boy can sell their sacked dung for half a dollar as well as have the fun of unroofing their occupants. But other youths had been here before him, or the rats this year weren't as family-minded as they should be.

It didn't matter. The boy was free—free as the red-tailed hawk hovering over fields that he had crossed to get here, free as the squirrels running from branch to branch above him, free as air. He was skinny, lithe, his veins throbbing with vigor, hair slicked, jeans from the knee up still tub clean. He drew big lungfuls of this tingly air and crunched on, knowing that a hundred rewards awaited.

He broke out upon the bank of a stream that sang its way down from the Coast Range summits. With a run and a wide underhand swing, one could skip a pebble almost across it. But the water was swift out there. Unless you were a tall wader or a strong swimmer, you stayed on this shore.

The boy never had visited the other side, though he longed to. Surely the steelhead were thicker over there, the trees even bigger, the chances of coming on a doe, a fawn, or a fat porcupine gnawing at a young fir, better than here, where it was only three miles to Richdale. The smell of pitch, tannin and burner smoke from Richdale's mill and the whine of its saws reached even to here on the south wind.

Barred by the river, the boy turned left and made his way down along the bank. He stopped when a frog went *ker-plunk* and waited till old spraddle-legs reappeared squat-happy out on a wet rock. He looked about hopefully for the white ring around the dark eye of some well-hidden wood duck on her tree nest. He lifted snails to see if one of them happened to have a left-hand twist to its shell. He'd never found one, but the sixth-grade nature book and also Ben Carroll, Richdale's authority on all the ways of woodland or man, said they sometimes came that way.

He parted a clump of young pepperwoods, their stinging bay-rum odor doubled by last night's rain, and came upon an owl on a breast-high stump. He stopped, petrified. The feathered scowler wore the exact measuring look of Mr. Hanna and it didn't stir. The boy sidled past in a wide curve. Still the package of beak and claws didn't move except to swivel its head, holding that stare upon him. Safely beyond, the boy thought of plucking a wide grass blade, drawing it taut between his thumbs and blasting a shriek upon it. That should shake up a screech owl even. But two ruby-and-emerald hummingbirds, chip-chipping words of hate, caught his attention. Flashing like angry sparks, they clashed and fought in mid-air. When one broke off for a lightning-fast getaway, he pushed on and came to the secret prize that he had no way of using—a small duckboat. It was snugged in under the bank and padlocked to a foot-thick alder.

The boy crouched and studied this well-dunked skiff. Chain was heavy, padlock stout. The day would have to be spent on smaller adventures. But these woods and the bank of their river were just about where Ben Carroll the hooky cop might come looking on this fine spring morning. The boy rose and sought hideaway under the curtaining branches of a hemlock.

A mother quail nested in the grass at the edge of the ground-sweeping boughs. She didn't stir. "Don't be afraid," whispered the boy, "I won't hurt you." She seemed to know that.

Rhythmic bongs sounded thinly across the miles from the city-hall clock at Richdale—eleven A.M.

The man, resting on a hummock, heard the strokes too. He had the high-colored, excessively smooth cheeks that sometimes are a setting for a snow-white mustache, and a carefully groomed crop of enduring white hair.

He rose, checking his watch. He needn't have walked so fast. He pushed on, his steps once more beginning to quicken. As before, he had no heed for the imposing stumps, black from bygone forest fires, or the huckleberry bushes gaily fountaining from their summits, none for foxgloves and shy trilliums and honey-scented hedges of azalea. He ignored the sky-reaching redwoods with snowberries and flowering currants at their feet and tramped ruthlessly ahead until he broke out upon the glade where the boat was chained. He went straight to its protecting alder. He knelt and made quick inspection. It was half full of leaf-stained rain water.

He put key to the padlock, which opened with a snick. He went down along the bank two-score yards, sprang to the ledge of a shoulder-high stump and reached down into its chimneylike interior. He climbed higher and looked in. He came down, empty-handed and shocked. He clambered and groped into half a dozen hollow butts, his consternation deepening. He returned to the skiff and for a time stood staring into it and over to the opposite shore.

The boy lurking under the ground-sweeping hemlock was spellbound by this and not a little frightened, for he knew where the oars were. He and two other youths had discovered them four Saturdays ago and, in revenge for the lock on the boat, had (Continued on Page 51)

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ADVENTURES
of the MIND

The Magic of Creativity

By NANCY HALE

The faculty—often delusive and capricious—that enables gifted persons to transmute ideas into artistic verities.

Years ago, when I was a young writer, I was planning a novel about the Paris of the '90's, where my father had been an art student. He used to tell me tales of his adventures there, and now they seemed to be taking a shape in my mind. But I had never been to Paris, and I asked my editor, Maxwell Perkins of Scribner's, if he would send me some books about the place and the period, so that I could bone up on it. He wrote back, sending me a couple of books, but urging me not to do too much reading. He warned me of the dangers of research to fiction. "You don't want to know too much about it," he said. "You want to make it up out of your head." He was quite right. The dead hand of research lies heavy on too many novels. The part most alive in them comes out of imagination.

But a few years afterward, while I was still young and foolish, I was foolish enough to say at a party, to a theologian and a sociologist, that my editor had told me not to know too much about what I was writing of. I'll never forget the looks on the faces of the sociologist and the clergyman. Having spent their entire lives trying to know as much as possible about what they were writing of, the clergyman looked at me as if I had blasphemed the Holy Ghost and the sociologist looked even more shocked. Yet both of them knew that I was a writer of fiction. And that is what fiction is: fiction, not fact.

I often encounter similarly reproachful looks, as though of betrayal, in the faces of friends who have had to realize that

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something they have read of mine was not true, never happened. A nice woman in the town where I live admired a story of mine which is written in the first person and called *The Empress's Ring*. But one day I told her that I had never, in real life, possessed a ring that belonged to an empress; and that the ring I did own never got lost, as the one in the story did. She has never felt quite the same about me since. Yet actually she had fair warning that the story was imaginary. It was labeled fiction in the book's blurb.

Maybe we are up against one of those things which today it is fashionable to call a dichotomy. On the one hand, society—the reader, that is to say—is continually being puzzled, upset and betrayed by what the fiction writers dream up. But at the same time, society expects fiction to persuade it into the willing—or even unwilling, the inadvertent—suspension of disbelief. The reader *wants* to believe in the novel, or else he wants his money back. He wants to identify with the characters. He wants to live in the pages of the novel. It is only when he closes its covers at the end that he is not resigned to the realization that none of it was true. He's like those radio soap-opera fans who used to send real wedding presents—and later real baby clothes when their favorite heroine is expecting a blessed radio event. He is like the little boy who wakes up from dreaming that his pockets were full of gold and, full of anticipation, hurries to the chair where he hung his pants the night before.

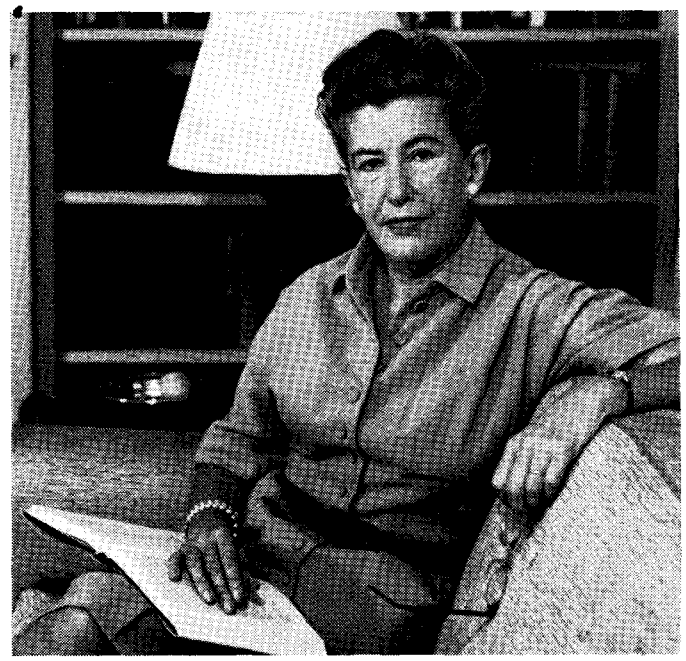
Imagination is a kind of blind spot in the average, nonwriting member of society. Because, of course, everybody has imagination. If you have the thought, "Everyone hates me"; or if you consider it a good idea to see what is the matter with the light fuse by poking your finger into the socket; or if you suppose that you can sail a boat because you have seen other people do it; or if you conclude that a friend has turned against you, when in fact her brusqueness was the result of not thinking about you at all; those are all examples of an undisciplined imagination. It is obvious how dangerous such imaginings can be.

Malicious gossip—which takes the place of creation in noncreative lives—of course draws heavily on the imagination. Fear and superstition have their roots in imagination. The fact is that imagination is antisocial in that it is not in any relation at all to everyday reality. Then what is imagination in relation to?

Probably because of such destructive phantasies as those I listed, imagination hasn't a terribly good reputation in our society. Of course, to say that so-and-so is lacking in imagination is understood as not a compliment. But if I call someone a dreamer; or remark that someone has a head full of fancies; or say to someone, "That's all your imagination"—those are not compliments either. It might be objected that such disparagements only apply to those who might be called the amateur dreamers; that a novelist, for instance, is expected to have a highly active imagination. Yet to say "She certainly has a *lively* imagination" isn't praise either. That old phrase "Nothing but imagination," is one of the commonest, one of the most damning, in use today. I would point out, however, that even the greatest novels are "nothing but" paper, ink, a certain amount of miscellaneous misinformation, and imagination.

The space age opening before our eyes is "nothing but" the end result, scientifically supported, worked out with infinite toil of man's first mad, unreasonable image of himself flying. When it was first entertained, a good while before Daedalus, that image was about as adapted to reality as if I were to feel the urge to lie, like Ariel, in a cowslip's bell. Yet today we do fly. Science fiction once prophesied, in its apparently wild flights of fancy, many of the aerial feats that have come to pass. Are these the only phantasies which are allowed to come to pass? May not what science fiction calls teleportation also come to pass, along with the contents of that bottle in *Alice in Wonderland* marked DRINK ME, and may it not be possible for some woman in the future to become tiny and find herself curled inside that golden cup?

The principle embodied here is that what man can imagine he may one day achieve. We know the part that mathematics, physics, chemistry and mechanics play in such miracles. We know the role on the plane of human character that persistence, courage, dauntlessness and what is sometimes called cussedness play. Yet there *CONTINUED ON PAGE 69*



About the Author

Nancy Hale, novelist and short-story writer, is probably best known as the author of *The Prodigal Women*. Born and educated in Boston, she later served on the editorial staffs of *Vogue* and the old *Vanity Fair* and as a reporter on *The New York Times*. Miss Hale, who published her first novel, *The Young Die Good*, at the age of twenty-four, is married to Fredson Bowers, professor of English at the University of Virginia. Her most recent books are *Dear Beast*, a novel which appeared in 1959, and *The Pattern of Perfection*, a collection of short stories issued last year.

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a widow's wrath

She thought he had taken her son on a spree.

By DAVID WALKER

James McInver put the rifle in its canvas cover, slung that, slung the telescope, took the stick and went out to the rain. His roses had withered at the bud; his chrysanthemums drooped in a tangle. Rain streaked the whitewash of his cottage, which some folk would call wee, but a man alone would swim in it. "Ay, swim," he grumbled, a steady month of rain, a fine hour or two, and now another downpour. "It is the sadness of the rain," he said, and felt a little cheered. He was a Highlander.

He backed out the Brake—a sturdy jeep thing with the four-wheel drive—and now he was ready for the hill. But a bell caught his ear, and a bicycle caught his eye. The boy stood on his pedals, swinging back and forth across the road to ease the slope.

"If you climb like yon," said James, "you'll climb into orbit round the moon. What's on your mind then, Jock?"

John Reid recovered breath and speech. "I was feared I'd miss you, Jamie," he said. "I was for the tattie picking, but Beefy says the fields is too wet."

"So they would be," James said, cherishing a hope that Beefy Bain's potatoes would rot in sodden ground, one good thing about the rain. But the thought was unworthy of him. "And what is Your Lordship's pleasure?" he inquired of his friend, whose face was wet and red, and now broad-grinned about "Your Lordship."

"Well, Jamie, it's like this way—I have my sandwich piece, and mum'll no be missing me at dinnertime, and I just thought to myself 'Well, if Jamie's away up for the hinds, well, mebbe . . .'"

James considered the uncompleted question and the questioner, who was grand company on the hill, but. . . . "But what will Mistress Sheila Reid, your (Continued on Page 76)

"And my Jock, a wee laddie not turned twelve, with the smell of whisky on his breath," she said angrily.

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A start at Saratoga. Atkinson says that horses don't talk, but sometimes they tell lies.

HOW TO BET THE HORSES

One of Thoroughbred racing's top money-winning jockeys—now a turf official—tells how the average fan can keep from losing his shirt at the pari-mutuel window.

By TED ATKINSON as told to Lucy Freeman

Every prominent jockey, I imagine, is bombarded with questions as to how to pick winners. I didn't escape this fate, either, despite my being known as a nonbetting jockey. This was not strictly true a long time ago. Then I did bet occasionally, but not often, because any serious wager hurt me too badly when I lost.

I have never been to the races strictly as a spectator. Several times I went in a nonriding capacity and watched a few races from the judges' stand or grandstand, but my purpose in being there didn't include betting.

There is a rule about betting by jockeys, No. 194 (a): "No jockey shall bet on any race except through the owner of and on the horses which he rides." Nor is a jockey allowed to own or hold any interest in a race horse. Like Caesar's wife, jockeys must be above reproach.

People assume that a jockey, because he spends so much of his life on the race track, should have a more thorough knowledge of the factors contributing to the winning of a race. This is true, on the one hand, and not true, on the other. If predicting a race were based exclusively on knowledge, it would be a simple matter. Unfortunately, or fortunately, as the case may be, racing is famous for its many unpredictables. That is why it is far more difficult to forecast the (Continued on Page 63)

© 1961 by Ted Atkinson and Lucy Freeman

About the Author

Theodore Frederic (Ted) Atkinson, nicknamed "The Slasher" by turf writers because of his whipping style coming down the stretch, is one of the great jockeys of this century. He was up on 3795 winners during his twenty-one active riding years. A back injury, causing recurring pain, finally forced him to retire as a jock, but he is now a racing official and has served as a steward at various tracks around the country. Atkinson, forty-four, is one of the most respected men in racing, for his character as well as for his penetrating knowledge of the sport. He and his wife, Martha, have three children, Cathie, nineteen; John, fifteen, and Mark, five. This article has been excerpted from a book, *All the Way*, Paxton-Slade Publishing Company, to be released on May ninth.

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That Girl in the Office

By Ralph Knight

In this age of the great American secretary shortage, the executive who finds a well-trained female can count himself lucky indeed.

A wife and mother as well as a career woman, Mrs. Edmund Michalik was chosen 1960's secretary of the year by the National Secretaries Association. She is shown above with her boss, Philip H. Powers, of the University of Pittsburgh.

The Katharine Gibbs School, New York: Gretchen Wamp (second from left) supervises a student fashion show. The girls are regularly graded on dress and grooming.

Gibbs girls Bettina Bauer (left), Ann Wignall and Deborah Davidson at a diction lesson. These future secretaries also study how to improve their telephone voices.

Patricia Bryant works at the N.B.C. Opera Company in New York. As a native of England, she belongs to an elite group in secretarydom: Some American bosses are partial to English accents.

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One day a man telephoned two business firms to get estimates on a job he wanted done, and in each case a secretary reported that her boss would not be in the office that day.

The first girl sounded grumpy and uninterested. She said in a mumbling way that she would have her boss get in touch and she punctuated her words with a dreadful clicking noise—maybe she was tapping the phone with a pencil. The second girl said she would ask another executive in the office to help her draw up a tentative estimate and phone back in an hour and she would arrange for her employer to call in the morning to adjust or authenticate the figures. Her voice was soft and friendly, her diction clear, her mood sunny, and the potential client hung up feeling fine about the young lady—and her company. Her boss got the job; you could say that she got it for him.

It would be wrong to conclude that the employer who lost out was served right for having a character like his secretary around the office; perhaps he couldn't get a better one. There is a sad shortage of American secretaries, especially of those smart, responsible, soundly trained Girl Fridays who can be such a blessing to a businessman.

While the severity of the shortage varies from place to place, the United States Labor Department reports an unceasing demand for secretaries in the District of Columbia and New York City zones. The demand can't be satisfied, although employers are willing to settle for something less than wonder girls. In Chicago, another area of shortage, an executive testifies that he recently conferred with fourteen girls before finding a secretary with acceptable personality and technical skills. Unhappily she turned out to be a chronic forgetter. She could even forget to make notes on what to remember. One afternoon she forgot to tell her boss that his wife had phoned to cancel a dinner meeting with him in town, because unexpected house guests had shown up. The wife and guests waited dinner at home; the husband waited at a restaurant; and the whole thing was too bad.

The employer says, "Although I never did give that girl the heave ho, one day after she had been forgetting things for weeks and maybe sensed a growing coolness on my part, she just walked around the corner and got another job."

The lack of top-rank secretaries can be blamed in part on the impatience of upcoming youngsters who would rather take easy-to-get jobs than undergo secretarial training. But the over-all shortage is largely blamed on the low birth rate of the great-depression decade. That period was followed by the baby boom of the war years, and the lasses produced then are just coming of age now.

Becoming a secretarial dream girl calls for more effort than learning to make mysterious squiggles on a dictation pad at, say, 100 words a minute, and transcribing them into faultlessly typed letters at fifty words a minute. Who can't—with practice? Anyway, something less than average speed is legitimate when the boss expects a girl to tidy up his grammar and punctuation. The story is told of an employer who, though he couldn't punctuate, gradually sensed that his letters contained an extraordinary supply of (Continued on Page 89)

Arlene Jensen, of Los Angeles, occasionally minds the boss's baby while the baby's mother goes to the doctor.

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An American oilman, recently in Russia, tells how the Soviets are increasing their oil production phenomenally: By copying our methods.

Russian Oil: New Danger for the West

By Ira H. Cram

Russia is developing its oil and gas resources at such a phenomenal rate of speed and has such great potential that Russian oil may be a key factor, indeed the deciding factor, in our growing economic battle with the U.S.S.R. throughout the world.

I recently made an extensive tour of Russia as a member of the first official delegation of American oilmen to study the Russian oil industry's progress since the end of the war. As a geologist and senior vice president of Continental Oil Company, I have participated in oil exploration and development throughout the United States, Canada, South America and Africa. What I saw in Russia has made me re-evaluate the entire world oil situation. Russia is in a stronger position to achieve its economic goals internally and abroad than perhaps even the Russians themselves realized until recently.

Our group's 7350-mile tour inside Russia took us through two principal producing areas—the old Baku area on the west coast of the Caspian Sea and the new Ural-Volga area between the Ural Mountains and Kuibyshev, which now produces three fourths of Russia's oil. We saw oil and gas fields, giant ones and small ones, onshore and offshore, fields which were hard and easy to discover. We inspected large new refineries and small old ones. We discussed management and planning with the executives in Moscow and Stalingrad. We were free to talk at length with technicians and workers wherever we went.

Our delegation was under the auspices of the State Department and the American

(Continued on Page 66)

Petroleum workers in Soviet Azerbaidzhan. Women, on the job to relieve Russia's manpower shortage, receive training identical to the men's and work beside them at almost all tasks.

Soviet wells at Baku, on the Caspian Sea. Russia plans to double its petroleum exports and be a major competitor in the world market by 1965.

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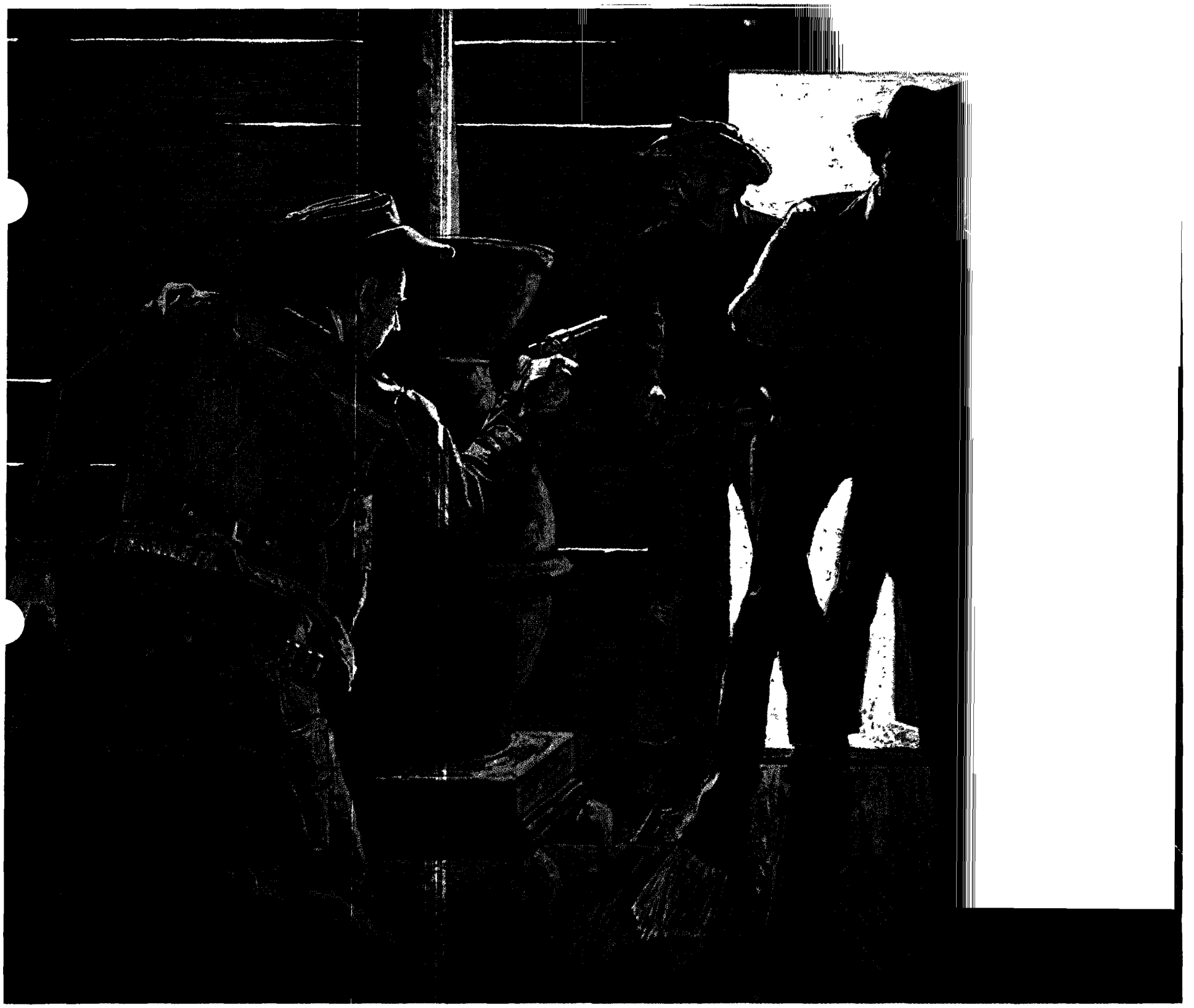

"Put your hands up!" he yelled.

one-man posse

He was in the right place at the right time with a gun in his hand.

By ED MONTGOMERY

Charley James, who was the only man ever to lock Panhandle Pete Rivers in a jailhouse, sat in the cruel gray light of dawn and looked down into the depths of his second cup of coffee and wished he hadn't gone to the trouble. That was on account of the reward money.

The love of that reward money, he reflected, was the root of all the evils besetting him. Not his love of the reward money so much as Virginia Smith's love of it. Charley sighed and raised his cup and burned his tongue and glared across the campfire at one of the evil companions he'd fallen in with the night before.

The evil companion was named High Pockets Henson. He grinned. It was much the kind of a grin you'd expect of a man who had won the last of your reward money with a pair of tens.

"You think the old man'll give you your job back?" High Pockets asked. The old man was the owner of the ranch where High Pockets was employed and Charley had been until he came into money.

"I ain't studyin' about the old man," Charley said.

"You studyin' about Virginia Smith?"

Charley nodded sadly. "She thought that thousand dollars was marryin' money."

"Well," High Pockets said piously, "it had ought to have been."

"Anyhow," Charley said, "Virginia's too good for me."

"She sure is," High Pockets said.

"High Pockets," Charley said, "how'd you like for me to come over there and hit you upside the head with a stick of firewood?"

High Pockets continued to grin, and Charley surveyed the available firewood weapons but did not pick one up, (Continued on Page 56)

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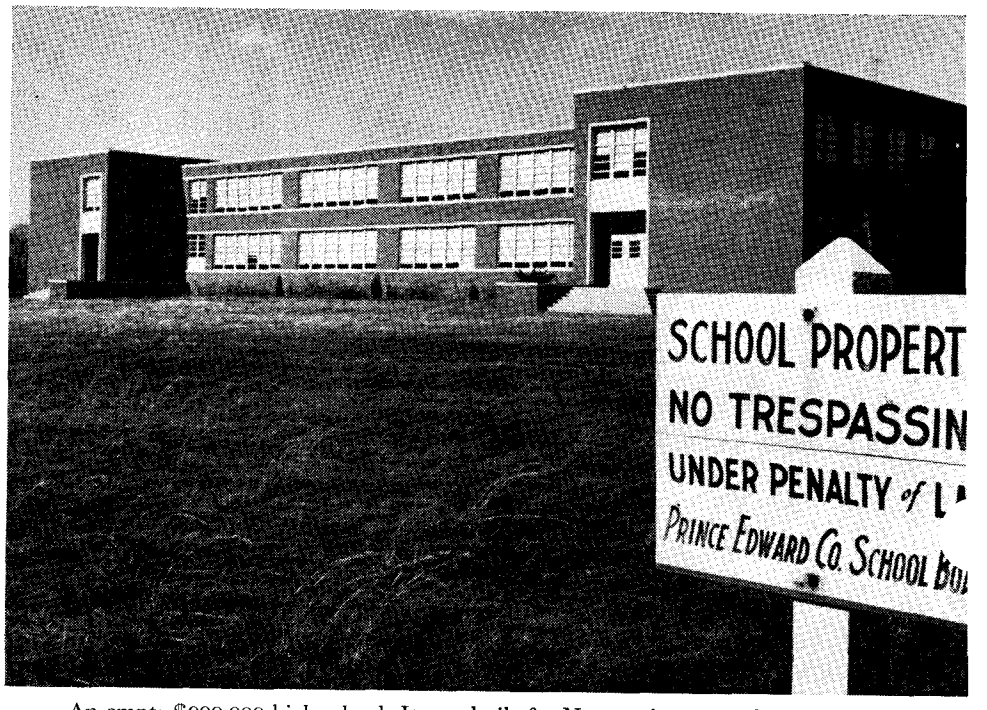
Public Schools Died Here

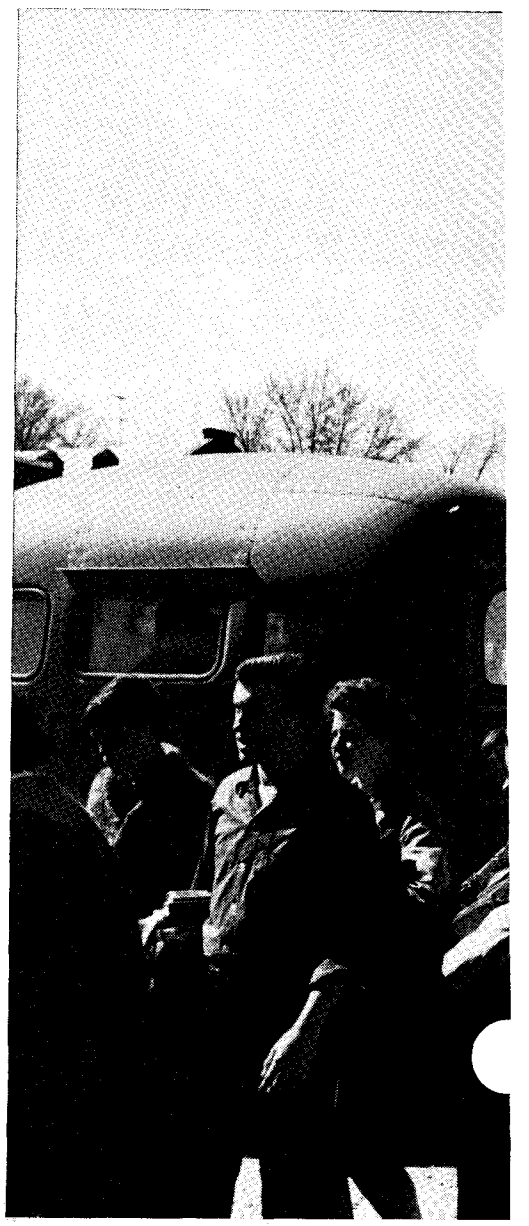
In this quiet Virginia county rock-solid segregationists chose to abandon free education rather than integrate

A *Post* editor's report. By IRV GOODMAN



An empty $900,000 high school. It was built for Negroes in 1953, after a Federal court ruled that the existing segregated facilities—largely tar-paper shacks—were inadequate.

This tumble-down shanty is a school. Thirty-four children learn ABC's in its single ten-by-ten room. It is an extreme example of such educational conditions as have existed for Negroes since the public schools closed in 1959.



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In Virginia's Prince Edward County some weeks ago I watched a Negro boy, eight years old, sitting in his yard, scratching in the dirt with a stick—not letters or numbers or lines of a pattern, but marks without meaning. After a while he scuffed out the marks with his shoe and scratched again.

The little boy had never been to school. No one knows when he will be able to go to school. He is trapped, as are so many other people in Prince Edward County, in a struggle between losers and heavier losers. For Prince Edward, in an attempt to avoid school desegregation, has abandoned free public education.

In May of 1959, Prince Edward—a rural county some sixty miles southwest of Richmond—was ordered to end segregation in its public schools. In June the county's governing body, the board of supervisors, shut down all the schools, thirteen of them for Negroes, eight for whites, simply by not voting any funds for them. In September the white community opened private schools, for white children only.

From that September to now—almost two full school years—Prince Edward has been the only county in the nation without public education. While the padlock has been on the public schools, some 1400 white children have received their education on the run, in church basements and unrented stores and, for physical education, out on the streets. The 1700 Negro school children have been shut out.

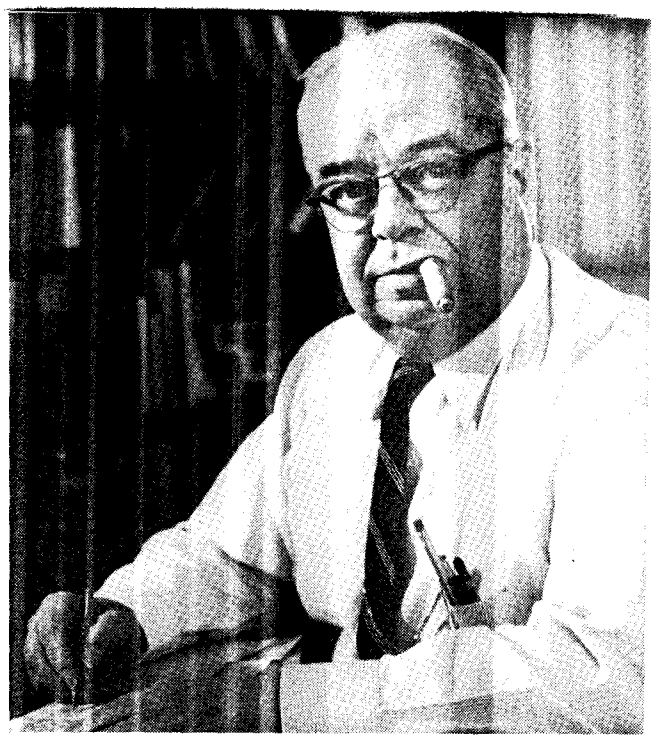
It is an uneven struggle. The whites are the power structure of Prince Edward. They call the shots. Yet the losers pile up on both sides of the barricades.

A white gas-station owner complains that his Negro customers don't stop by any more. A white clothier wishes it were fifteen years ago, before school segregation was unconstitutional. An elderly Negro woman says all she has left is faith. A white minister declines to speak out from his pulpit because he sees no moral issue involved in shutting down the schools. A Negro contractor finds it necessary to run an advertisement in the local newspaper announcing that he is not a member of the N.A.A.C.P.

And, of course, there are children. Negro children are on the streets at noon, walking or sitting on the steps of the post office or standing on a corner or throwing rocks in what was once a public-school playground. White children, an hour or so later, come out the side door of a church, books under their arms and singing, "We are the b-e-s-t best of all the r-e-s-t rest." And a teen-age boy, asked how he liked his private school, answers, "No comment."

It would be inaccurate to call the private school system for the white children an educational sham, as some of its critics do. But it would be equally untrue to report it as the unadulterated success it is made out to be by its supporters. The system can perhaps be best described as a makeshift complex of classrooms scattered throughout the county, teaching "fundamental education."

The system, called the Prince Edward School Foundation, has 1376 students in its six elementary schools and one high school. The students attend (Continued on Page 85)

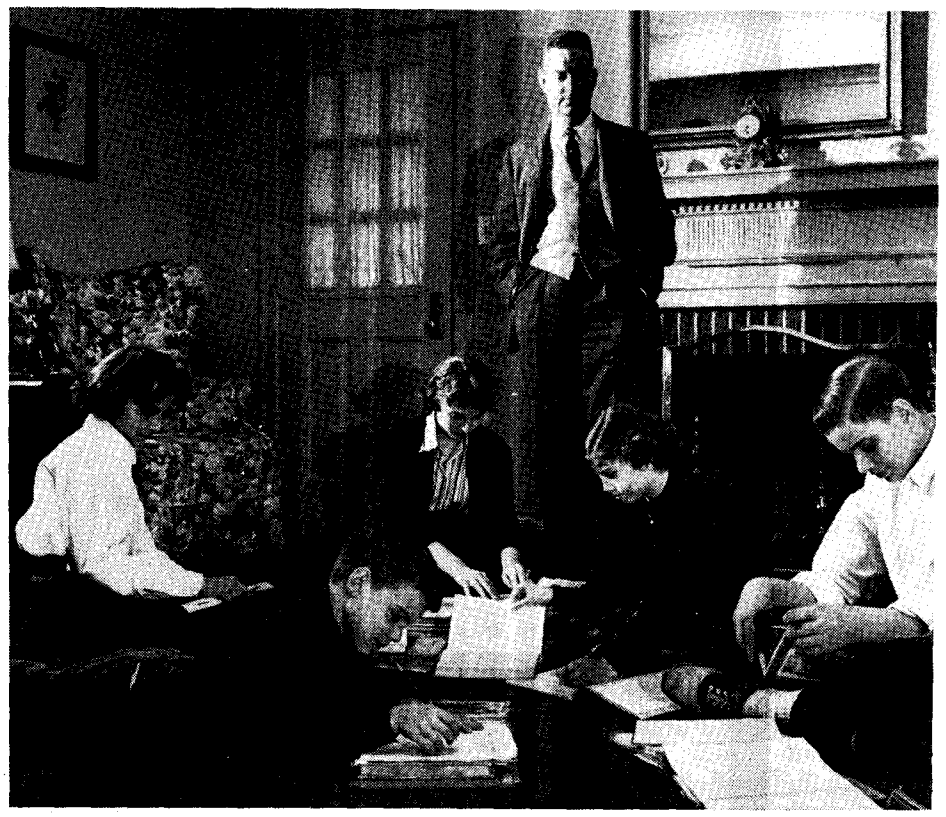


Newspaper editor J. Barrye Wall, generally regarded as chief strategist of the segregationists: "We're against integration and we've stopped it."

Baptist minister L. Francis Griffin, "a lonely leader" of the Negroes. His faltering efforts to continue Negro education have met with only slight success.

For Prince Edward's white students, little has changed. Their same teachers, whose salaries are now paid with private funds, hold classes in churches and unrented stores.

Photographs by Larry Keighley



Businessman B. Blanton Hanbury, president of the white's private-school foundation. He cites his school-age children as five reasons why he fights integration.

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"But who lifted the young genius up from the abyss of mediocrity?" he said.

Was there any way he could convince her that she was in love with a phony?

the headstrong debutante

By MYLES CONNOLLY

You can't fail me. You mustn't. I'll do something desperate! I'll even hire Charles myself, I'll give him a job as my tutor or companion or something like that!" The very young lady, her dark-blue eyes on fire, leaned over the big desk. "You wait and see!"

The gray-haired man behind the desk managed to look very solemn, a quite easy accomplishment for the senior partner of the distinguished firm of Hanley, Hunt and Hartley, attorneys at law. "Well," he said, "we can't have that, can we?"

"Please, Uncle Dennis, it's no joking matter," the girl pleaded, all five feet two of her tense with emotion. "You have to get Charles a job! I'm desperate. Father wants no part of him unless he gets a job. It's got now so he won't even let me bring Charles to the house any more. It isn't fair. Girls everywhere are bringing boys who have no jobs to their houses all the time. Why, not having a job can even be fashionable, if it's the right kind of job you don't have."

Uncle Dennis turned away from his desk. "Yes, I'm sure," he said, now holding with difficulty to his solemnity. He looked meditatively out at the morning sunlight slanting down the chasm of the street. "Perhaps, Mary, perhaps he does not realize the—the profundity of your passion. Let's put it that way."

Mary angrily shook her black-brown curls. "Please! I asked you not to joke! You know father won't listen to you or anyone else where I'm concerned. Oh, yes, he'll listen to you as his legal adviser on wills and real estate and complaints about people who annoy him, but not if it's about me. I'm one of his two pet obsessions. Ever since mother died he divides his time between bossing bridge builders and bossing me."

Uncle Dennis got to his feet. He was a large man with a dignity that was accentuated rather than diminished by the amusement in his eyes.

"Let me see, my dear," he began carefully. "You are eighteen, is that it?"

"Almost nineteen! And old enough to know my own mind, uncle! If that's what you're driving at."

Uncle Dennis came out from behind the desk. "You are very pretty, my dear. And very rich, or will be someday. And inclined to be headstrong, shall we say?"

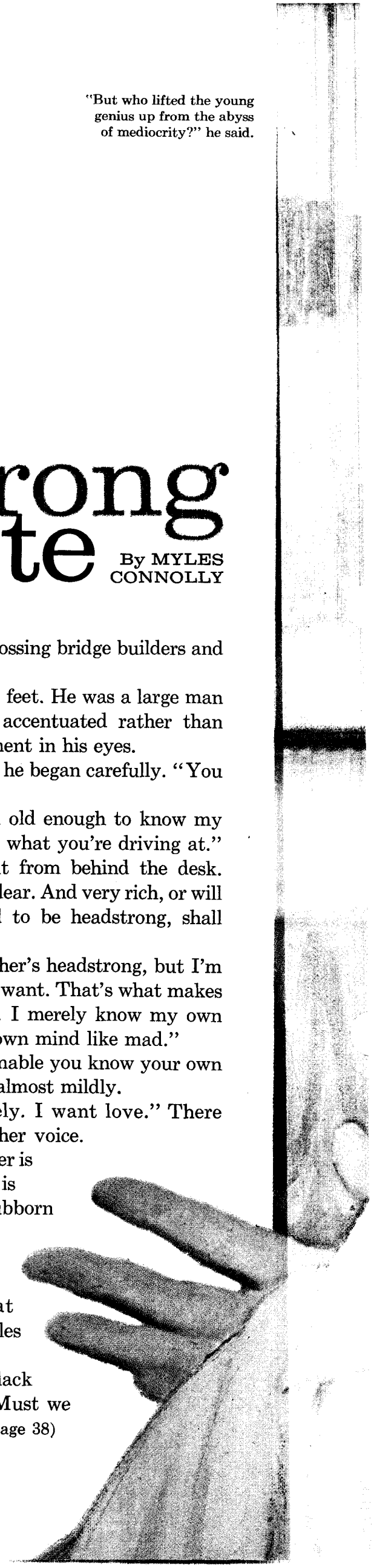
"We shall not say! Father's headstrong, but I'm not. I simply know what I want. That's what makes you think I'm headstrong. I merely know my own mind. I merely know my own mind like mad."

"Yes, I think it is assumable you know your own mind." He spoke quietly, almost mildly.

"And I know I'm lonely. I want love." There was a strain of pathos in her voice. "I need affection. And father is never home, and when he is he treats me as just a stubborn little idiot."

"I know, I know, my child." Uncle Dennis was sympathetic. "But what makes you think this Charles is the answer?"

Mary slumped into a black leather chair. "Oh, dear! Must we go into this (Continued on Page 38)



Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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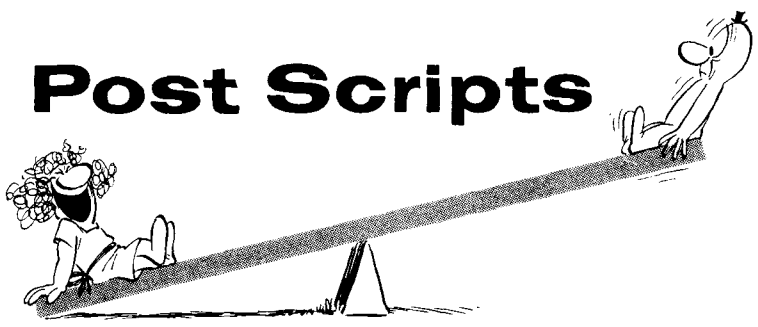
Post Scripts



Night Patrol

I, Little Muskrat, said to my father, "Big Muskrat, it may vibrate your risibles to learn that I have joined the scouts. Already I have passed my tender-feet test."

"Ah," he said, his eyes lighting up. "This is excellent news. I will advance you the required skins for your olive-drab Bermuda shorts, your kerchief and your short-handled chopper. What is your troop number, my son?"

"You do not read me," I said. "I do not want any short pants or ——"

He placed his hand on my shoulder. "You have fine knees," he said, "and you will wear the uniform with pride. With your little chopper you will widen and deepen the trail blazed by your father, and his father and before him, his father ——"

"Cut," I said. "Four generations and you still don't ——"

"Tomorrow, my son, we will go for a hikeoree into the brush. We will set traps and snares, we will throw up a shelter of pine boughs. We will start a forest fire with one match. Then we will light a backfire, arousing the natives with ——"

"But Big Muskrat," I interrupted, "let us skip this outdoors jazz, because I have joined the girl scouts."

Mon père's mouth fell open, and then he laughed. Tears wetted his eyes as he slapped my back and poked my ribs. "Little Muskie," he laughed, "you have made a tactical error. You have ——"

I slapped him on his back and poked him in his ribs. "No booboo, my father. I have joined the girl scouts, and we scout for girls. I belong to the trading-post Troop No. 1, and we hold council in front of the post. Our emblem is the pigeon hovering just over the wolf, our motto is Be Prepared, and our creed is —— But that is secret. Tonight we go on maneuvers."

Big Muskrat sighed deeply. "Never mind," he said. "I myself know the creed, and it is true you will not need the short pants and little chopper. You may need some skins, though, if you are to be a good girl scout, like ——"

"Like my father, like his father and also his father before him?"

He winked and slipped me some skins.

A. R. SWINNERTON

"Looks like a good year."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Breeding Will Tell; in Fact You Can't Shut it Up

When a social crisis threatens,
I show my tact and grace
By rising to the occasion
And falling on my face.

PENNY PENNINGTON

How Not to Be a Popular Husband

Her make-up is glamorous?
She's just finished doin' it?
Then give her an amorous
Smooch and ruin it!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

PRIVATE SECRETARY

Dear Mother. Here is the phone calls I wrote down all but the one when I lost the pencil.

Mrs Camarse called. She meeting been canseld. Or something.

A man called.

Mrs. Rainwite called She says call her back at 5[illegible]7718. Its urgund.

Grandma says she just wanted to know how is everybody? I said okay. She said okay good bye.

Another man called.

Mrs. Wanrite called again. Very urgund.

Daddy called.

Then the lady from the cleaners called and she said what is that spot on your mothers blue dress is it barbecue sawse? I said no maybe spagehta sawse.

Mrs. Wanrite called again. She sounded mad.

Daddy called again.

A lady called. She says dont worry about her. She isnt important.

Mrs. Rainwit called again. Says, "Is this the Nelson's with the vichus german sheppard?" I says no we got a mincher docksund. "Oh! she says" I got the wrong number."

Daddy called again. He said, "Where ~~is the mom of~~ is your mocher?" I said gone some place. He hung up.

Mother I'm getig tired of answering the phone. I'm going over to Sara's house before it rings agan.

Love, Beverly

P.S. Oh, you dont have to call tha Mrs. Ranrite back because now we are the wrong number. But maybe youd better call Daddy

Kay Nelson

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A hearty tomato soup

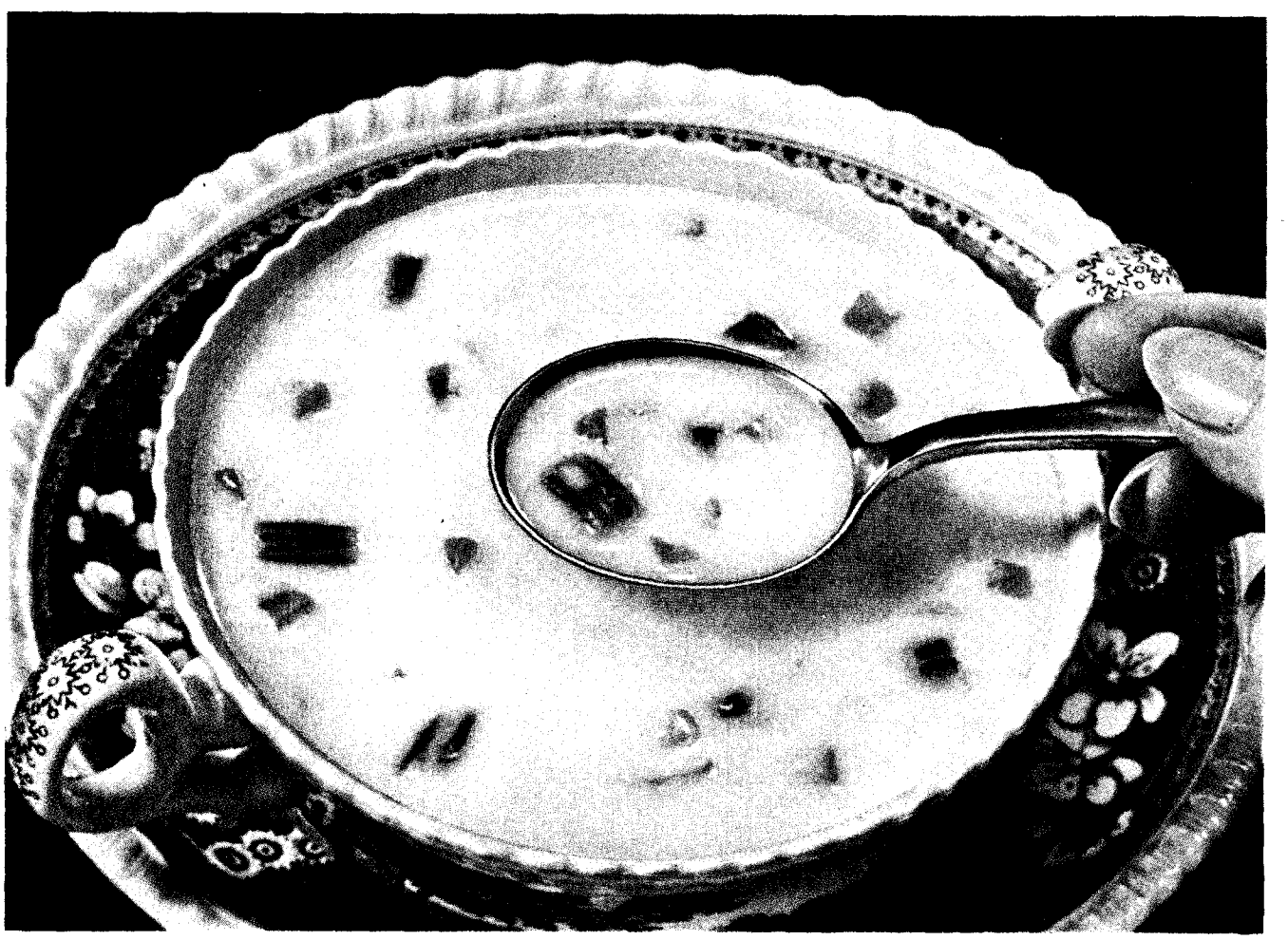
Campbell's

Old-fashioned

TOMATO RICE

We call it *Old-fashioned* Tomato Rice Soup, because it's made from a good old-fashioned recipe. With real pieces of Campbell tomato in the hearty broth — with fluffy long-grain rice — with a zesty garnish of other garden vegetables. If you haven't enjoyed this great soup lately, have it soon!

Have you tried these 2 great soups lately?



A velvety vegetable soup

Campbell's

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

It's a gentle soup — a creamy soup — a velvety soup. Yet it gives you the goodness of seven prize Campbell vegetables, picked sun-ripe. This is a soup you can scarcely serve too often—to add warmth and nourishment to lunch, to perk up appetites for dinner. Enjoy it soon!

Have you had your soup today?

Campbell's (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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More individuals and company groups choose Blue Cross than protection offered by any other organization! Why? It's simple. Blue Cross gives people more help with hospital expenses. That's because the Blue Cross aim is to give *help based on the care you actually get in the hospital*—rather than on a flat daily dollar allowance. Such realistic help is possible because Blue Cross works directly with hospitals. That's why, too, you just show your Blue Cross membership card on entering the participating hospital. No claims problems, no waiting for reimbursement. To join, ask your employer, or contact your local Blue Cross Plan.

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® Blue Cross and symbol reg. by American Hospital Association

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The Headstrong Debutante

(Continued from Page 34)

again? Charles is a dear. He's handsome and I love him totally and he loves me totally, and neither you nor father can do anything about it. The best marriages are made against the opposition of the parents and relatives."

Uncle Dennis again assumed a solemn mien. "That could be, my dear. I do not have the statistics at hand. But getting back to Charles. I've tried to get him a job for four months now, as you know, and I've been unable to get him set anywhere."

"He's had two jobs," Mary spoke up.

"Yes, I'm aware of that. I got him both. He lasted three days in one, two days in the other."

Mary nodded vigorously. "He resigned from both of them. They gave him no opportunity for his talents. He doesn't want to be a broker. He doesn't want to be a banker."

"What does he want to be, my dear?"

"He wants to be a genius." She got tensely to her feet. "He wants his genius recognized, I mean. He's a painter. If you'd let me bring him in to see you someday you'd recognize him as a genius. He's thin and has a black, beautiful beard, and sometimes he cocks his head a little to one side like an Airedale. And, oh yes, when he's thinking his eyes are clouded, and his face is troubled. He's always thinking. He's trying to see through things. His face is always troubled."

Uncle Dennis nodded his understanding. "I see."

Mary relaxed a little. "I knew you'd see," she said warmly. "You have understanding. All father has is anxiety."

Uncle Dennis smiled. "Fathers are apt to have more anxiety than uncles."

"Oh, please, uncle, don't you go and get lofty on me."

Uncle Dennis walked to the window, stared out into the sunlight for a moment, then turned back into the room. "You say he's a painter?"

"Oh, yes. He paints all the time."

"Does he sell many of his paintings?"

Mary shook her head ruefully. "He's too far ahead of the times. He's a specialist, a cuboid abstractionist, and nobody understands him. Only kindred spirits could appreciate him. But he's too far in advance of his times to have kindred spirits." Her voice trembled slightly. "All he has is me."

Uncle Dennis patted her cheek gently. "We'll see what we can do. I'll keep trying." He looked at his watch. "It's a problem, a problem I don't think I can solve by myself. I'll need consultation. Give me a few days more."

Mary's face darkened. "A few days! Why, uncle, do you think Charles and I have eternity ahead of us? His genius is about to burst. Do something today, this afternoon. I'll be sitting on the telephone, waiting, waiting." She went to him and kissed him on the forehead. "You're the only friend Charles and I have in the whole barbarous universe," she said, her voice softening. "And we'll remember you, don't worry. We'll remember you when the world is groveling at our feet."

Having said this, she turned and ran from the office, leaving a fond but very perplexed uncle staring after her.

Jonathan D. Smith may not have been the most profound of the attorneys with Hanley, Hunt and Hartley, but he was the youngest, and thus it was that Mr. Hanley turned to him for consultation.

"I just don't understand the new generation, and especially I don't understand Miss Thorsen," Mr. Hanley confided in him that afternoon in his office after he had explained his problem. "Do you, Mr. Smith?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Hanley, there's nothing to understand," Jonathan answered solemnly.

Mr. Hanley blinked slightly. "How old are you, Mr. Smith, may I ask?"

"I am twenty-five years of age, sir," Jonathan replied.

"I see." Mr. Hanley studied the young man across the desk. "Well, in any event, Mr. Thorsen is an important client, the chief client of this office, I might say. We must do all we can for his daughter. Just what would you suggest in her case?"

"A sound spanking."

Mr. Hanley shook his head. "I'm afraid you don't know Miss Thorsen."

"I've seen her, sir, going in and out of the office. She's beautiful and spoiled. A sound spanking would be highly therapeutic."

"Suppose we get to the problem, Mr. Smith, and that is to get Miss Thorsen's young man a job." Mr. Hanley was matter-of-fact now. "Have you any thoughts on the subject?"

"Yes, sir." Jonathan was equally matter-of-fact. "The only thing to do is to put him into business for himself."

Mr. Hanley frowned. "Please, Mr. Smith. Let us not be frivolous."

"I didn't mean to be frivolous, Mr. Hanley," Jonathan said apologetically. "It's just—well, I usually sound frivolous when I tell the truth." He paused; then, when Mr. Hanley made no comment, he went on. "I think it can be assumed that no employer in his right mind would employ this gentleman. Therefore, the only solution is to have him employ himself." He held up a hand as the older man was about to protest. "Now, I don't mean to buy him a steel mill or a railroad or anything like that. I mean to invent a business for him, something small and cozy, something in which, as I'm sure he would say, he could express himself."

"Invent a business? What sort of business?"

Jonathan smiled. "I haven't given it much thought, as you know, sir, but if you care to trust me I'm sure I can come up with something economical and diverting. It will be a credit to the firm of Hanley, Hunt and Hartley."

Mr. Hanley laughed quietly. "Mr. Smith, if you make a man of that young wastrel, I'll make you a member of the firm."

Jonathan got to his feet. "I didn't say I'd make a man of him, sir. I only said I'd see he had employment. The employment will lead to marriage, I'm sure, and after that the making of a man of him will be the responsibility of the young lady and her father. Heaven help them both."

Jonathan stood back a pace and watched the sign painter prepare to work on the window of the door of the office. Already on the sunny window glass there were letters from a former inscription that read: THE NEW WORLD GALLERY.

"Make the new letters you're putting underneath a little absurd, will you, friend?" Jonathan said. "Make them a little fantastic, you know, a little hard to make out. Make them so people passing along the sidewalk here will be a bit puzzled."

The painter, a small, shriveled man in ancient overalls, gave Jonathan a questioning look. "I don't get it, mister. You ask me to paint a name on here. You ask me to paint 'Mr. Charles Knickerall, Art Consultant' under the other lettering there, and then you say paint it so it'll

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uzzle people. What's the idea? Is there ome kind of a bunko game going on?"

"A good question," Jonathan replied ravely. "I'll explain. Mr. Knickerall, the rt consultant, is an extraordinary artist. o extraordinary that nobody under-nds his paintings or why he paints. It ldn't be harmonious, so to speak, to e the lettering on his office door ainted so people could immediately un-lerstand it."

The painter shrugged. "I don't get it. been painting all my life, and I always igured signs was painted to be read. I ainted a sign in Times Square once."

"Good for you," Jonathan said. He noved to the door and began to trace etters on the glass with his finger. "Sup-ose you start the 'Charles' with tall tters like these—big bold ones—and en kept running downhill until the last

. . . . . .

ters almost reached the vanishing point. That'd do it. People would have to stoop over to make out the last syllables. They might even not be able to make them out at all. That would be excellent."

The painter dipped his brush in his paint. "Please don't tell no one I did this, will you?"

"I promise," Jonathan nodded solemnly. "Times Square will never hear of it."

The painter began to paint. Jonathan pulled back and watched.

"Excellent," Jonathan would say from time to time. "Superlative."

Finally the lettering was finished. The painter stood back, surveyed his handiwork. "Ain't bad," he said after a moment. "The big letters you can't miss, and the small letters you can't hardly see at all. That ought to make no sense enough for anybody."

Mary, unobserved, appeared on the sidewalk.

"You are a true artist, Mr. Wiggins," Jonathan said. "I'll mail you your check omorrow."

As Mr. Wiggins withdrew, Mary, ig-oring Jonathan, stepped slowly forward, her eyes fixed on the lettering on the door. She glowed with enchantment.

"It's beautiful," she murmured. "It's sort of cuboid. Charles will just love it."

"Thank you," Jonathan said. "I'm sorry it's only sort of cuboid."

Mary turned to Jonathan, her eyes shining. "Oh, you're the man from the office. Mr. Brown, isn't that it?"

"Close enough. Try Smith, and you have it."

"Oh, yes. Mr. Smith. Mr. Hanley said I'd probably find you here. I'm Miss Thorsen." She turned back to the lettering freshly painted on the door. "I almost can't quite make out the last of the last word. It is beautiful. It's 'Consultant,' I'm sure, but it could almost be 'Connoisseur,' couldn't it?"

"Or 'con man,'" Jonathan said.

She turned and thoughtfully looked Jonathan over. "I was hoping I would like you."

"I was sure you would," Jonathan said.

"I'm afraid you are a little—a little conceited," she said slowly. "But I must say," she turned back to the door, "this is a real inspiration. Charles an art consultant in his own gallery and his own master! How did you know Charles so well without knowing him?"

"Just genius," Jonathan said, "the plain Smith genius."

Mary shook her head unhappily. "You *are* conceited. I hope you and Charles never meet."

"We'd come to blows, I imagine," Jonathan said with great gravity. "Or would it be to brushes?"

Mary sighed. "He's a *real* genius. He's so aesthetic, so uncommon. You'd disconcert him." She turned back toward the door. "Is it all right if I go inside?"

Jonathan stepped quickly forward and opened the door. "The common man bids you enter," he said, bowing elaborately.

Jonathan followed her into the office. It was one long, rather narrow room, furnished as an art gallery. Hanging on the walls and standing on easels were a dozen startling colorful canvases, a few of them framed. There were chairs before the easels. At the rear of the room, partly hidden by a Persian screen, were a desk, a chair and a filing cabinet.

"The paintings here come with the gallery," Jonathan explained, "leftovers."

Mary stopped and took a deep breath. "It's prodigious," she said after a moment. "If you weren't so conceited, Mr. Smith, I'd tell you you're wonderful."

Jonathan bowed again. "Thanks for thinking it anyway."

"Now Charles is made! For the first time he will be able to show his paintings!" Mary was fervent. "He will sell them and get so much money for them! He'll become wealthy and world-famous overnight!"

She gestured to the paintings in the room. "And these paintings, they'll be just the right background for Charles's work."

"I hope so," Jonathan said. "I hope they can be put to some use. Mr. Lily, the former dealer, couldn't do a thing with them."

"They aren't bad," Mary said. "But wait till Charles brings in *his* paintings!" Mary exclaimed. "The room will look like the Louvre." She discovered the desk and chair behind the screen. "What goes on back there?"

"That's a very unaesthetic arrangement," Jonathan said. "It is what is known among us common people as an office."

"Wonderful!" Mary was genuinely pleased. "The desk is for customers to write checks on."

"Or for putting up feet on," Jonathan said.

Mary moved around the room. "It's really wonderful," she said softly, "and

J. Pierpont Oak

By William Carigan

Old cautious oak,
Old tory,
Why do you disbelieve
young spring?
Why still dread winter?
Why must you be the last
By whom the new is tried?
Now that all things are
pledged to vernal rule
Save you alone,
Cannot you madly gamble
Just a leaf or two, a token
wager?
Or do you just send down
strong roots
To undermine
small-margin operators?
I watched you cling all
winter
To yet a scraggly leaf
Toward yet another rainy
day.
I bet you have the first
leaf you ever made
Framed somewhere.

. . . . . .

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I'm deeply grateful. I feel you're a friend. Why don't you call me Mary?"

"I'm always grateful for small kindnesses," Jonathan said. "How are you, Mary?"

"Fine, thank you."

"You may call me Jonathan, if you can bring yourself to it."

"Very well, Jonathan."

"Very, very well, Mary."

Mary laughed suddenly. "You're silly. You're really silly, do you know that, Jonathan?"

"And feeling more so every minute," Jonathan said.

Mary dropped into a chair and from this new viewpoint looked over the room again. "Charles is going to be so grateful," she murmured. "How did you ever swing it, Jonathan?"

Jonathan drew up a chair and sat down. "It was easy enough for a hero like me. Your father happens to own this building, and our office handles the leases for it. Mr. Lily, the owner of the gallery here, failed. I happen to know him, so I made a deal. The desk and chairs, the stock, the easels and the rest of it were to be left in payment of rent due. So here we are."

Mary smiled. "Jonathan, you're really hard to dislike intensely."

"So long as we're discussing superior people," Jonathan said, "I'd like to make an announcement. You are beautiful."

"Now, you don't sound like you," Mary said a little softly.

"I'm changing before your eyes," Jonathan said. "How about dinner tonight?"

Mary was troubled. "You are kind, Jonathan, and I don't like to hurt your feelings, but I couldn't go out to dinner with you tonight. I would feel disloyal to Charles. Now with this gallery to display his paintings, a new life is opening for him. I think I should be at his side."

They stood up.

"But who thought up the art gallery with the new life?" Jonathan demanded. "I did. Who lifted the young genius up from the abyss of mediocrity? I did. Now I'm tired after my labors. I think you should be at my side."

Mary stared incredulously at him. "Are you serious?"

"Of course."

"But I hardly know you."

"But I know you. I knew you for ages the first time I saw you." Jonathan thought a moment and then went on. "It all came to me suddenly. Here, I said to myself—here is this beautiful young creature, helpless and deeply in need of me. I became so sympathetic I fell in love."

Mary was bothered. "I can't believe it, Jonathan," she said.

"That's because you don't know me," Jonathan said.

Mary gravely studied his face. "Love? I met you twenty minutes ago and now you're talking about love. It doesn't make sense, Jonathan."

"Love doesn't make sense. Ever," Jonathan said.

Mary laughed softly. "Jonathan, this is all ridiculous," she said. "I'm afraid you just like to hear yourself talk. I have to run now," she said, "and tell Charles the happy news."

"I should have known it," Jonathan said.

"Are you unhappy, Jonathan?" Mary asked, not without a trace of solicitude.

"Me? No. I'm fine," Jonathan said. "I'm all atingle with happiness." He gave her the keys to the office. "Here are the keys to Mr. Knickerall's new life. Courtesy Hanley, Hunt, Hartley *and* Smith."

Jonathan turned to go, then turned back. "This is the last you'll see of me, unfortunately for both of us."

He strode out. Mary, smiling, but smiling wanly, watched him disappear.

Everybody was most happy over the idea of the Knickerall Gallery.

Mary was particularly happy and sent Mr. Hanley a box of cigars. Mr. Hanley did not smoke, but he was happy that Miss Thorsen was happy.

Mr. Knickerall was, according to Mary, ecstatically happy, though some observers reported him—on the surface, in any event—to be as moody and disgruntled as ever. Even Mr. Thorsen was happy. Though he despised Mr. Knickerall on all counts, he was pleased to know his Mary was no longer running around with a loafer.

Everybody was happy in one degree or another, everybody except Jonathan. Jonathan brooded and generally lost interest in the—for him—usually gay occupation of living. He felt somehow he had done himself a very grave injustice.

One day, a month or so after the opening of the gallery, Jonathan's secretary announced that Miss Thorsen was outside to see him. He promptly told the secretary to tell Miss Thorsen he was too busy to be disturbed.

The secretary buzzed again. It was a matter of great importance, she said. As Jonathan was replying it was of no importance to him, the door to the office opened and in walked the young lady herself.

"Jonathan, I'm sorry to break in on you like this," Mary said as the door closed behind her, "but I'm dismal. I'm in despair. Charles has run into trouble."

"At the news," Jonathan said coldly, "I am plunged into sorrow."

She studied him, her concern shading her face. "You angry at me?"

"At you, Miss?" Jonathan looked directly at her. "You're the Thorsen girl I met casually for a few minutes a month or so ago, aren't you?"

Mary sat down, deeply troubled. "Dear, dear," she said unhappily. "Just because I wouldn't believe you loved me after you'd known me twenty minutes, you're angry at me. I don't think that's fair, Jonathan. I think it's preposterous."

Jonathan softened a little. "I suppose it is, and I suppose it would seem preposterous to anyone except me." He paused and then, with an air of one making a great effort, he said, "Well, go ahead. What's the young genius squawking about now?"

"Thank you, Jonathan," Mary said gratefully. "I really like you when you're likable like this."

"I can't tell you how likable it makes me to hear your young man is in trouble," Jonathan said. "It's nothing minor, I hope."

"Please, Jonathan," Mary pleaded. "Charles is unhappy. You have no idea how deeply unhappy creative people can be."

Jonathan looked out the window. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" he said.

"Listen, won't you? And be kind, won't you?" she begged. "I'll tell you what happened."

Mary told him what happened.

Charles had taken over the gallery with a high heart and high hopes—high hopes especially for bringing his masterpieces to the attention of the world. Accordingly, after he had his canvases placed around the gallery, he held a cocktail party for art critics. Mary acted as hostess.

The critics came for the cocktails. They drank the cocktails, saw Charles's canvases and were cold. Out of courtesy to the host, they maintained silence, but it was a silence more piercing than sound.

"Charles was disconsolate," Mary said. "He whispered to me he was going to commit suicide. I was terrified. Then do you know what happened?"

"Charles committed suicide," Jonathan said.

"No, no," Mary went on. "The critics discovered the other paintings."

"The pictures that were left there?" Jonathan asked.

"$34.50 for a tune-up? Who tuned it, Leonard Bernstein?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's right. The critics raved about the paintings. Real American primitives, they called them. They were all by one man. Danton, I think his name was."

"Sounds like a real revolutionary," Jonathan said.

"The critics want to write articles in the newspapers and magazines about him." Mary became excited. "Do you know two of the critics bought paintings themselves? They paid a hundred dollars each for them. They said they'd be worth a thousand dollars or more in a few years. What do you think of that?"

"I think Danton is very lucky," Jonathan said, "that's what I think."

"That was only the beginning, Jonathan," Mary continued, her excitement growing. "The critics sent their friends. Some of them paid three and four hundred dollars for the paintings."

"Really?" Jonathan said. "Then what's our Charlie so unhappy about?"

"He's run out of paintings," Mary replied. "Out of those other paintings."

"And you're here for me to dig up some more of them. That's it, isn't it?"

"That's exactly it, Jonathan. I'm so glad I didn't have to say it myself." Mary was smiling. "Charles wants to make a deal with Mr. Danton. He'll pay him a commission for every painting he sells."

"Smells of avarice to me," Jonathan said. "It's usually the other way around. The painter gets the money paid, and the agent gets the commission."

Mary frowned. "You sound like father, Jonathan. Money paid and agents and commissions. Charles is an artist, and this is the first money he's ever made. You can't blame him if he wants to make some more, can you? He did discover Mr. Danton, didn't he?"

"Did he?" Jonathan chuckled. "Where did he discover him?"

Mary shook her head sadly. "And I thought we were getting along so nicely. I was going to ask you where I could get in touch with Mr. Danton."

"Imagine Charles turning up money mad?" Jonathan was still much amused. "Our artistic, idealistic Charlie!"

Mary sat up erectly in the chair. "Are you going to help me get in touch with Mr. Danton or are you?" she asked crisply. "If you tell me where I can find the Mr. Lily who used to own the place, I can find him myself."

"Mr. Lily's in jail for trigamy."

"Trigamy?"

Jonathan nodded. "Three wives. But don't worry. I'll find Danton for you. I always finish what I start."

Mary relaxed, pleased. "Thank you, Jonathan. I was afraid you were going to be an ordeal again."

"For some reason or other," Jonathan said, "I can't make an ordeal last with you around."

"Jonathan, in spite of all your obvious faults," Mary said solemnly, "you're secretly a dear." She got to her feet. "When do I see Mr. Danton? Today? Tonight?"

"I've heard he's an elusive character," Jonathan said. "Sometimes he vanishes completely. But we'll try to find him. We'll track him, if necessary, to the ends of the world." Jonathan stood up. "You see how deep is my devotion to you?"

"You're almost sweet, Jonathan," Mary said happily.

"I'll pick you up tonight at your home," Jonathan said matter-of-factly. "Eight o'clock all right?"

"Tonight is perfect." Mary's eyes shone. "And eight o'clock is just wonderful."

At eight Jonathan picked up Mary at her house in the East Sixties near the park. He headed the car for the 59th Street Bridge and Long Island. The top on the car was down, but with the glow and glitter of (*Continued on Page 42*)

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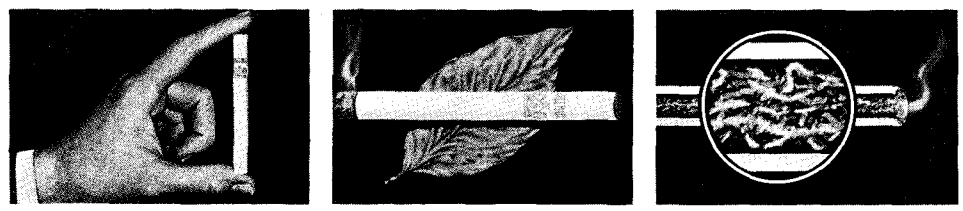

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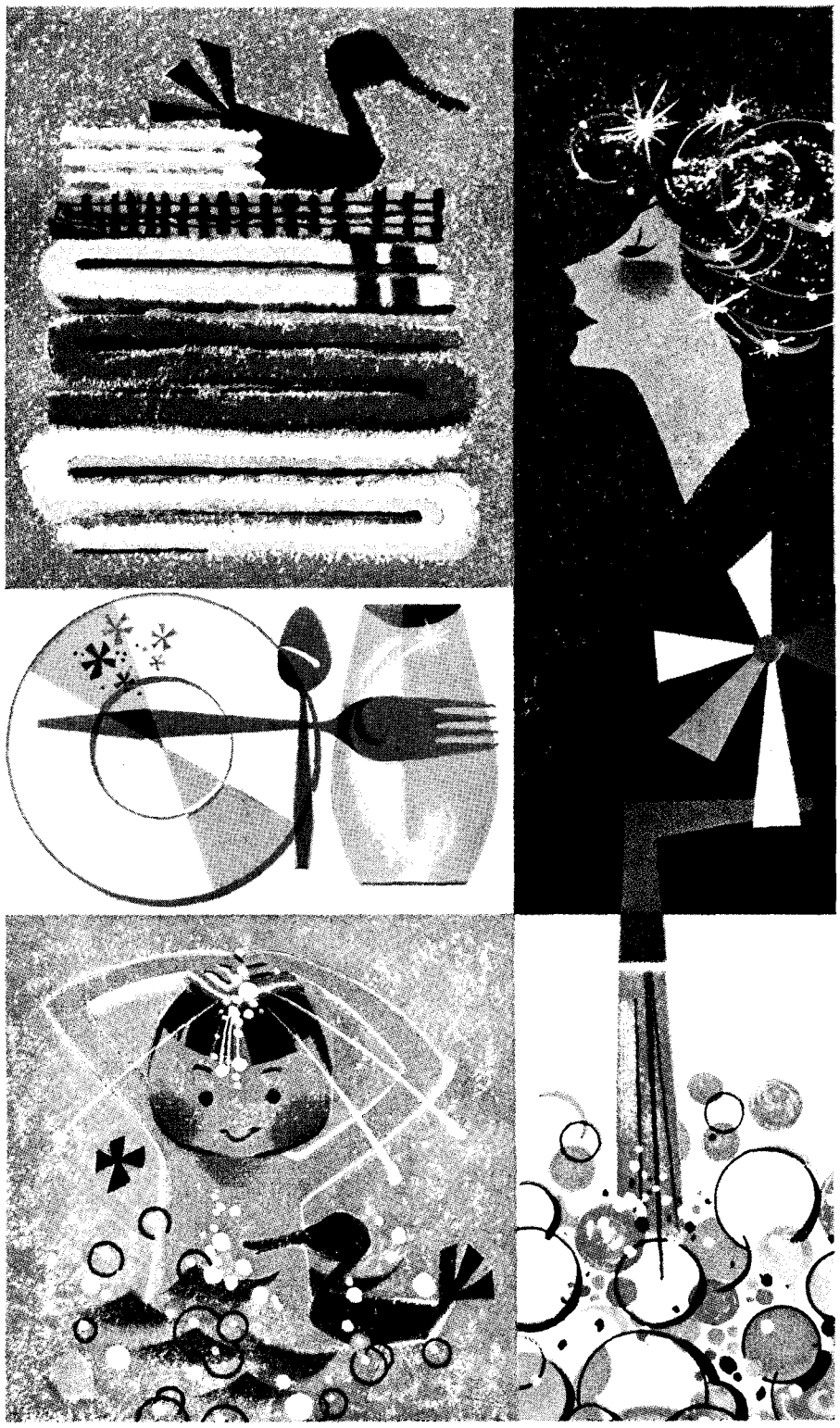

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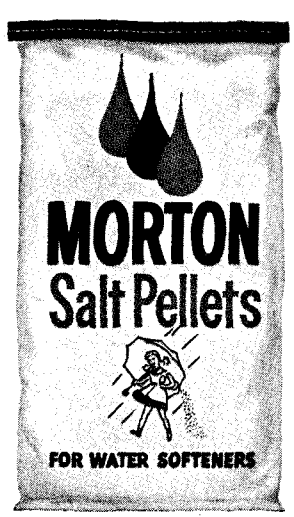

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(*Continued from Page 40*) Manhattan, they did not see the moon until they were well across the river.

"It's adventurous, isn't it?" Mary, hushing her excitement, spoke softly. "Even the moon seems to be in on our secret. Look at her. Look how she is winking ever so slightly."

"Sure she isn't laughing?" Jonathan said.

"Please, Jonathan," Mary's voice was even softer. "You're being just plain beautiful. You're being heroic. Only you would sacrifice yourself for Charles like this."

Jonathan made no comment.

Mary smiled up at him. "That's the first time I ever said anything and you didn't contradict me. You're getting nicer by the minute. Do you know that, Jonathan?"

Jonathan smiled, much to himself, and said nothing.

Mary studied his face. "Don't you believe me?"

"Sure. Sure, I believe you," Jonathan said, "I always believe the truth."

Mary sighed unhappily. "Now you sound like your old self again. I was so sure the adventure tonight had changed you."

They drove along in silence. Mary stared at the moon. "Well, it *is* an adventure," Mary said. "Just think, we're going to visit this great American painter. It's like making a pilgrimage to see Van Gogh or Gauguin. I hope he likes me."

"Danton has a tendency to dislike women," Jonathan said. "Or so I've heard. He has a temper. He throws things."

"He's permitted to throw some things," Mary said. "Think of the beautiful paintings he paints."

"Keep them steadily in mind when you meet him," Jonathan said.

Again they drove on in silence. The car sped along a stretch of dark countryside. The moon was brighter now.

Mary spoke finally. "I suppose Mr. Danton has a wild, colorful place at the water's edge."

"Don't get any such ideas as that," Jonathan said. "He lives in what's known as a neighborhood."

"Oh," Mary said. "He's poor. The dear." She thought a long moment, and then she said. "No, I won't tell you."

"What is it you won't tell me?"

"It's about Charles. You were partly right about him," she lowered her voice. "He *is* getting mercenary. He's interested in money." She hesitated and then went on, "He called up tonight. He wants you to have Mr. Danton sign a contract. He insists all he'll give Mr. Danton right now is a small percentage of the sales price. He is very determined. I was surprised." She looked up at the moon, sighed, "I'm so young to be disillusioned."

"Better soon than never," Jonathan said.

Mary continued to stare up at the moon. Jonathan turned the car into a poorly lighted dirt road. He drove along for about a half mile and stopped before a faded white frame house with a wide, old-fashioned front porch. A curtained living-room window shone out into the dark.

"We'll look for him in the garage in the rear," Jonathan said. "That's where he works."

"How primitive," Mary murmured, her feeling of adventure returning; "how exquisitely primitive. I'm trembling all over."

They walked down the driveway to the garage. It was dark. Jonathan opened the doors and switched on the overhead light. The garage was empty.

"He's not here," Mary said, making no effort to conceal her disappointment. "Nothing goes right for me any more."

"I told you he is elusive," Jonathan said. "But I also told you I'd track him to the ends of the world for you." He stepped into the garage. "Let's see. Let's see what we'll find back here."

They walked across the empty gara to a door in the rear. Jonathan we through the door and pulled a light chain, and there was revealed a small, untidy workshop. The shelves were packed with cans and tubes of paint and putty, with brushes and with various types and sizes of spray guns. On a crude easel was a tacked-up canvas.

Mary discovered the canvas. "Look, look, Jonathan," she cried, "a new painting! He's working on a new painting! Look. What a heavenly sky! How, oh, how does he ever get such a mistily beautiful blue?"

Jonathan very casually took a small spray gun from a shelf. "Like this," he said.

He sprayed the canvas with paint.

Mary was horrified. "You've ruined it," she moaned. "You've ruined it. It's a sacrilege."

Jonathan, unperturbed, continued to spray the canvas. It became apparent the spray was of a blue deeper than that on the canvas. It also became apparent, though slowly, that the deeper blue, under Jonathan's direction, was beginnin to fall into place below the misty blue. Mary became interested.

"Sort of sky merging with sea," Jonathan explained.

He put away the spray gun and picked up a putty knife and can. It was a soft yellow putty. Jonathan began to daub and smear the yellow putty on the canvas.

"Danton always puts the putty on while the paint is still wet," Jonathan explained. "Like this." He went on working with the knife. "The putty and the paint melt into each other here and there. Not too obviously, notice. Just enough. Gently. Like the conversation of old friends."

After a moment, Jonathan switched to a luminous black putty. He applied the black putty deftly. Then he switched back to the yellow putty. Images, skyscraper patterns began to form on the canvas, vague, impressionistic but mistily recognizable.

"Now," Jonathan said, "the spirit takes on the body."

Mary's eyes widened as she watched him. "You, Jonathan," she whispered "You."

He pulled back, half shut his eyes and studied the canvas. "It's coming along," he said.

"It's beautiful," Mary murmured. "Manhattan at night. It's simply beautiful."

Jonathan continued to study the canvas. "I must remind myself to get some lampblack," he said abstractedly. "This doesn't quite do the trick."

"How I insulted you." Mary shook her head sadly. "Everybody is right about me," she said humbly. "I'm a brat, a spoiled brat."

Jonathan began to be busy with the putty again. "Yep," he said, "lampblack is what I need."

Mary gazed up at him, and now her eyes were the misty blue of the painted sky. "You were right about me, too, Jonathan. I've been so ungrateful." Her voice broke a little. "Will you ever speak to me again?"

He turned from the canvas toward her. He looked down into the misty-blue eyes a long moment. Then he took her into his arms. "I shouldn't wonder, Mary," he said softly, "but Jonathan Danton Smith might be speaking to you the rest of his life." THE END

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Ride Against the Sioux

(Continued from Page 19)

his carbine, twenty for his pistol. Rations an' grain for six days. Have you got any questions?'

"'I have, sir,' I tell him. 'Where do I get Provisional J Company from? Since the regiment has marched out, there is no cavalry left at Fort McKeogh save the jailbirds in the guardhouse, an' the goldbricks in hospital, and the recruits just come from Jefferson Barracks ten days ago and who do not yet know which end of a horse it is that eats the oats, let alone how to ride the same.'

"'Empty the guardhouse an' the hospital,' he says to me. 'Mount up the recruits whether they can ride or not. When we move out tomorrow morning, every cavalryman who is able to climb into a saddle is goin' along with us. Do you understand?'

"'Yes, sir,' I say. 'It will be a sorry outfit.'

"'Sorry or not, sergeant,' he tells me—an' sudden I have got a feeling that he likes this thing no more than I do—'it has got to reach Elk Basin at the head of the Fourth of July by daybreak three mornings from tomorrow.'

"'Sir,' I say, 'can the lootenant tell me what we are supposed to do when we get to the head of the Fourth of July?'

"The lootenant gives me that funny look again—like it is something that he don't quite believe himself. 'Sergeant,' he says then, 'we are to put the fear of God into Hat and maybe a couple of hundred braves he will have with him. A Major Faro and Mr. Grimes, the Injun agent, will meet us at Jensen's ranch day after tomorrow to help. We will need such help as we can get, I am afraid.'"

Quarterhill thought now as he squatted on his heels. *If Provisional J has put any fear of God into Hat up to now, I haven't seen it. And if J is to reach the headwaters of Fourth of July Creek by daybreak day after tomorrow, Lieutenant Miller will have to take a leaf out of Joshua's notebook and command the sun to stand still. Well, it's no hide off your back, Quarterhill.*

Trooper Mitch Garbish, the scars of countless barroom brawls showing in his broad, seamed face, drifted toward Quarterhill now. Spat and lifted an eyebrow in a quizzical good humor as he stopped by Webb and allowed his attention to slide down to the flat where First Sgt. Ed Harvey and Corporal Glendenning were kicking recruits out of the willows and getting them into some sort of order again.

"A hell of a band of heroes we got," Garbish said blandly. "Maybe a dozen braves in that bunch that hit us, but they hooraw half of our noble fightin' men into the brush, like rabbits—scare the rest out of a year's growth. How about that, Reb?"

His blue, inquisitive glance flickered around to Quarterhill again for a moment. Garbish had first hung the "Reb" tag on Webb a week ago when the two had been having a beer together in the sutler's store at McKeogh; Webb had not chosen to make anything of it. His Texas way of speaking could have given Garbish reason enough for the nickname; if Garbish had other reasons, he had not mentioned them other than to show Quarterhill a faint amusement at the backs of his eyes now and then.

Quarterhill shrugged now, sifting dirt through his fingers as he propped his back against a rock. "A man never knows what he'll do when he first gets shot at, Mitch," he murmured. "Can you think back to when that first happened to you?"

"There's too many years between," Garbish answered, dropping beside Webb. "Too many drunks an' too many women. I never think back, friend Quarterhill. There is no pay in it. Anybody tell you why we're heading for the Fourth of July in such a sweat?"

Quarterhill gave the other his easy grin. "Since when does the Army have to have a reason for what it does, Mitch?" he asked.

"There'd ought to be a reason for formin' J Company out of thin air like we done," Garbish grumbled. "Forty-seven men, not countin' the lootenant an' Ed Harvey. As fine a collection of guardhouse bums, goldbricks, hayseeds an' wife escapers as I ever seen."

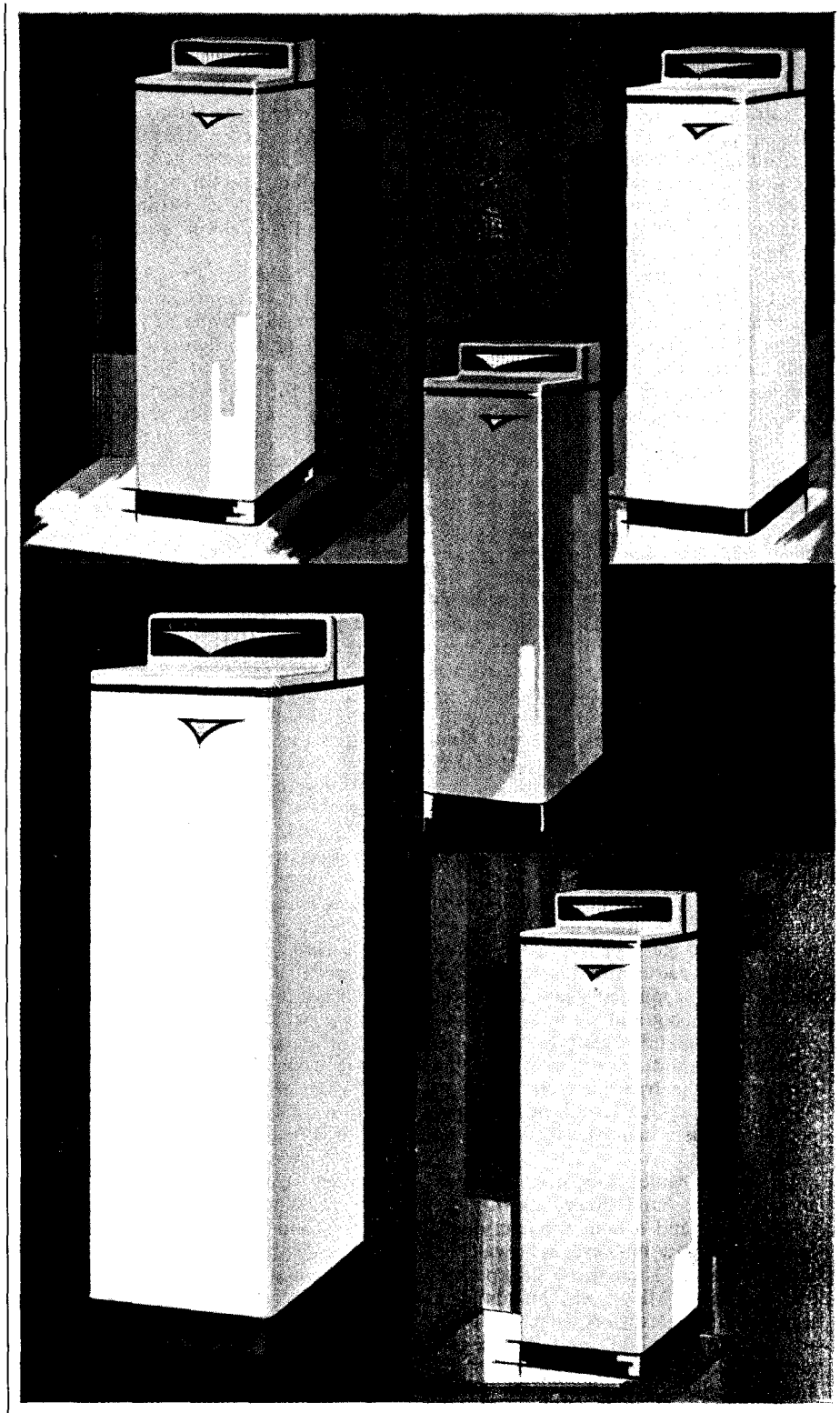
"Which class do you figure you and I fall into, Mitch?" Quarterhill asked with a dry amusement in his voice.

Again Garbish gave him that quick glance out of the corners of his eyes. "At least we wear a little of the soldier's mark on us, Reb—you an' me," he murmured. "I will bet that Fort McKeogh is not the first place that you have listened to a cavalry horn."

"So?" Webb asked softly and let the thing hang there.

He had had his years of soldiering, all right, he was thinking, but he had closed the book on that part of his life and he did not mean to reopen it now. West

"Don't stray off! I can see the bus coming."



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Point was behind him. So were the years when he had ridden in Jeb Stuart's command—it had been Capt. Webb Quarterhill, CSA, on that April day when Appomattox had come. Three years of aimless drifting after that had brought him finally, with a sort of inevitability, to a recruiting sergeant's desk and a return to the only kind of a life he'd really ever known—a life bound up with horses and men and the wild hurrah of a cavalry trumpet.

For the first time in the last three years, Webb Quarterhill felt a quiet contentment as he sat here in the shade of the firs and looked down at the river running swift and clear in the hot afternoon. He had no intention of allowing any shadows out of the past to come back to upset that satisfaction.

Garbish had moved on to where the rest of the point waited now—five of them—young Clay Atkins, a headquarters clerk until yesterday morning; Ladue, the French Canadian who'd been awaiting trial in McKeogh's guardhouse for knifing a Two Rivers gambler; a hare-lipped trooper named Hess who seldom spoke; Samp Dolliver, the Maine Yankee, and Amen Jones, who rode with a Testament tucked into his pocket.

Quarterhill knew none of them well, yet he had seen enough in the brief minutes after the Sioux had hit to know that these were steady men. Ones you could depend on. The same could not be said of the rest of J Company. Well, that was Lt. Jacob Miller's problem; it was none of Webb Quarterhill's affair.

Order of a sort was beginning to come out of the confusion down on the flat, he noted idly. Ed Harvey, his rawboned face shining brick-red in the sun, was getting the company mounted again. Corporal Glendenning, big and sly and lazy, was bawling commands—getting little done. Glendenning had been in charge of the recruits on the trip out from Jefferson Barracks, and Quarterhill had already pegged him as a man who was not to be trusted far.

Lieutenant Miller stood in the shade of an alder, one hand braced against the tree's trunk, and a faint thoughtfulness came into Quarterhill's eyes as he watched the officer now. There was a slackness in the way that Miller was standing—a seeming disinterest for what went on around him that didn't quite fit the picture that Webb had formed of this officer during the last two days. Again, it was none of his business, Quarterhill thought impatiently, and turned his attention back to the talk that drifted across from Garbish and the rest.

Mitch was saying lazily now, "What do you care, Frenchy? It's the same beans an' bacon and your hand out at the paymaster's table whether you're in the guardhouse at McKeogh or marchin' up the Fourth of July, ain't it? You got no beef."

Ladue shifted the tobacco in his cheek, spat and gave Garbish a glance bright with irritation. "Maybe I'm tired of beans and bacon and the McKeogh guardhouse," he said. "Maybe tonight I go over the hill. Now, what do you think of that?"

Garbish shook his head disapprovingly. "You couldn't do it, Frenchy. Think of all them people in Two Rivers who are countin' on your hanging to bring a little pleasure into their drab lives. You wouldn't want to disappoint 'em."

"The devil I wouldn't," Ladue said without rancor. "Don't hold your breath until they tie a knot about my neck, Mitch."

Garbish stretched and yawned and looked at Quarterhill along the slope as he lowered his voice a little. "I'll tell you something, Frenchy," he murmured. "I wouldn't make any try at goin' over the hill while I was takin' Quarterhill's orders if I were you."

"Why not?" Ladue wanted to know.

"He's wore officer's rank in his time," Garbish answered softly. "It's my guess that, if he figured it was the thing to do, he'd stand you up an' have you shot without so much as batting an eyelid. You take a good look at his eyes sometime."

Down on the flat, First Lt. Jacob Miller pressed a wet palm against the smooth bark of the alder while he fought off the fresh wave of pain that ran through him. It stabbed deep into his bowels, and he knew—for he was a realistic man—that in all probability a Sioux bullet was about to put a period to the thirteen years of First Lt. Jacob Bedwell Miller's service.

He'd been hit in the last seconds of the Sioux rush—just a thump like a fist against his ribs at first. It hadn't been until the last of the raiders had disappeared into the brush upriver that the pain had come as the anesthesia of shock wore off; Miller had turned and moved carefully toward the shade, afraid with each step that his legs might refuse to bear his weight. Finally, braced by the tree, he'd explored the spreading dampness above his belt. Not bleeding too much, but that meant nothing—he could be bleeding inside.

He thought, trying to keep his thoughts marshaled strictly into line, *I have got to stay on my feet until we reach Jensen's. Without an officer this company will fall apart like a grain bag burst at the seams. Major Faro will be at Jensen's. I can turn command of J Company over to him.*

Another thought kept pushing at him, but he put it away, knowing that he must concentrate on just one thing now. He must get back into the saddle and get J moving again. The new thought, which he would not face, was that the Sioux raiders had gone upriver and that they would come to Jensen's ranch long before J Company, riding fagged horses, could get there. When J reached Jensen's, Major Faro and Grimes, the Indian agent, could be dead.

The pain stabbed again, driving cold sweat out on Miller's forehead, and he waited until it had receded a little before he trusted his voice enough to call to Ed Harvey. Harvey was a good man, but not strong enough to hold J together without an officer to back him up. It was better that he knew no more than he had to now.

"Sergeant Harvey," Miller called then and hoped that his voice stayed flat and unrevealing. "Report here!"

Ed Harvey came at a dogtrot, shame and disgust and solid temper showing in his red face as he hauled himself up and saluted. "Jailbirds, goldbricks an' no-goods!" he said violently. "Beggin' the lootenant's pardon, sir, I'll have their butts back in the saddle in a minute more. An' next time they'll stand, by heaven ——"

Miller cut him short, his voice reaching a little higher as the pain stabbed again. "Never mind, sergeant. Get them mounted and in a column of twos—we march for Jensen's ranch at once. Send Riviera with my horse. I will lead out." He moved away from the tree.

A faint worry erased the temper in Harvey's face as he looked more closely at Miller now. It wasn't like the lieutenant to give an order that-a-way; the lieutenant was a West Pointer and accustomed to giving orders according to the book. Harvey had always liked that.

"Sir," he said, the worry showing in his voice, "is the lootenant feelin' all right? He looks kind of ——"

Fresh pain made Miller's voice knife-sharp. "Never mind how I look, sergeant!" He remembered something else now—things kept dancing around in his mind so. "Who was in command of that party on the slope—the ones that opened that flanking fire?"

"Lance Corporal Quarterhill, sir," Harvey answered, and his worry put a cold lump into the pit of his stomach. "He's commanded the point since we marched from McKeogh."

Miller heard the words dimly, and with an increasing effort he brought his attention back here to the dusty flat. *Quarterhill—an unusual name*, he thought fuzzily. He'd heard it somewhere before, but he was too tired now to remember or care.

"Send him ahead to scout toward Jensen's as fast as he can push his horses," Miller heard himself saying—too loudly, he thought. He tried to hold his words down. "That's all, sergeant."

Ed Harvey said, "Yes, sir," and rendered his salute and moved away, his seamed face thoughtful and unhappy. The lieutenant wasn't fooling him any, he was thinking; he'd seen too many men mortally hit not to be able to read that fact in their faces. The lieutenant had taken a bullet, but was saying nothing about it.

Whether he said anything about it or didn't, Ed Harvey was going to be th loser, the latter knew glumly. Becaus with the lieutenant down, the commano of J would settle onto Ed Harvey's shoulders, and that was something he did not want. A first sergeant's job he could do; an officer's job he could not. That thought sent a little thread of resentment running through Harvey—damn it, it was a dirty trick that he didn't deserve to have played on him!

Corporal Glendenning, sweat streaking the dust on his heavy jowls, was chewing out a recruit named Sells—wasting words and getting little done as Harvey caught up the reins of his mount and swung into the saddle. He gave Glendenning a glance bright with distaste and saw the dislike returned in the corporal's stare.

"Get word to Quarterhill," Harvey said curtly. "He's to take his party an' scout ahead to Jensen's as fast as he can move an' disregardin' the march of the column. Riviera, take the lootenant's mount to him—ride with him as messenger. The rest of you stand to horse!"

Trumpeter Riviera, slim and careles and handsome behind his olive skin, flapped a hand and moved off. He got Miller's chunky bay, checked the girth and led the horse to the lieutenant.

"I brought the lieutenant's mount, sir," he said, halting a half-dozen paces away. "Sergeant Harvey said to ——"

Riviera's voice trailed off and his eyes became wary as he, too, saw the thing in Jacob Miller that Ed Harvey had seen. A vague grayness that seemed to stand behind the officer in the sunshine.

"Very good," Miller was saying in a voice that was too precise, as though he was forming his lips carefully around each word. "Help me to mount, please. I've got a touch of sun."

For a moment, as Riviera steadied the officer, he felt the other's dead weight come against him. Then Miller had hands on the saddle and was painfully hauling himself up, getting a leg across the horse's back. His unbuttoned jacket swung aside momentarily, so that Riviera caught a glimpse of the dark, moist patch that showed on Jacob Miller's shirt just above the top of his trousers.

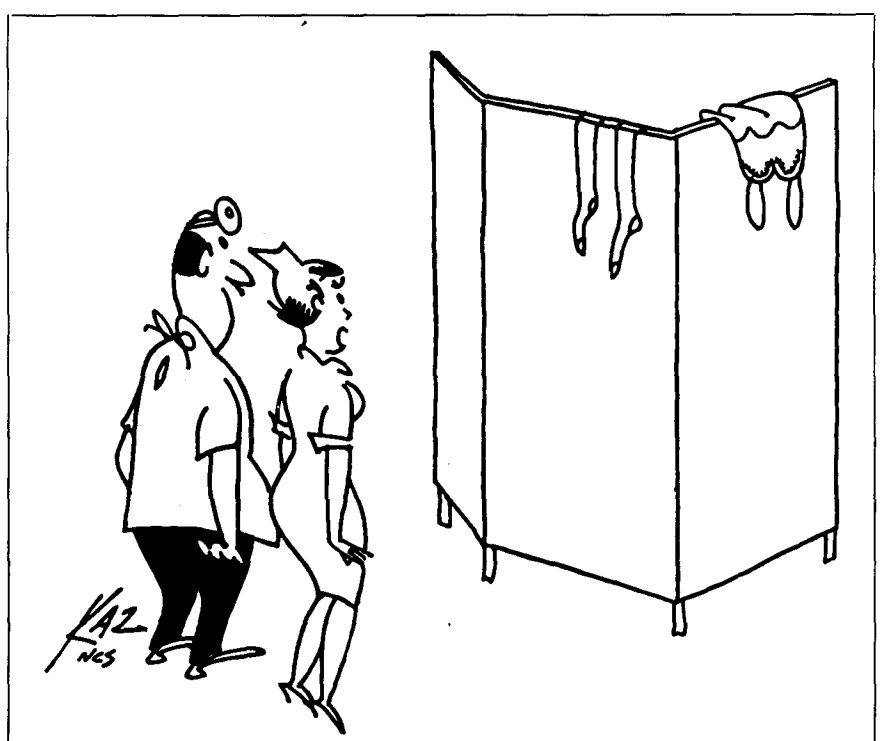
Pain ran in Miller like red-hot spear: now, and he fought off the wave of nausea that threatened to close over him as he got feet into the stirrups. The dusty flat was shimmering in undulating waves before his eyes as he forced words through his lips.

"Follow me . . . I'll lead out."

From a great distance he could hear Harvey's voice behind him. "Column of twos—walk—ho-o-o-o ——"

The nausea had gone, but a gray haze had come into the afternoon, Miller thought dully as he rode. Somehow, he had to fight off that haze through the long, long hours that remained of this long, long day. A Gray Rider on a pale horse was back there following through the haze; he must not get close enough to touch his cold hand to Jacob Miller's shoulder until the column had reached Jensen's ranch. Miller bit hard against his lip and forced his mind to concentrate on the things that Colonel Bexar had said night before last—or was it a million nights ago ——

Young Clay Atkins had brought word to Lieutenant Miller that the colonel wished to see him as Miller had been finishing his after-supper cigar. He had got



"Good heavens, she left an hour ago!"

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regretfully out of the rawhide chair in front of his bachelor quarters, donned blouse and belt and crossed the parade ground, wondering idly what the colonel could want.

A week ago orders had come from Washington assigning First Lt. Jacob Miller to duty at West Point, an assignment he'd given up hope of ever getting long ago. Tomorrow he'd be leaving this baked, hostile land; he'd know again the green plain above the Hudson, guarded by its stately cordon of tall trees. It would all be good—the majestic sweep of the river coming out of its highlands and the solidity of old Fort Putnam looking down from the hills.

Jacob Miller was not a sentimental man, but thought of going back had put a swift elation in him as he had crossed Fort McKeogh's dusty parade. He'd be going home in more ways than one, for he'd been born in a little house just off the post, where his mother still lived. She'd be sixty-seven now, he remembered absently. Time certainly got away from a man; it was close to ten years since he'd last seen her and he wondered how she'd look. About the same, he guessed. Anyway, her letters hadn't changed. They came, as regular as clockwork, once a month and they were filled with gossip about the Point as they always had been. His mother had seen a lot of classes come and go from the gray

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DAVE MURRAY

---

school above the Hudson; she was a woman who took an interest in such things.

Col. Henry Bexar was sitting on his tiny veranda as Miller had approached through the dusk, climbed the two steps and made his salute. The colonel was a small, rough-tongued man soured by the knowledge that a bullet taken at Gettysburg had doomed him to sit out the final years of his service as a post commander with no hope of ever riding at the head of a command again.

Now he waved Miller's salute impatiently away and grunted, "Sit down, Mr. Miller. You know this country—ever hear of a place called Elk Basin? It's somewhere near the headwaters of the Fourth of July."

Miller had seated himself carefully in the chair while he had spread the map of this country out in his mind. The memory of countless scouts, little skirmishes and lone patrols sifted neatly into place, and Elk Basin fell into the slot where it belonged.

"Yes, sir," he'd said. "It's this side of the divide between the Fourth of July and Rattlesnake Creek. Not much of a basin—just a hole in the hills protected by timber. Elk winter there, I've been told, when the snow gets too deep in the Cinnabars."

"How much of a march from here?"

Miller had considered that soberly. "Two days to Jensen's ranch on the Sleepy Wind," he'd said carefully after a moment. "Another two days up the Fourth of July. Say four days in all."

"I can't give you four days, damn it!" Colonel Bexar had exploded with an angry violence. "Today is Tuesday. Tonight you will form a provisional company from the cavalrymen that have been left here at Fort McKeogh. You will march by daylight tomorrow and you will be in Elk Basin, prepared to fight, by Saturday morning. It doesn't matter that it can't be done—you have got to do it, Mr. Miller!"

"Yes, sir," Miller had said in an expressionless voice. He was not a man who questioned orders. "What else can you tell me, sir?"

Colonel Bexar had thrust a telegraph form impatiently toward his subordinate. "Here . . . never mind, damn it! I'll tell you what's in the confounded thing! It's from Grimes, the agent at the Cinnabar Agency. Hat has slipped away from the reservation, taking his women and children with him. Grimes thinks he's headed for Elk Basin and a big powwow with other dissident bands. The lot of 'em will be in the basin by the eighth—that's Saturday—if Grimes' guess is right."

"It adds up," Miller had murmured absently and asked then, his mind weighing the task ahead, "You consider Grimes reliable, sir?"

The colonel had grunted, eying Miller through the dusk as he'd got a stogie burning. Then he'd said sourly, "Grimes is a good man. Washington sent him out especially to clean up that mess at the Cinnabar Agency. He and a Major Faro, who is attached to the Indian Bureau, will come north from Two Rivers and meet you at Jensen's ranch day after tomorrow. Anything else?"

"There is little left at Fort McKeogh to form a provisional company out of," Miller said thoughtfully, speaking half to himself. "It is no use to consider the garrison detachment of infantry. Even Stonewall Jackson's infantry couldn't make a foot march to the headwaters of the Fourth of July by daybreak on Saturday ——"

"I know that," Bexar broke in, his voice suddenly tired. "That's the way things go in this country, Mr. Miller. While General Gilmorin is off glory-hunting on the Powder, leaving no cavalry behind at McKeogh except recruits and hospital patients and guardhouse bums, Hat may be making medicine that will turn everything south of the Sleepy Wind into one big bonfire. I have wired for troops to come by rail to Two Rivers—march north from there. They will not be in time, Mr. Miller. You have got to stop Hat!"

"I'll do my best, sir," Miller had answered.

"I know that, Mr. Miller," the colonel had said heavily. "I know, too, that technically you are no longer under my command—that you could tell me to go to hell and go on out to the railroad tomorrow. If you did that, I do not think I would blame you."

Jacob Miller had no answer for that; it was typical of him that he had not. He was a soldier; there was soldiering to be done. There would be no quibbling about it. He stood up slowly.

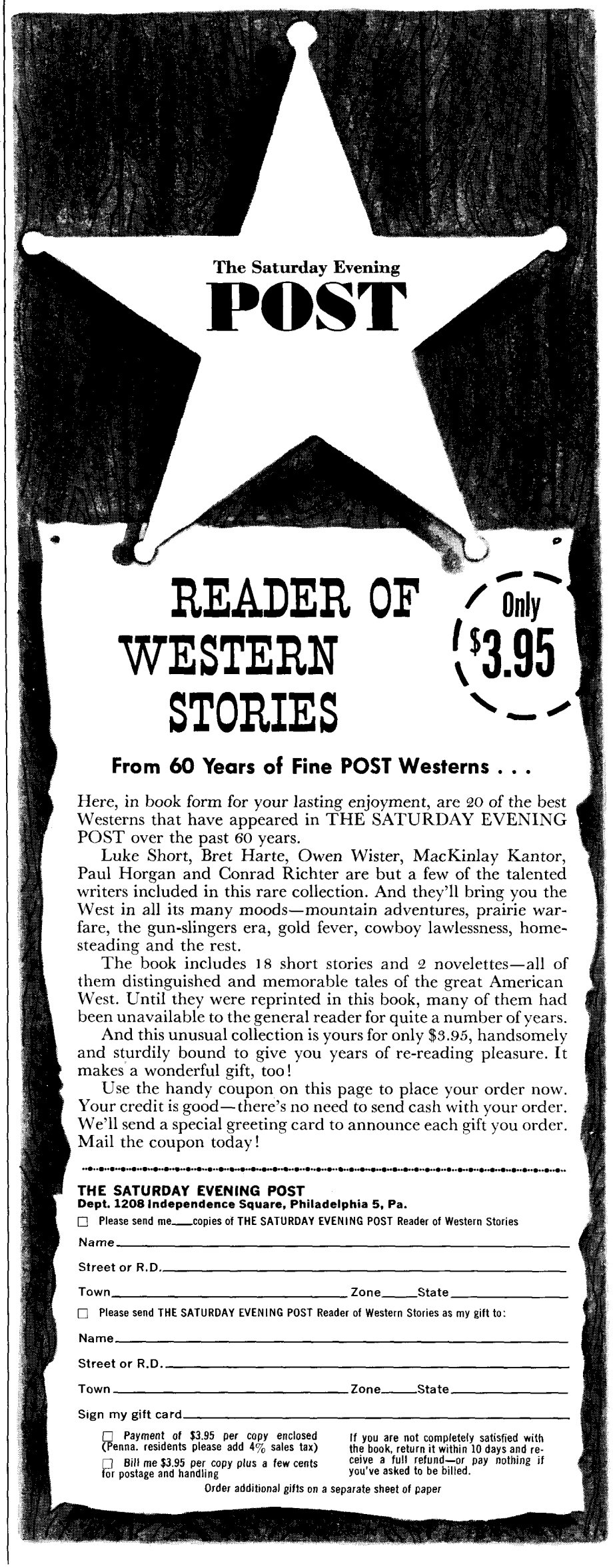
"We'll move out at daybreak, sir," he had said. "Is there anything else, colonel?"

"One thing," the older man had told him, voice bleak again. "Grimes and this Major Faro intend to try and persuade Hat to return peaceably to the reservation. I know Hat. I do not think that they will succeed. If Hat refuses to treat, Mr. Miller, scatter his band and bring Hat back here in arrest—or head-down, across a saddle, I don't care which. Is that clear?"

"It's clear, sir."

Colonel Bexar had got to his feet then and held out a hand. "Good luck, lieutenant," he had said with the rasp wholly gone from his voice. "You're going to need it, I'm afraid. I only wish I was riding with you tomorrow, sir."

It was that memory which danced in uneasy fits and (*Continued on Page 48*)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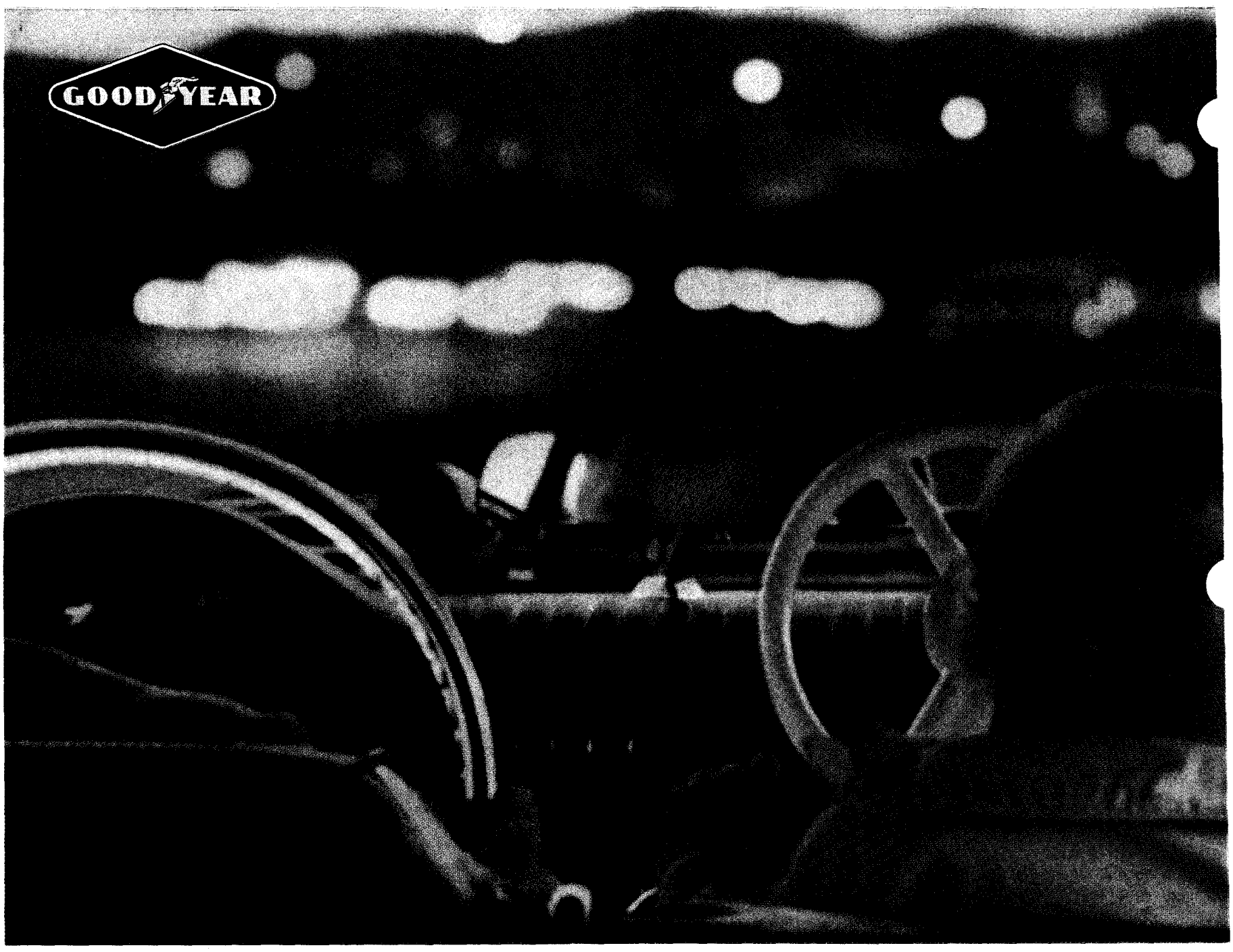

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(*Continued from Page 45*) starts across Jacob Miller's mind now as he rode, humpbacked in his saddle, with Trumpeter Riviera on his left and the Gray Stranger following too close on the trail behind.

The sun was touching the western peaks, putting long shadows behind Webb Quarterhill and his six men as the trail, which had been climbing toward the spine of a ridge for the last quarter hour, now began to flatten again. Off to the right the Sleepy Wind swung sharply south to hug a rocky bluff, and Jensen's ranch could not be far ahead, Webb guessed. He turned a little in his saddle as his horse breasted the last slope; he saw, far back, the yellow dust lifting in the sunset which marked where J's column came on. The scout had cut no Indian sign coming up the river, but that meant nothing.

The sunset was scarlet in Quarterhill's face as he turned back. For the past hour he'd been riding with a black foreboding putting its weight heavily onto his shoulders. Nothing that he'd been able to put a finger on—just a feeling that nothing was right in this dying afternoon and that this march had been condemned to trouble from the start. He could see now where the trail dipped into a cottonwood flat that stretched ahead toward where a shallow valley emptied into the river from the northwest. It was against the valley's far wall that he first saw the smoke. Mitch Garbish pushed his horse up alongside, Ladue coming along behind.

"So," Garbish said softly. "It looks as though we are not the only ones who have seen Hat's war parties today. That would be the ranch there where the Fourth of July comes out of the hills?"

"Jensen's," Ladue agreed in a curiously flat voice. Then he added with a quick, angry violence, "It's a good bet that there's little of it left now!"

Quarterhill said nothing, but Ladue's words had set bitter memories running in him. The country was different but the scene was of the same sort that he'd seen too often before, he was thinking bleakly. To ride up to the smoking remains of what had once been a home was a thing he had learned to know but not to like. Although he was not yet aware of it, Webb Quarterhill was slipping back into the habits and actions and ways of thinking that had used to belong to Captain Quarterhill, CSA. The emotions stirring in him now were those he'd believed to be safely buried along the back trail.

Quarterhill asked now, "Jensen had a family?"

Ladue nodded, his dark face gone expressionless once more. "A wife, two daughters. One was married to a man named Spiney. They all lived at the ranch with old man Jensen."

Quarterhill turned in his saddle and said curtly to young Clay Atkins, who'd just come up, "Ride back to the column. Tell Lieutenant Miller that Jensen's has been burned. We're moving up to have a look. Tell him I suggest he hold J Company behind this ridge until I can get word back as to whether or not there are Sioux ahead."

Atkins threw up a hand in acknowledgement, wheeled his horse and sent him back down the steep track at a run. Quarterhill swung back to the others, and the faintly sardonic amusement in Mitch Garbish's eyes suddenly reminded him that it was not customary for new lance corporals to advise a troop commander on the tactics he should use. Ladue and the others had moved a little way down the ridge, so that Garbish's easy words reached Webb alone.

"Now an' then," Mitch murmured, "it seems I can see more than a noncom's stripes on you, friend Quarterhill. You wouldn't have ridden at the head of your own troop once?"

The stare that Quarterhill gave back was flat and hard. "Do your guessing to yourself, Mitch," he said softly. "A man can get into trouble by guessing too much out loud."

Garbish returned the stare unperturbed. "Give it no more thought, Reb," he said placidly. "Just put me down as the nosy kind. Do we get about scoutin' them cottonwoods?"

Quarterhill nodded and urged his horse on to where the rest waited. "Mitch, you and Hess move along the edge of the hills to the right—watch for sign of the Sioux heading up the Fourth of July. . . . Jones and Dolliver, take the other side of the flats along the river. . . . Ladue and I will keep to the trail. All right, move out."

He led the way down until they were on the flats, then swung his arm, and the two sets of flankers broke away to right and left at a trot, the willows swallowing them by the time they had covered a hundred yards. Quarterhill gave them ten minutes to get their distances, then lifted his own tired horse into a trot as Ladue came up to ride on his left. They spoke only once as they moved through the shadows.

"Hat will have finished his burning and scalping at Jensen's," Ladue said harshly. "By now he's gone into the hills again—most likely up the Fourth of July. So what do we do—let him go?"

"We follow," Quarterhill said harshly.

Again he felt a faint self-derision as it occurred to him that Lance Cpl. Webb Quarterhill had no say as to whether or not Provisional J Company followed Hat up Fourth of July Creek; that it was not three hours ago that Webb Quarterhill had resolved that what J Company did was no concern of his. Well, the heck with it!

The trees thinned as they neared the mouth of the Fourth of July's narrow valley—more of a canyon, Quarterhill saw now through the deepening shadows. Directly ahead the ground climbed gently to a low bench, backed by pine and fir. A pole corral, empty and with two of its sections torn down, stood near the bench's south end; nearer, a wagon shed, with a light wagon in it, and a blacksmith shop had been left unburned. Closer at hand three piles, still smoldering in the last of the day, showed where the other ranch buildings had once stood. A little wind came down the river to stir the smoke tendrils.

Quarterhill reined up his horse and sat looking for a moment, his expression dark and withdrawn and marked with a thin regret. A buzzard wheeled high in the evening sky on motionless wings. A jay scolded from a pine, and a camp robber put its mournful complaint into the last of the day. Above one of the smoking piles, a blackened stone chimney still stood to lift a mute monument over the spot where old man Jensen, his wife and his daughters and his son-in-law had lived.

Ladue's voice broke into Quarterhill's dark thoughts. "Mitch and Hess riding in from the canyon," he said, that stillness again in his dark, saturnine face.

Quarterhill nodded and waited for the two to thread a way across the brush and haul up onto the bench. Garbish's eyes flickered noncommittally across the smoking ruins and came back to Webb as he eased himself in the saddle.

"We cut Indian trail," he reported. "Headed up the Fourth of July all right. About the same number of braves as hit us at Black Rock crossing. Likely the same party, I figure. You find any sign of the Jensens yet?"

Quarterhill shook his head. "We just got here."

"I don't guess they'll be hard to find," Garbish said laconically, tipping his stare up to where the lone buzzard was dropping lower in the sunset sky. "Them Sioux ain't been gone long—trail's still damp where they forded the Sleepy Wind."

"Come on," Quarterhill said, his voice turning rough.

He pushed his horse along the bench, the animal quivering and uneasy as they passed the nearest of the burned buildings. Dolliver and Amen Jones were riding in from the left now, Quarterhill noted tightly; from the easy way they sat their saddles he guessed that they had found no sign of the Sioux in that direction.

Today's business all added up to a single band moving on to join the big powwow at the head of the Fourth of July, Quarterhill concluded.

Now Hess, the harelipped trooper, hauled his mount up short a dozen yards away. He said, "Damn all Injuns to hell!" in a thick voice, his deformed mouth giving the words an odd violence.

Old man Jensen, scalped and mutilated, lay in a clump of sagebrush; his son-in-law, Spiney, was a little farther along. Beyond the ruins of the last building was a third man, arrows pin-cushioning him as he lay with his arms flung wide and empty cartridge cases making a little scatter around his feet.

"Grimes," Ladue said tonelessly. "He was agent at the Cinnabar Agency. I used to see him and his daughter in Two Rivers once in a while. Hat must of hated his guts from what they done to him."

Amen Jones called now from where a shallow draw ran down to the river—the women were there, the three of them flung like bundles of old clothes where they had been left. Mercifully they were dead. Hess made hoarse, sick sounds and bitter anger ran in Quarterhill as he swung around to Garbish.

"See if you can find shovels in the blacksmith shop, Mitch," he said harshly. "The sooner we do what's got to be done, the better. Ride back to the company, Ladue. Tell Lieutenant Miller what we've found. Say that the Sioux have gone on up the Fourth of July."

Ladue was sitting motionless on his horse, hands quiet on the saddle in front of him while he looked down into the little draw with eyes that seemed to have retreated deeper into the dark mask of his face. Quarterhill repeated the order, his voice lifting in a sharper note, and Ladue stirred now.

"Send somebody else, Quarterhill," he said thinly. "I used to know the younger one—old man Jensen would bring her to Two Rivers once in a while. I guess she'd sort of like to have a friend here when she's buried."

Quarterhill nodded soberly and nudged his horse around. He was about to send Dolliver with the message when he saw that two riders had broken from the cottonwoods on the flats and were coming on, riding hard—young Clay Atkins and Ed Harvey. Something had happened back at the column to make an old soldier like Harvey push tired mounts that way, Quarterhill knew as he rode to meet the two.

Harvey reined up, making no attempt to hide the worry in his face as his eyes went on beyond Quarterhill to the ruins on the bench. Clay Atkins hesitated a moment, then rode on toward where Garbish and Amen Jones were moving toward the dry wash with shovels in their hands. Harvey let his breath go out tiredly.

"They all dead?" he asked in a heavy voice.

Quarterhill nodded his somber assent. "Jensen, his son-in-law and the Indian Agent back of where the buildings were. The three women in a dry gulch farther on—we're burying them first, Ed. It's not a pretty thing to see."

With a faint start of surprise, Webb saw something akin to relief come into Harvey's eyes as the latter spoke again. "Major Faro ain't dead, Quarterhill? You didn't find him?"

"I've seen no sign of any major," Quarterhill answered impatiently. "Why, Harvey?"

The first sergeant gave Quarterhill a dour look out of the corners of his eyes. "Because if we don't find him damn soon, J Company is goin' to be all out of officers, is why," he said, and his words reminded Webb of how Lieutenant Miller had looked, standing in the shade of the alders back there on the flat three hours ago.

"Miller's been hit?" he asked sharply.

Harvey's nod was glum. "I should of seen it before," he said in a half-defensive voice. "I was ridin' at the tail of the column, though, to keep them misfits in J from stragglin' all the way back to

"Want everything shining for the stockholders' meeting, don't we, sir?"

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McKeogh. The lootenant fell out of his saddle when we halted back there behind the ridge."

"How bad is he?" Quarterhill asked thinly. "It can't be too bad if he's been able to ride for three hours, Ed."

"It's bad," Harvey said. "How he stuck in the saddle this long, I don't know. He took a bullet in the belly and it's still in him. I got to find this major. He can take over command of J until we get back to McKeogh."

Harvey allowed his voice to trail raggedly away as he failed to meet Quarterhill's eyes, and the latter suddenly understood. It made a lot of things plain. *Ed's afraid he'll be left in command of the company,* Webb thought sardonically, but eased his judgment then as his mind ran on. *Maybe I don't blame him, at that. This whole business has been wrong from the start. Maybe I wouldn't be too happy myself if I had the responsibility for J Company from here on in.*

Harvey was going on, his voice a little more assured now. "Glendenning's bringin' the company on up here. I told him to rig a horse litter for the lootenant. I come on to find Major Faro."

He started his horse on toward the bench, Quarterhill falling in beside him. "Don't get your hopes up too high over this major, Ed," the latter murmured with faint malice. "Maybe he never came with Grimes. Maybe Hat's bunch carried him off up the Fourth of July. You'd better be thinking of what J does next."

He'd push it hard at Harvey, Quarterhill decided grimly. If Miller died, J would disintegrate like salt in a bucket of water unless somebody rode these forty-odd men with a tight rein and a rough spur. Harvey read that thought into Quarterhill's words because he turned to look at Webb with bitter and angry eyes.

"That major's got to be here," he said stubbornly. "I'll find him if I have to look behind every bush between here an' ——"

"Maybe," Quarterhill murmured, breaking in on the other's words, "you've found him now, Ed. A woman with him."

They had come level with the bench now, and both saw the two persons who had come out of the pines two hundred yards back of the corral. The man was wearing an officer's blue uniform, and Quarterhill knew that this was the Major Faro that Harvey was looking for.

Quarterhill spurred forward. A young woman and pretty, he saw now; she was dressed in tight-fitting brown that had an elegance to it despite the fact that it was torn and stained. It wasn't until Webb dismounted beside her that he saw that brush had put a raw scratch on her face.

"Webb Quarterhill, ma'am," Webb said. He was aware of the level, controlled look in her dark eyes. "At your service."

"I am Lee Grimes," she told him quietly. "My father was here. Is he all right?"

"I am sorry," Quarterhill said and wished that he knew some way to make this easier. "He is dead, Miss Grimes."

He saw the swift grief that came into her eyes, but her voice was steady and her lips composed as she said, "Take me to him, please, Mr. Quarterhill."

The last of the sunset washed across the bench, lending a softness to the pines which ringed the spot where the shallow graves had been prepared. Quarterhill spoke softly, and he and his six troopers uncovered. Then Amen Jones moved forward with his worn black Testament in his hand. He waited while Quarterhill lifted Lee Grimes to her feet from where she had been kneeling; then he began to read from the Gospel according to Saint Luke.

". . . *for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.*"

A camp robber put his plaint into the evening as Amen Jones closed the book. Mitch Garbish and Samp Dolliver took up the shovels again to do what was to be done. Ladue, his dark face expressionless, stood for a moment watching—then moved off into the coming night. Quarterhill touched Lee Grimes' elbow now.

"I am sorry," he said.

Already he was thinking, *I'd better set an outpost before it gets too dark. Harvey has got the wind up. He may not think of it, and I've seen little to show that Major Faro is taking over.*

He turned again to Lee Grimes, but she was already moving away from him, going toward the corral where the rest of Provisional J Company was filing onto the bench now. It was just as well, Quarterhill knew. He was not skilled in speaking comforting words.

Starlight lay across the bench as Quarterhill came back from posting his outposts. Garbish and Dolliver watching the canyon of the Fourth of July; Atkins and Hess down-river; Ladue and Amen Jones at the edge of the hills to the southwest. He'd send others to relieve them presently, Webb thought as he dismounted stiffly by the corral.

The enclosure had been repaired, he noted absently, pausing to load tobacco into his pipe. The troop horses milled inside, and Quarterhill scowled in the starlight, wondering what fool had ordered that. If J Company should be jumped in the dark, there'd be an awful mess, with troopers trying to catch loose mounts. He'd tell Ed Harvey he'd better stretch a picket line.

Cooking fires made a red glow under the cottonwoods a hundred yards away, and the faint smell of coffee reminded Quarterhill that he was hungry as he turned in that direction, expecting that he'd find Harvey there. Farther along, a rectangle of light marked the door of the blacksmith shop. Major Faro and the wounded Lieutenant Miller and Lee Grimes would be there, he guessed—not

• •

Until You Come

By Ida Elaine James

You left me, and I managed
half a smile—
My hands were deft, my feet
were sprightly, while
I dusted down the staircase,
but my mind,
Half on my work, lagged
always a bit behind.

I perched for half a minute,
around noon,
On the piano bench . . .
played half a tune,
But vagrant thoughts trailed
off the page, half read;
I walked halfway around
the yard instead.

At dusk, in the west
window, half a sun
Sat leisurely as I; our day
was done . . .
The moon came up—the
moon is full, my sweet—
And you are here at last!
And I'm complete.

• •

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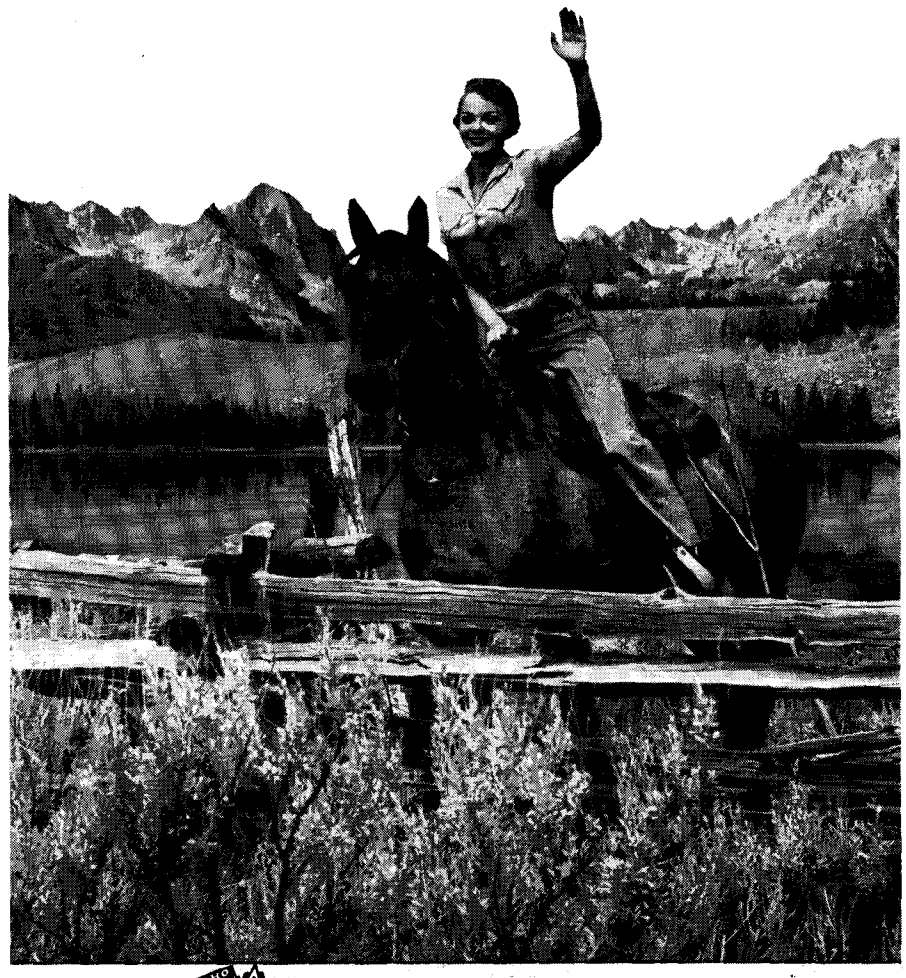

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that that had anything to do with Lance Cpl. Webb Quarterhill.

Webb had covered twenty yards when the sound of footfalls in the dust behind halted and turned him. A man was coming from the far side of the corral; the silhouette of his heavy shoulders in the starlight named him as Corporal Glendenning.

His voice called cautiously, "Quarterhill. Hold it up!"

For a moment Quarterhill was tempted to go on, for he'd seen too much of this man, a bullying braggart, on the way out from Jefferson Barracks and wanted no more now. Still, Glendenning was the only regular noncom in J besides Ed Harvey, Webb thought; maybe it would be best to see what was on the man's mind.

"Make it short," he said as Glendenning came up. "I want coffee more than I want talk right now."

Glendenning didn't answer that for a moment as he bulked there, teetering a little on his feet. Quarterhill caught the sour odor of whisky then, and guessed that the corporal had been carrying a bottle in his saddlebags. The knowledge edged Webb's temper.

Glendenning said, his voice jeering, "Pretty rough with your words for a new lance corporal, ain't you? In time you'll learn better if you're smart, mister."

"You'll teach me?" Quarterhill asked softly.

The belligerence suddenly went out of Glendenning, and his voice took on a sly suggestiveness. "No need to growl at each other," he said. "You and I ought to stick together."

"Why?" Webb demanded without friendliness.

Glendenning glanced at the rectangle of light that was the door of the blacksmith shop. "Look, Miller's done for, and this Major Faro will be taking over command, see? He don't know nothing about this country. Hell, you see his buttons? He's one of them staff officers out of Washington who's never done anything better than plant his rear in a swivel chair, I figure."

"You figure a lot, don't you, Glendenning?"

"I keep my ears open and I hear things," the corporal grunted, ignoring the sarcasm in Webb's voice. "I hear, for instance, that Faro and the Grimes woman are walkin' back in the hills this afternoon when the Sioux hit the ranch here. Maybe I could guess why."

For a brief instant Quarterhill remembered Lee Grimes' scratched, somberly composed face as he'd seen it last; he recalled her dry-eyed grief as he had helped her to stand by her father's grave. And he knew that he did not mean to listen to this gross corporal mouth more of his sly insinuations.

"Glendenning," he said, the softness of his voice making his words more deadly, "when we left Jefferson Barracks I told you to stay out of my business and away from me. Now I will tell you to keep your rotten tongue off Miss Grimes. I do not mean to tell you again, Glendenning. You'd better remember that."

Slyness had come back into Glendenning now. "Hell, I ain't going to fight with you over the woman," he said. "Look, this Faro has got something eatin' on him. I don't know what it is yet, but I aim to find out. When I do, I figure I can persuade him that the thing to do is go back to Fort McKeogh. Will you back me up?"

"Afraid to go up the Fourth of July, Glendenning?" Quarterhill asked still softly. "Is that what you're trying to say?"

"It don't matter what I'm tryin' to say," Glendenning grunted, his voice turning surly, and Quarterhill knew suddenly that the man was scared and could be dangerous. "I don't figure to get my hair lifted for no half-dead lieutenant nor for no swivel-chair major, neither. Well, you with me or not?"

"Someday, Glendenning," Quarterhill said with a soft violence in his voice, "they will stand you in front of a wall and shoot you. I will enjoy seeing that. Now get out of my way—just thinking about you is going to spoil the taste of good coffee in my mouth."

He turned and started for the cottonwoods again, the trampled dust of the bench powdery beneath his boots. The moon was beginning to come up, he noted with a gray thoughtfulness; its rim was tipping the ramparts across the river.

He had almost reached the first of the trees when Ed Harvey's voice reached him, coming from the lighted doorway of the blacksmith shop.

"Quarterhill! That you?"

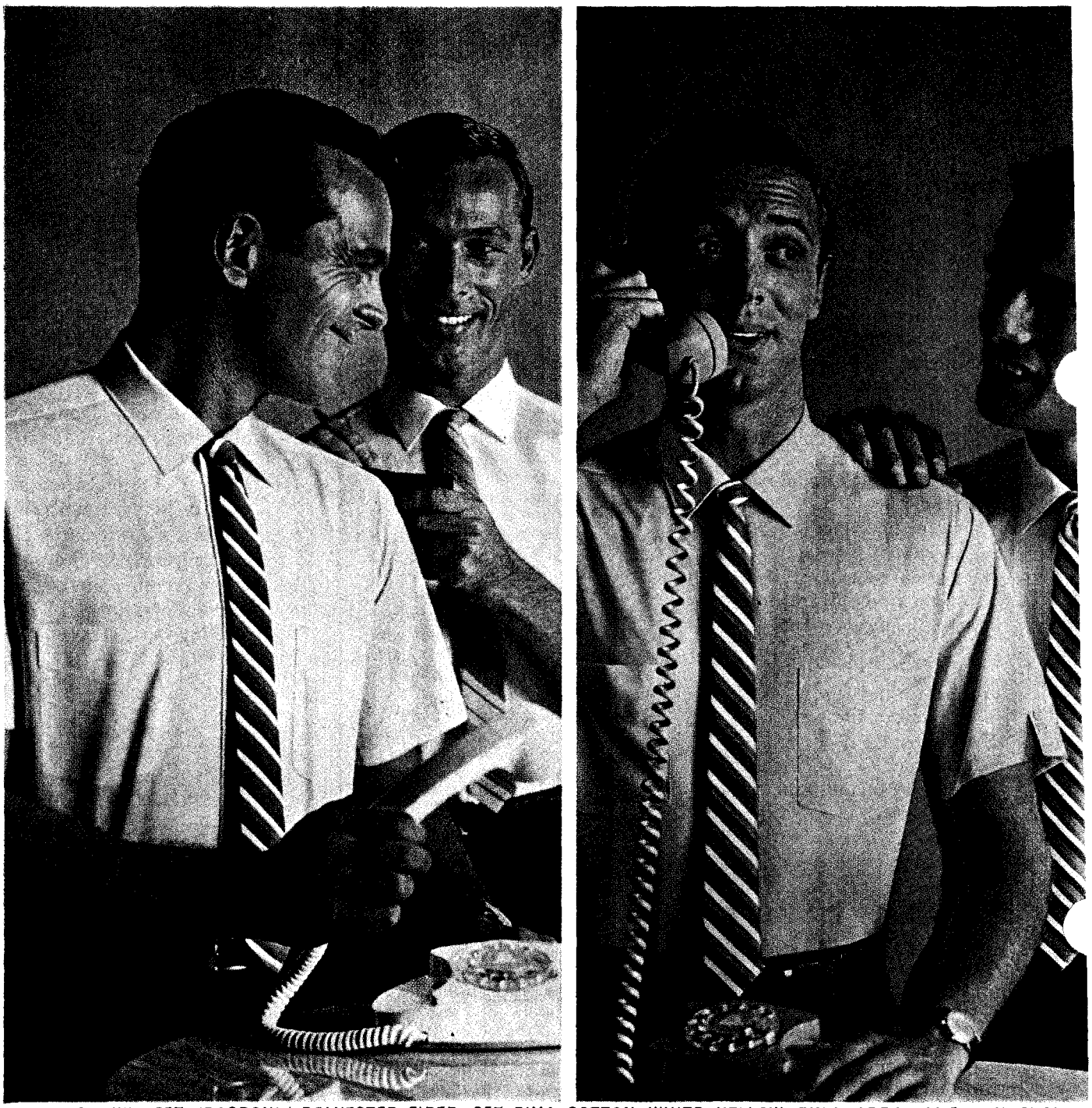
"It's me," Webb said. "What do you want?"

"I got to have help," Harvey answered heavily and came on in the night until he was standing close so that his words no longer carried toward the cooking fires. "The lootenant is bad. I got to have help, boy. Come take a look."

"How about your major?"

"I ain't been able to find him," Ed Harvey said, the despondency deeper in his voice. "When I told him he was in command of the company, he says, 'Indeed. Very interesting,' an' walks off. I guess it's up to you an' me to get that bullet out of the lootenant, Webb."

TO BE CONTINUED



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The Skiff Beneath the Alder

(Continued from Page 23)

moved them to other hiding. He didn't know this man. He kept doubly still.

The jarring scream of a jay, like a buck-saw rasping concrete, made him jerk violently. The man jerked too—and glimpsed the boy's plaid shirt. For an instant he just about came apart. Then took command. He ordered, "Come out, Bud."

The boy's name wasn't Bud. But he came out.

"Where are they?" demanded the man. "My oars."

The boy hesitated. He could probably outrun this man, but an idea flashed. Maybe he could work a trade. The man looked burnt-up mad, but so did Ben Carroll sometimes, and Ben never meant half of it. He stood up solidly for any boy who got into trouble, after first scaring the liver out of him.

The man, too, was over his whirl of alarm. He took in the blond flat haircut, the young face matching its misgivings with a half-released grin, the belt wrenched tight to hold up puckered jeans and cowhide knife sheath. He tried hearty reassurance. "It's all right, Bud. If you know where my oars are and will get them for me, I'll give you a dollar."

Tension went out of the boy with a rush. So, the man wanted him to know that all was friendly. And the dollar was wonderful. But taking it for delivering up what he had helped swipe maybe wasn't fair. And what the boy really wanted, more than a dollar even, was to cross this river.

Mr. Shined Shoes, waiting for answer, noticed the quail nest in the grass near his feet and quietly moved away from it. That decided the boy. Mr. Shined Shoes belonged. The boy's pulses pounded at the thought of the adventure all at once within reach.

"All right. I'll fetch the oars if you'll take me across. I guess I don't want the dollar."

"It's a deal, Bud; over we go. The dollar's yours if you change your mind." The man was impatient. "Now get those oars."

New scenes to explore! New treasures to find! The boy's joy sped his feet. He located the oars in a fissure of one of the fire-carved redwoods and returned with them. The man had laid a handkerchief on the rower's thwart. He signed the boy to the bow, sprang aboard, shipped and dipped the blades. The boat coasted downstream an eighth of a mile and scraped the opposite beach. Here a side brook came tumbling over a waterfall, hollering about the fun it was having.

They stepped out. "You saw how I did it," the man said. "Do you know how to handle oars?"

"Sort of."

"Sit in the middle without getting up or rocking, brace the upstream oar, haul on the downstream one when you have

---

Too many people respect old age only when it's bottled.

NORMAN E. MOORE

---

to and let the current do most of the work. Here's that dollar. And now I want you to take her back where she came from."

"But we just got here!"

"And I'm on business, Bud. See here, I'm giving you the boat if you'll take her back. Boat and oars and padlock key—the whole caboodle. That's a pretty fine deal, isn't it?"

While the boy stood bewildered by this extraordinary offer, a shrill *zit, zit* caught his ear, and he spun about. A bird, a little gray short-tailed creature, stood bobbing and teetering on a rock close to the waterfall. "Look!" The boy pointed. "A dipper!"

"So she is. About to dive for her nest."

"A dipper can stay under water almost three minutes!"

"Builds her nest behind waterfalls or in banks where she flies through water to get to it."

"Her mate helps her! Or sings to her while she works!"

"There's her boss now. He's cutting loose."

The second sleek bobber broke into flutey song. Then picked up a single redwood needle and darted through the screen of spray.

"Ben Carroll says a dipper always follows a stream when he's traveling. Never flies overland," said the boy.

"Oh—so you know Ben Carroll?"

"Yes, sir. All Richdale kids do."

The man stood regarding him. Maybe, instead of shipping the boy back, he ought to keep him on this side as long as possible. The plane from the north wasn't due for some time. Better to have the lad here a few hours than wandering around where he might be picked up by Ben Carroll. For if he should blurt —— "What else do you know about the woods, son?"

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"A hummingbird's nest is only as big as a thimble. But she can lick a blue jay!"

"Really? I suppose it's her long sharp spear."

"And it's because she can stop in the air and fly backward. Snails breathe. They can stay under water, but they send up bubbles. Birds that nest on the ground have lots more eggs than birds that nest in trees. Water skates make dents with their feet that send down big shadows. A hoot owl will tackle a skunk!"

The man was being reminded of things he'd almost forgotten. "Well, Bud, if you ever decide to tackle one, be sure to hold his tail down—like a pump handle."

"A skunk is a six-shooter, like a revolver—or sometimes a five-shooter."

That's Ben Carroll's teaching also, thought the man with some amusement. Old Ben, still a hero of sorts to the kids. How long had he been on the police force by now? Must be forty years. Time was when he was Richdale's whole force. They called him constable then. "What else has Ben taught you?"

"Squaw grass makes good baskets. A porcupine turns his back to defend himself. The inside of a pack rat's nest always has dry tinder when you want to make a fire. You can tell a hemlock tree by its tipped-over top. Its branches are fine to get under in the rain."

All familiar. So Ben was passing on his chestnuts to one more generation. Wrinkled Ben, a kind of town joke now—collector of pennies from parking meters and of boys whose baseballs went through windows.

"A fawn deer bleats like a lamb," continued the boy. "A doe screams like a woman when it is shot in the back. Perching birds turn when the wind changes, so as to face it."

This last one was new to the man. "Did Ben tell you that?"

"No. I saw it. Ben Carroll says it's fun to see things for yourself."

Well, there was sense in that. The boy went on, "I bet there's places in this brook where steelhead dig holes to lay their eggs. Maybe we can catch them."

"Lead on, and we'll see."

The boy marched ahead, and the man took further note of the slim shoulders, the eager cock to the well-balanced blond head. There were absolutely no hips to hold the jeans up, nothing but the yank of that tight-hauled belt. Electric-red socks flashed at shoetops. *A good kid,* thought the man, again feeling his own years roll back. *Everything he spots has been seen before, but to him it is new and shining.*

They heard a resounding splashing and came to a steelhead thrashing and shoveling with her tail. They watched this noisy homemaking, then the boy dropped to knee and examined some marks like tiny handprints. "Coon," he said. "Those were his front feet. Came down to the brook to wash his food."

"Why does he use both hands when he washes something?"

"I know why. Ben Carroll told me. His thumbs don't work opposite to his fingers like ours do."

The instruction from Ben, like the ways of things in the forest, hadn't undergone any change. They turned aside from the brook with some reluctance on the boy's part, but the man had in mind that they might encounter an out-of-season fisherman. Letting the little watercourse ripple behind them, they pushed on and entered a grove of grandeur. Light filtered down in slanting shafts. The air was cool and sweet. "Gee," said the boy. He tried to spy the summits of these redwoods through the greenery. "They're real ones."

"Second growth, at that. Their daddies were logged off long ago to build San Francisco."

The pair tramped over rotted needles that muffled footfalls. The boy stopped. They had come upon a Hercules of a tree, girthy and gnarled, its bole clear of branches for fully eighty feet, with almost everything shaded out below for a hundred paces around. Time, wind and lightning had knocked all symmetry out of the old-timer. The boy staggered from leaning back to look up.

"That's Gramp—left behind when loggers went through here about ninety years ago," said the man, seeking a seat against a bank of sword fern. "Too many knobs and burls in him for house timbers and grape stakes."

"Is he the biggest tree in the world?" the boy asked.

"No, but he's the biggest between Richdale and Union City. There used to be one on the Richdale side when I was your size. He was straighter. A whole church was made out of him—roof, walls, floor, choir loft, pews and pulpit."

The boy stood gaping at the buttressing root mound, at the trunk holding its burls and bosses like shields, at the terraced branches reaching out and curving up and undulating in opposing directions like sea waves.

"Must be wind up there," the boy said. There was none down where he stood.

"Generally is," said the man. "Those branches can see the ocean."

"I've seen the ocean. It's six miles from here. It's big too."

"Big enough," the man said. *But is it?* he wondered. *Is it really big enough? I hope so.*

"There's a sand beach where the river joins it. My dad takes us clamming there sometimes."

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"Good fun—if you don't mind blisters." *I used to dig for clams on that beach too,* thought the man, *when I was a kid.*

"You look for where one's sticking his neck up and you dig down fast. The sand caves in on your shovel, though, unless you pick a place in eelgrass. You get down under your clam, and out he comes."

"Chowder," mentioned the man, tasting the noble word. What was going on now at the office? Were they wondering? Were they searching for him?

The boy sat down near the man. "We can see the tree good from here."

"Bottom to top. A long way between them, son."

"I guess there are storms up there sometimes. I guess he enjoys them."

"Right down to his socks."

"How old do you bet he is?"

"I've heard him estimated at twelve hundred years. Seven to eight hundred when Columbus found America. His pappy was about the size he is now when Babylon had hold of Daniel."

A pair of bongs, golden with distance, floated from over the river and the hills beyond. "Gee. Two o'clock," said the boy, astonished. He wrested a paper packet from his hip pocket. "Have one of my sandwiches?"

"No, thank you," the man responded.

"Come on, take one. Mom always makes plenty. They're kind of squashed, but they're pot roast. With chowchow." The boy was in earnest.

"Well," the man weakened. He took one. He bit into it with relish. "Your mother gave you these to bring into the woods?"

"No. To take to school."

"Ah."

"She doesn't know I'm here. Neither does dad. Neither does Mr. Hanna."

"The principal?"

"Yeh."

The man nodded, munching the tasty slabs. "We'll call this a loan."

"You don't have to pay it back. Anyway, how can you? You're not coming back."

"Eh?"

"You're not, are you? You gave me the boat."

"Oh. Why, yes. I'll be away—for quite a while."

"Have some more. You took only half of yours."

"It was plenty." The man could see that his young friend still was ravenous. *Real boy,* he thought again. *Couldn't stand it to stay away from the woods on a nice spring day. But Hanna is a stern one—bald as an eagle, jaw like a trap, unblinking as an owl when he has a youngster before him. He'll make this one pay for what he's doing with a school day.*

The man's mind went to his schedule. One more hour to kill in this place, safe from human eyes, then a brisk forty-minute walk to Union City airport.

The woods were afternoon-still. Said the man, who wanted to go over his plans without interruption, "Let's both sit here, son, and see how quiet we can be. A great man named Izaak Walton tells us, 'Study to be silent.' I bet you're good at that."

"Oh, sure. Ben Carroll says nobody gets to know the woods until he can sit real still in them—so still you can almost hear the trees grow."

"All right, let's try it."

They settled into the resilient ferns, which were backed by a wooden snag so ancient that it well could have been the sire of the twelve-hundred-year-old warrior. Fires of centuries had reduced it to a blackened fang. But its roots still yielded persistent new growth that would struggle to become tomorrow's giants. The man wanted to reach to a pocket for a smoke. The rich taste of a cigar would round off that snack and bring a sense of peace, perhaps, for the first time in—how long? But the spell of silence on the boy was something he didn't want to break. And smell of tobacco might turn wildlife wary, in case the boy caught sight of any. So he sat motionless too, shoulders to ferns, hat beside him. He sorted out the day's events so far and reviewed what was ahead. Not that he hadn't considered everything, planned every detail, in thoroughgoing chats over the past weeks with a very nimble-minded person, and not that he hadn't asked himself countless times, in wakeful hours of the night, how he'd got into this; but with day, Clare Baxter, by her simple presence at her desk between his and the rail, by her cool clean profile and unshakable composure, had kept everything clear-cut and decisive. They both knew that the Donnelly estate was past straightening out.

The boy, scanning the big old tree, found no stir except in air-tossed branches at the heights and the downplop of another twig. Squirrels had retired for a nap. But Ben had said that a watcher should pick out any square yard of greenery or earth.

Clare's dark eyes, swift and sure, had grasped the situation weeks ago, thought the man. She'd been putting his desk in order and came upon that memorandum. He'd lunged for it; and she, more supple, had scooped it up deftly from the floor where he'd knocked it. She'd gathered its meaning in a glance. She'd handed it to him, her eyes challenging, amused.

Why, wondered the boy, wasn't there more birdlife under big redwoods? It must be the bark, many inches thick and shut to insects—no insects, no birds. He wondered if Ben Carroll had a wiser answer.

It was Clare, the man told himself, who'd suggested Australia—he first, she to follow. It was his idea about the skiff, a handy way of leaving town by the back door if he had to get to the airport.

It seemed to the boy that the entrance to a field-mouse burrow, a few feet away, held a pair of eyes larger than a mouse's, that the hole had changed color from black to reddish brown.

The examiner, the man was thinking, shouldn't have popped in this morning. It was barely five weeks since his last visit. There'd been just time for Clare to tumble the Donnelly papers into her own desk. Her eyes, steady in crisis and warm with promise, had signaled "Go." The man, after helping the examiner to get started on his routine, had stepped from the bank for a cup of coffee. Not that he'd concerned himself with coffee—he'd made for the skiff.

Little head, long neck, squat shoulders emerged an inch, then stopped. The boy didn't move. He scarcely breathed.

The man saw the weasel too. Like the boy beside him, he stiffened inside without moving by so much as a hairbreadth. For an instant he felt as if those eyes in the burrow were the examiner's or old Ben Carroll's or, for that matter, all Richdale's. He wondered how many other eyes of these woods were on him. What nonsense! He swung his wrist to look at his watch. The weasel vanished. "Hey!" chided the boy. "You scared him!"

"I'm sorry," said the man. "I remembered an appointment I have."

"What time is it?"

"Five to three." The little plane from Eureka, bound for San Francisco International Airport, would drop down at Union City's airstrip at three-forty. He had three miles to cover.

"It doesn't matter about the weasel," said the boy, forgivingly. "Gee, we've had fun, haven't we?"

"So we have," said the man. "You're not going now, are you?" The boy was rising.

"Yes, sir. I have to see Mr. Hanna." The boy's voice had a new note in it.

"Because you've been playing hooky?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir. It'll take an hour to get there, and he leaves at four."

"What will Mr. Hanna do to you?"

"I don't know, except one thing. He'll take me into the little room that just has two hard chairs and he'll make me sit and look at him."

And sitting there in that bare room with Mr. Hanna will be bad enough, thought the man. He could feel the shivery fright running through this ninety-pounder. "But why today?" he asked, curious. "Why not tomorrow?"

"Ben says the time to face your music is right away."

The man could hear the Ben of old, the Ben of his own day, saying that. A whole big pane in a greenhouse had crashed, and Ben had found whose baseball had done it. Pay for your fun, Ben had counseled. Don't wait. Don't live with trouble. Pay and start fresh.

Ben Carroll should have been pensioned long ago, but he wouldn't have it—Ben, who'd never made an important capture in his life. But somehow, with gimpy old Ben around, Richdale always had been pretty orderly. Its boys had turned out all right.

"Why don't you see Ben first?" asked the man. "He knows about spring in the woods and how kids are. He might put in a word for you."

"No, sir, that wouldn't be facing the music. I'm going to see Mr. Hanna."

The man felt sudden red rage at Ben Carroll. It was ridiculous for the old man to intrude this way in present-day affairs. Polished Shoes—muddied now—wanted to kick the crop of meter pennies from Ben's hands. Wanted to kick old Ben out from under his cap. Wanted to cling to something that he could feel escaping, like sand between the fingers.

Three bell notes, leaden with doom, sounded from afar. The boy was off. "I gotta get there by four!"

"I promised to watch you across." But even as they strode for the boat, the man knew. The boy got in and spread his oars. His grin was stiff. His shoulders were braced—for the music and Mr. Hanna.

The man pushed the boat from the beach and stepped in too. "Hey, weren't you staying here?" cried the boy, dismayed.

"Don't worry; it's your boat now," assured the man. "Pull your downstream oar hard." He could taste the acid bitterness of his defeat and Ben's victory, the alum-wry glumness of it. What bowstring of fate had sent a kid, this arrow-slim eager kid, to pierce him with memories of brave, fresh mornings?

They crossed and dragged the boat upstream to the alder and locked it there. The boy set off running. The man followed, walking.

A gopher from his burrow, a wood duck from her nest, a pair of brown eyes under velvety antlers in a thick stand of dogwood watched them pass.

Neither running boy nor walking man saw any woodland thing. The free day was over. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Contrary to Army orders, Corporal Joe spent his spare time at an isolated base in practicing "fast draw" with a loaded 45-caliber automatic. Time and again he whipped the heavy pistol out of its holster with increasing speed and fired into an improvised log backstop deep in the woods. Once, however, his trigger finger proved faster than hand or eye. The pistol went off while still pointed downward. The bullet skinned the side of Joe's leg.

Slapping first-aid bandages on the wound, Joe limped into the post dispensary. He realized that the truth might cost him his stripes for disobedience, so he handed the seasoned old Army doctor on duty a fast story about gashing his leg while swimming in a lake.

While the doctor carefully examined the wound, Joe concluded, "It was either a sharp rock or a submerged tree limb that did it, sir."

"Yeah?" said the doctor dryly. "What caliber?"

Frank J. DeBenedetti Jr.

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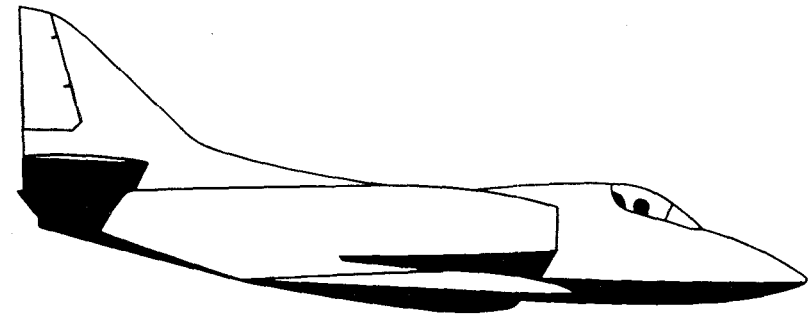

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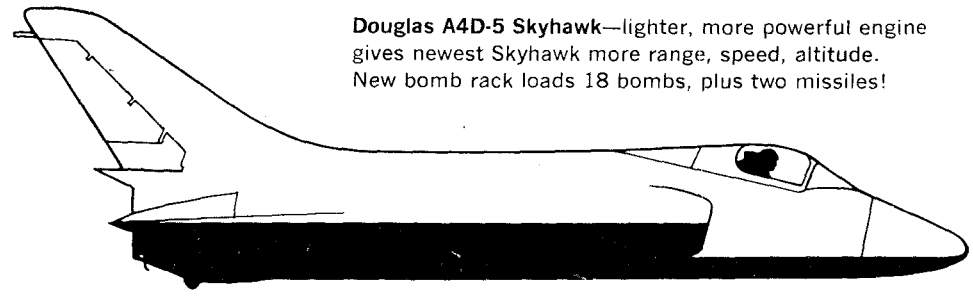
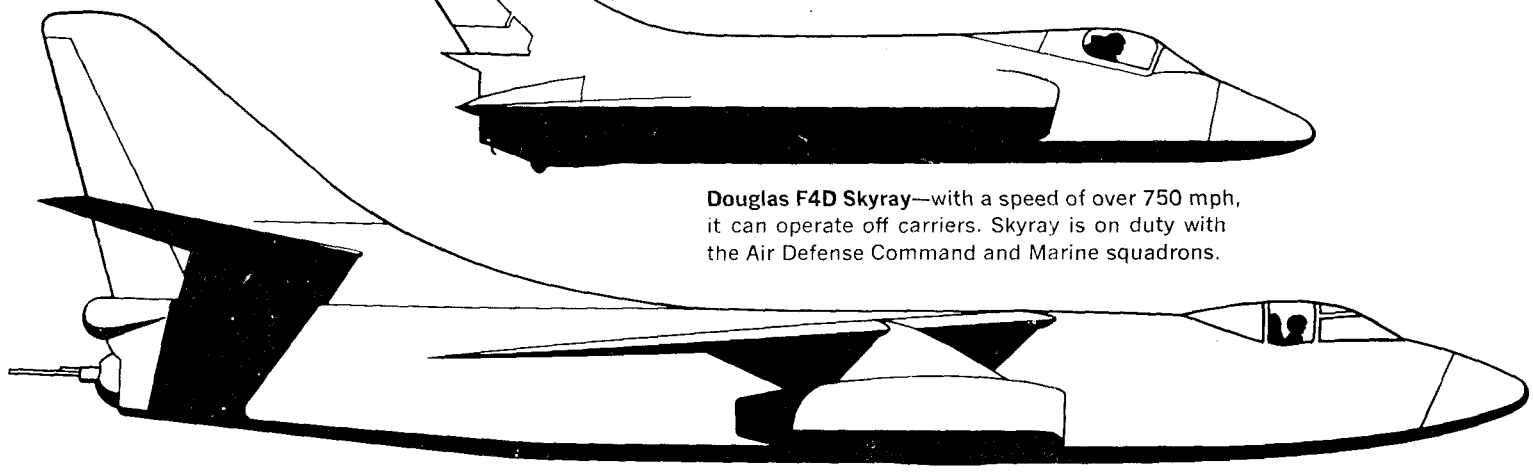
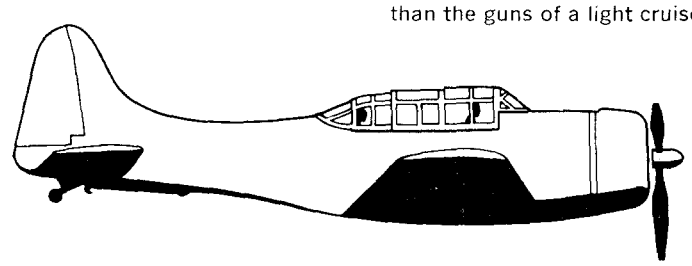


Douglas F4D Skyray—with a speed of over 750 mph, it can operate off carriers. Skyray is on duty with the Air Defense Command and Marine squadrons.

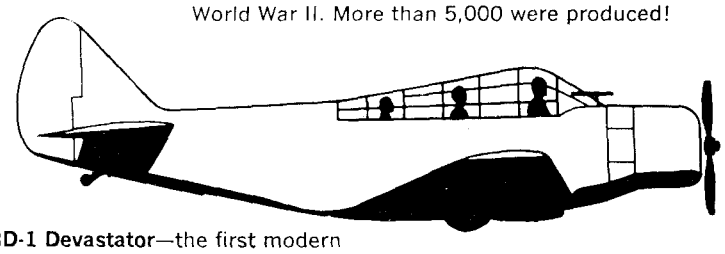


Douglas A3D Skywarrior—the Navy's largest carrier-based bomber, also handles photo-reconnaissance and electronic countermeasure missions.

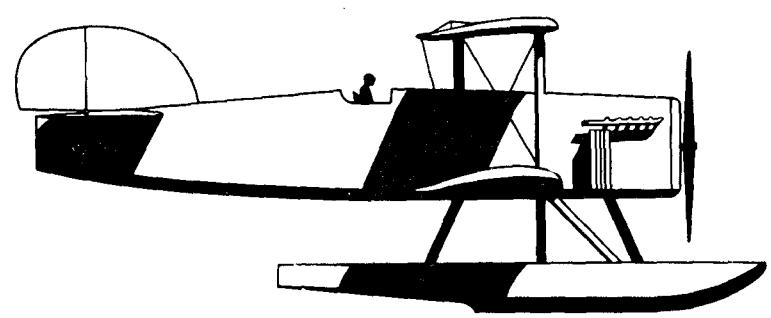
Douglas AD Skyraider—the "Airborne Arsenal" mounts an armament more destructive than the guns of a light cruiser!



Douglas SBD Dauntless—was the backbone of the Navy's air strikes in the Pacific during World War II. More than 5,000 were produced!



Douglas TBD-1 Devastator—the first modern torpedo monoplane. Went into service in 1937. Saw first action at Midway.



Douglas "DT"—the Navy's first torpedo plane and the first of nearly 12,000 Douglas planes built for the Navy!

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The Douglas A4D-5 Skyhawk is a powerful ace-of-all-trades for the Navy.

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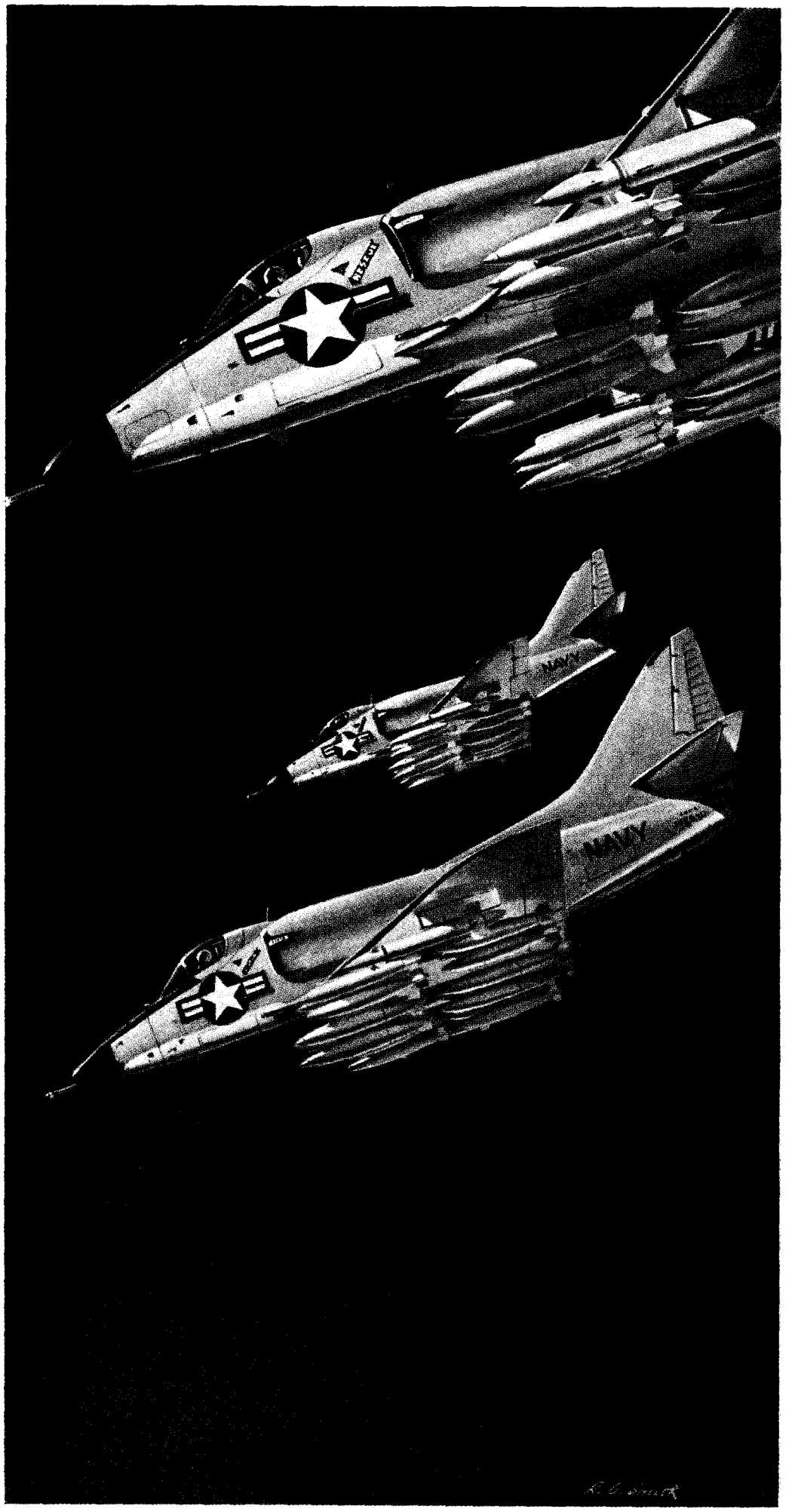
The A4D is a direct descendant of the Navy's *first* torpedo plane—the twin-float "DT" aircraft, delivered by Douglas in 1921 when Naval Aviation was just 10 years old. This year marks the 50th anniversary of our Navy's air arm, the 40th year of Douglas naval service.

The sturdy "DT" developed out of the Douglas "Cloudster"—the first aircraft ever to lift its own weight in payload. Some of the thousands of Douglas Navy planes that followed are shown on the left. Each carried on the Douglas tradition of efficient, uncluttered design—even in the days of struts and bracing wire. Douglas planes quickly gained the reputation in the Fleet of being dependable, easy to fly, simple to maintain. And they are so aerodynamically rugged that they can handle a wide variety of Navy missions and armaments.

Although few of us can sample the thrill of swooping off a carrier's flight deck in an A4D, the wonderful experience of jet flight can belong to everyone who travels. Today the Douglas DC-8 Jetliner flies to almost every important city. The Pacific is only 8½ hours wide, the Atlantic 2 hours narrower. The DC-8's speed, dependability, advanced design are the result of the same imaginative engineering that has brought Douglas to the forefront in defense, commercial aviation and the push into outer space.



Douglas A4D-5—newest addition to the Navy's striking force

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One-Man Posse (Continued from Page 31)

and that's how things stood when the sound of running horses intruded. The sounds came from the west, toward town, and they grew louder.

Charley put his coffee cup on the ground and stood up so he could hear better. "We're a good four miles from town," he said.

High Pockets nodded. "If they run them horses like that all that way, they're sure in a hurry to get away from there."

"Can you think of any good reason why we hadn't ought to put the fire out?" Charley said.

They began scattering the fire with their feet and covering the coals with ashes and dirt. Then they went over to crouch behind the buckbrush that grew along the road.

High Pockets estimated there were five horses, and Charley figured four and, when they came in sight, there were four good and willing horses, ridden hard.

One was a pretty blaze-faced sorrel with four white feet. "Well, dog my cats," High Pockets whispered. "That's the sheriff's horse."

"But it ain't the sheriff on 'im."

"No," High Pockets agreed, "it's a man with his right arm in a sling." He took one more look and fell flat on the ground behind the brush. Charley did too.

The horses went past and out of sight behind a plum thicket down the road. High Pockets sat up and reached for his smoking tobacco. "Panhandle Pete Rivers," he said.

"Yep. Ridin' the sheriff's horse."

"And Johnson Mayes and his brother that was fired from the Y Bar for runnin' off calves and changin' the earmarks."

"That's right," Charley said. "Ar Tulsa Jake that helped Pete Rivers rob t bank."

"So the three of 'em busted Pete out of jail, I guess. The posse ought to be along. You want to join up with 'em?"

"No, sir, I've went out of the Panhandle Pete Rivers-catchin' business."

They returned to their camp and filled their coffee cups and were leaning against a tree by the road when the posse showed up. There were fifteen men, well armed and reasonably well mounted, but perhaps not overly dedicated to their task.

Homer Jenkins, the county clerk, appeared to be in charge and not too happy about it. He halted the posse.

"You see 'em?" he asked.

"They come by," High Pockets said, "but they never stopped."

"Where's the sheriff?" Charley asked.

"Got shot in the jail break."

"Serious?"

"Serious enough to miss the posse," Homer Jenkins said enviously.

"What about Red Lester?" Red was the deputy sheriff.

"Knocked 'im in the head when h come to answer the jailhouse door. The they went on in and shot the sheriff."

"Too bad."

"Looks like the least you could do is join the posse. It wouldn't have happened if you hadn't went and captured Pete."

"I don't aim to capture 'im no more. No profit in it."

Homer sighed. "Well, I guess we might as well get goin'."

Fourteen riders headed east. The fifteenth, who stayed and dismounted, was Ezra Arnold, the town banker.

"Charley," he said, "I hate to mention this, but you owe me a thousand dollars."

Charley gulped.

"I never ought to have paid you that reward," Ezra said.

"You can't hold it again' me about Pete comin' uncaptured that-a-way."

"No, but I jumped the gun, Charley. I ought to have waited till the bankers' association paid me before I paid you."

"If you'll remember," Charley said, "Pete was fixin' to run off with a lot more than any thousand dollars of your money when I happened to shoot 'im in the shoulder and knock the gun out of his hand."

"Shot Pete right out of the saddle," High Pockets put in, "and went and put 'im in the cell for the sheriff."

"Yes," Charley said, "and took the bank's money away from 'im and give it back to you."

"He would have got Tulsa Jake, too," High Pockets said, "and there's five hundred dollars' reward for him. Only Charley had done shot his gun empty by the time he hit Pete."

"I only had a pistol," Charley said, "and I was 'most a hundred yards away."

"And not gettin' any closer," High Pockets said.

"Well, I was where I could use the horse trough in front of the barbershop for a rest."

"And you wasn't shootin' at Pete," High Pockets said. "You was shootin' at Jake's horse."

"I never told you that so you could tell everybody else in the world."

"Don't go gettin' on the prod at me," High Pockets said in injured tones. "I'm on your side."

"You started out bein'," Charley admitted.

"You all," said the banker, "won't let me get a word in sideways."

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"Go ahead," said High Pockets.

"High Pockets," said Charley, "quit helpin' me!"

"Besides," the banker said, "I looked it up, and that reward was for if Panhandle Pete Rivers was captured *and* convicted."

"A man would have to say he ain't convicted," Charley admitted.

"Not by several miles, the way he was goin'," High Pockets said.

"And gettin' farther all the time," Ezra said.

"Legally speakin'," High Pockets opined, "he ain't even captured no more."

"Not by several miles," Ezra said.

"And gettin' farther," High Pockets added.

Charley sighed. "All right, Ezra," he said. "I'll negotiate with you."

"All right, sir," the banker said. "Suppose you give me my thousand dollars, and I'll give you a receipt."

"That wasn't what I had in mind," Charley said.

"I hear a horse," High Pockets said.

They watched the bend in the road, and pretty soon here came a girl riding sidesaddle on a bay horse.

"Virginia Smith!" said High Pockets. "Well, I guess I'd better be catchin' up with that posse."

Charley glared at him. "You never mentioned goin' with the posse before."

"It's my duty as a citizen." High Pockets looked at the banker. "You comin'?"

Ezra Arnold looked again at the girl and climbed on his horse. High Pockets ran to his own horse, and the two of them headed east.

Charley stood steadfastly in the road as Virginia approached, and he helped her alight when she got there. She was a small girl, with honest gray eyes and a lot of nice brown hair.

"Charley," she said, "don't lie to me."

"No, ma'am."

"You lost our reward money?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"All of it?"

"Yes, ma'am. You see, on the last hand High Pockets ought to have got out on the third card, but he didn't have no more sense than to stay and ——"

"Oh, Charley!" It was only a matter of time until she started crying. You could be sure of it.

"Look," Charley said desperately, "we've still got that quarter section I filed on and ——"

"Oh, Charley!"

"—— and them cows. Bought and quite a bit paid for and ——"

"Charley, how could you?"

"I don't know," Charley said miserably. And come to think about it, he didn't.

"So we're right back where we were before we got the thousand dollars?"

"Yes, ma'am." They weren't, really. If Ezra Arnold had his way, and it stood to reason he would, they were a thousand dollars poorer than they were before the capture of Panhandle Pete Rivers. But there didn't seem to be any point in being too businesslike right then.

What made it so bad was that he could understand exactly how Virginia felt. Her folks had been poor when they married and never got over it. All his life Virginia's father had never had a better job than being a section hand on the railroad and, since he'd died, Virginia had been working ten hours a day in the dry-goods store to support her mother. So you really couldn't blame Virginia for the way she felt. You couldn't honestly argue with her even. And that's what made it so bad.

Now she was tugging at the third finger of her left hand. Charley watched her fearfully and held his hands behind his back. But she stood in the dust of the road, holding the ring out to him and looking him in the eye, till he allowed his right hand to come around slowly and take the ring out of her fingers.

She didn't start crying till she was in the saddle and turned around and headed back toward town. You could tell when she did start crying by the way her shoulders shook. It wasn't the kind of a thing you'd want to remember but, on the other hand, it wasn't something you could ever forget.

When Virginia was out of sight, Charley looked down at the ring, kind of lost and pitiful and out of place in the palm of his big hand. So things had changed now, and Panhandle Pete Rivers had got to be his business again, whether he liked it or not. He put the ring in his pocket and got on his horse and pointed him southeast.

"That's my side of the story. Now let me tell you his side of the story."

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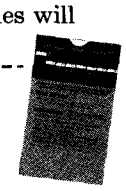

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He might be on a wild-goose chase, but he figured the chances were with him. He went over his logic as he rode.

No reason to expect them four to keep ridin' right down the middle of that road forever, he told himself. *If I was them, I'd keep goin' east till I come to them ridges this side of Horseshoe City. Tracks wouldn't show in that rocky country, and you could head south a ways and circle back west and hit that old line shack on the Y Bar that the Mayes boys used to use when they was stealin' them calves.*

He nodded agreement with himself. It all stood to reason. Homer Jenkins and the others in the posse could have figured it out for themselves, only they maybe didn't know so much about the country, and anyway they might not be as eager to meet up with Pete Rivers and his friends as Charley was.

Pete and them can rest their horses tonight," he explained to himself, *or maybe even slip over to the Y Bar and steal some fresh ones out of the home pasture.*

They could head for the Panther Hills tomorrow and be there by sundown. And it would take a lot better posse than Homer Jenkins's to do much with four outlaws in the wild Panther Hills. Charley pushed ahead and, by the time the sun was noon-high, he was out of the saddle and tying his horse to a tree in a wooded draw. He figured he was a quarter of a mile north of the line shack.

If he'd guessed right, he should have arrived ahead of the men he was hunting, because he'd ridden one side of a triangle while they had come the other two sides. He scouted the shack from the brush on two sides, saw no sign of life and went in for a look. There was nothing in the shack but a stove in the middle of the room, a few sticks of firewood, quite a bit of dust and a lot of cobwebs. The place had one door and no windows. Charley shut the door behind him and went around behind the stove and sat on the floor.

He counted up the odds and marveled at his own stupidity in bucking those odds and checked the shells in his gun and waited. He tried to hope they wouldn't show up, but couldn't on account of Virginia. So he sat behind the stove in the dim light that came from cracks in the wall and waited and watched a spotted spider work on an addition to its web. In less than an hour he heard trotting horses coming toward him.

The ground was soft here, and they were pretty close before he heard them. So it was too late to back out, and a good thing, too, because he was in a mood to do just exactly that.

Then saddle leather was creaking and men were talking just on the other side of the door. Charley got his pistol cocked, and crouched behind the stove with his gun hand resting on it. The door opened, and Panhandle Pete Rivers stepped inside and stood there blinking. Charley waited, and Johnson Mayes came in and stood by Pete Rivers. Then Tulsa Jake pushed his way in between them, and the other Mayes boy entered.

That made the picture as good as it was ever going to get, with all of them inside and still bunched up so he could cover all of them at the same time, and their eyes still used to the bright sunlight outside. Charley lined his sights on the middle button of Tulsa Jake's shirt and took a deep breath.

"Put your hands up!" he yelled.

All four men froze, and then they all four came out of it, Jake a fraction of a second ahead of the others. Jake started backing toward the door and going for his gun at the same time. Charley pulled the trigger, and Tulsa Jake lurched backward and fell.

Charley shot at Johnson Mayes, who was already shooting at him, and Johnson got off one more wild shot and jumped backward, following his brother out the door. Seconds later you could hear two horses going away fast.

It took Panhandle Pete Rivers awhile to reach clear over to his right hip with his left hand to get at his holstered gun. When he did get the gun, he got it backward and, when he tried to turn it over, he dropped it.

"Hold it!" Charley said, and Pete Rivers decided not to try to pick up the gun after all. He raised his good hand.

Tulsa Jake had been jarred loose from his gun by the bullet. He was groping around for the pistol on the floor, but he didn't seem to have his heart in it. Charley went around the stove and kicked both the guns across the room. Jake got up and leaned against the wall, but he couldn't walk much because he'd been hit in the right thigh.

"I can't understand that," Charley said. "I was aimin' at your wishbone."

"You don't need to brag to us about what a sorry shot you are," Pete said. "You proved it the other day in front of the bank."

"Good thing, too," Charley said.

"It's a good thing for Jake," Pete said.

"Me, too," Charley said, "because I doubt if you can convict a dead man."

"Huh?" said Pete.

"Nothin'," Charley said. "You all get on out the door."

They did. "Them Mayes boys took out on us," Jake gritted.

"Well, sure," Pete said. "They thought the whole posse was here. Who'd have thought it was just one ignorant cowhand that never had no more sense?"

"It's easy to tell you don't know Virginia Smith very well," Charley said.

"Huh?" said Pete.

"Nothin'," Charley said.

He let them stop the bleeding in Jake's leg, or just about, and made Pete help Jake get on his horse and mount his own. He got his rope and put the loop around Pete's waist, then took a half hitch around Jake's middle. He led them to where he'd left his own horse and tied the end of the rope to his saddle horn. If either of his captives tried to make a break for it, he'd pull both of them out of the saddle.

He didn't untie the rope from his saddle horn until he dismounted in front of the county jail, long after bedtime. He kicked on the door for quite a while before a match flared inside the building, and a lamp was lighted, and Red Lester, the deputy, came to the door with a sawed-off shotgun.

Charley led his prisoners inside and tossed the rope to the deputy. High Pockets Henson, who had been sleeping on one of the cots in the cell, came out yawning.

"Well, dog my cats!" High Pockets said. He helped Red untie the prisoners and lock them in the cell.

"High Pockets," Charley said, "go roust the doc out. Don't tell 'im any more than you need to and, whatever you do, don't wake nobody else up."

High Pockets found his boots and went out. He was back in fifteen minutes with the partly dressed doctor.

"Come on, High Pockets," Charley said. "I want you to help me talk to my banker. And this time, cuss you, remember you're on my side."

They took turns pounding on Ezra Arnold's front door. When the banker finally got there, you could tell he wasn't so very happy about it.

"Dad blast you, Charley James," he said, "go someplace and sober up."

"He is sober," High Pockets said. "I've seen him when he wasn't and ——"

"Come back in the mornin'," Ezra said. "I was up all day and half the night with the posse and ——"

"We never got through negotiatin'," Charley said.

The banker's face changed. "That's right, we didn't. Come right on in."

"Now," said Charley, "about the capture and conviction of Panhandle Pete Rivers."

"Yes," the banker said cautiously.

"Now you know the conviction don't amount to nothin'. There was any number of witnesses seen him and Tulsa Jake come out of the bank with the money."

"That's true," Ezra conceded. "The only thing is, he can't be convicted while he's uncaptured. And one's no good, for reward-payin' purposes, without the other."

"That's what I'm sayin'," Charley said. "It all rides on the capturin'."

"All right. I'm not denyin' that."

"And you'll admit I put his shootin' hand out of commission for quite some time to come. The doc said he never seen a worse busted-up shoulder, considerin' only one slug hit it."

The banker nodded. "Go on."

"And a Panhandle Pete Rivers that can't shoot at you with the hand he's used to shootin' at you with is a lot easier to capture than Panhandle Pete used to be."

"Well, sure," Ezra said impatiently. "Any blame fool knows that."

"I figure he's at least twice as easy to capture as he would be if I hadn't went to the trouble to shoot 'im."

"That means," High Pockets said, "he's only half as hard to capture now."

"Maybe," Ezra said and waited.

"Well," Charley said, "so I figure I don't owe you a thousand dollars. I figure I only owe you five hundred."

"Huh?"

"It's just plain arithmetic," High Pockets said. "If he's half captured, he's half convicted. So when you give Charley that thousand dollars, you just overpaid 'im five hundred."

"So if you'll write out a paper that says I owe you five hundred dollars," Charley said, "I'll sign it."

Ezra shook his head. "I don't know."

"I don't see where you've got anything at all that you can lose by it," High Pockets said.

"Well," the banker said slowly, "I don't either." And he went to a desk in the corner for pen and paper. He drew up the paper in a minute and handed it to Charley.

Charley read it. "It reads good," he said, "only it ought to say I don't owe you anything else except the five hundred."

The banker thought that over. "I don't know," he said.

"I don't see where you've got anything to lose," High Pockets said again.

"It ain't your money," the banker said.

"And don't forget," High Pockets said, "that Charley really did save your bank a whole sackful of money."

The banker considered, sighed and added another sentence to what he'd written.

Charley read it and signed it. "Now you sign it," he said.

The banker signed it.

"Now make me a copy," Charley said.

The banker did, and they both signed it, and High Pockets signed both copies as witness. Charley folded his copy carefully and put it in his hip pocket.

"Now then," he said. "If I was to capture Tulsa Jake, that there's five hundred dollars reward for, and he was to get convicted, why, you'd owe me five hundred dollars, and I'd owe you five hundred, so it'd cancel out."

"Well, you'd still owe me five hundred, all right. And the bankers' association would owe you five hundred."

"And if I was to capture Panhandle Pete Rivers, and he was to get convicted, why, you and the rest of the bankers' association would owe me a thousand dollars."

"No, I already ——"

"No, you didn't. We king's X'ed on that and started over."

"You sure did," High Pockets said. "I was the witness."

Ezra thought it over. "I guess we did," he said. "Well, if that happens, you come and see me."

"I will," Charley said.

He grinned at High Pockets, and then he went out on Ezra Arnold's front porch and grinned at the world. Going down the steps, he got Virginia's ring out of his pocket and held it tight in his hand.

THE END

"He's playing with his blocks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I Call on Dean Martin (Continued from Page 17)

fighting than I did. He just looked forward to my dragging down a two-dollar to five-dollar watch, so we could sell it and split the loot. Big deal."

I brought up a well-worn Martin anecdote—a story that his nose had been broken fighting and that he had borrowed money for corrective surgery.

"There are so many stories about that," he said, "that I'm almost tempted to tell you, 'Take your pick.' The real story is this: a friend of mine, a bookie, lent me $500 so I could have the job done in New York. Actually my nose was more bent than busted. Another thing, I had no indentation where my nose meets my forehead, the way most people do. My nose came right out from my forehead. Maybe I've got a Greek streak or something. Anyhow, this guy lent me the money, and I had it bobbed." He rubbed the end of his nose and asked, "You'd think that would be simple, wouldn't you?"

I nodded. "It wasn't," he said. "Lou Costello was quoted as saying that he gave me the money, and five other guys claimed to have picked up the tab for having my nose fixed, but I paid no attention because I knew who'd given me the money, and I'd paid him back, not once but many times. You know how bookies are. They're always busted. But to get back to boxing. I liked it, but I didn't last long. I worked up to being paid about ten dollars a match, which was enough to buy my dad a watch or a fountain pen; then I blew the racket."

I said that the way he described the fight game didn't make it sound as if it had much future. "That's why I quit it," he said, "and went to work at a steel mill, bundling hot coils. After getting my lumps fighting, that was duck soup. We had big platforms half a block long; hot coils of steel wire came down on them. They cooled as they came because there was water splashing on them. At a certain point a buddy of mine and I would bang the end of a coil with a hammer, I'd pull a lever, and the coil went into a boxcar.

"To get away from that, I got a job when I was sixteen delivering bootleg booze around Steubenville, Ohio, and Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. My folks didn't know I was doing it. They were liberal-minded, but not *that* liberal-minded. I worked with a couple of pals. The three of us delivered the stuff in a coupé. Boy, was it bad! We could have run the car on it and saved gas.

"After that I became a clerk in one of those cigar stores with gambling in a back room. When I had my two or three hours off, I'd go in the back room and fool around with the chips, until I learned how to handle them. I learned to roll the wheel, how to shoot craps, how to deal blackjack. Pretty soon I began to beat the house at its own game. They made me a croupier in self-defense. My salary for working the chips and the dice tables was eight bucks a day. Tips brought that up to fifteen or twenty dollars."

I confessed that I didn't know much about gambling. "Do people tip a croupier when they win?" I asked.

"It's the custom," he said. "Take a place like Steubenville. If you won fifty dollars, you'd give the croupier two or three. Also, I did a little knocking down. During the course of a day I could steal maybe as much as five silver dollars."

I asked him if he'd palmed them.

"That was *one* way," he said cheerfully. "Another way was to have somebody who was playing stand next to me and work with me. You can't do that at Vegas. They're on to that. No one can stand close to a dealer here without having the pit boss, who's keeping an eye on everybody, say, 'Naughty, naughty!' But back in Steubenville I'd take maybe ten and hand it to the guy who was helping me, or I'd palm two silver dollars. The next time you get a chance, watch the house men here at Sands. When they leave a crap table, they always clap their hands. The house insists on that to make sure they're not knocking down. But I became so expert in Steubenville that when I was supposed to clap my hands to show that they were empty, I could do it with two big silver bucks palmed.

"I had some real good friends in Steubenville," he went on, "*real* good. When I got my first offer to sing, and I found the pay was less than I was making in the gambling joints, five or six of my pals insisted that I grab the chance anyhow. They promised to make up the difference. At night, after we were through working the joints, a gang of us dropped in at a place called Walker's Café. There was usually a little four- or five-piece combo there. I sang there almost every night, until a bandleader named Sammy Watkins heard me and offered me fifty bucks a week to sing with his band.

"'I'm not really a singer,' I told Watkins; 'it's just that my pals make me sing.' When he insisted, I asked, 'Why should I work for fifty dollars a week when I'm making more?' But my pals insisted too. 'Tell the guy yes, Dino,' they said. I asked them, 'Are you crazy or something? I steal that much a week.' But they made me go with Sammy anyhow, and from time to time they sent me money.

"But I quit after three or four weeks and went home. I didn't like it. If you want to know the truth, I was ashamed of the way I spoke. My English was lousy. I couldn't hold a conversation. That was still true ten years ago. Ask my wife. She'll tell you. A lot of people wondered why I didn't talk more. I sat in a corner at parties not saying a word, and they thought I must be conceited or drunk or something. It was just that I was afraid to open my mouth, because I knew I wasn't speaking correctly."

He went on, "After a while I went back to singing, but between singing jobs, when I reached the ripe old age of seventeen or eighteen, I began to travel around the country working as a dealer in gambling houses.

"I didn't really start to settle down until I took up singing again and was booked into New York City. Like it says in my handout biography, 'He struck out on the night-club circuit on his own, singing in what he calls his relatively painless style.' What that really means is that I copied Bing Crosby 100 per cent. I wasn't alone. Frank Sinatra and Perry Como did too. They'll tell you they did if you ask them."

He thought over that statement for a moment, then corrected it. "I guess Frank didn't *actually* sing like Bing, but he liked Bing's style, and it influenced him. But he's changed. He belts his songs out now, while Perry and I still croon. The thing is to not seem to try too hard. If I'm relaxed myself, I can relax an audience. That's one of the secrets of being an entertainer. It was certainly the secret of the success of the team of Martin and Lewis. We had as much fun on-stage as the people sitting out front." A faraway look came into his eyes. "That must have been fifteen years ago. A lot has happened since then."

I asked, "When did you pick up the name Dean Martin?"

"I did that when I was with Sammy Watkins," he said. "He changed my name

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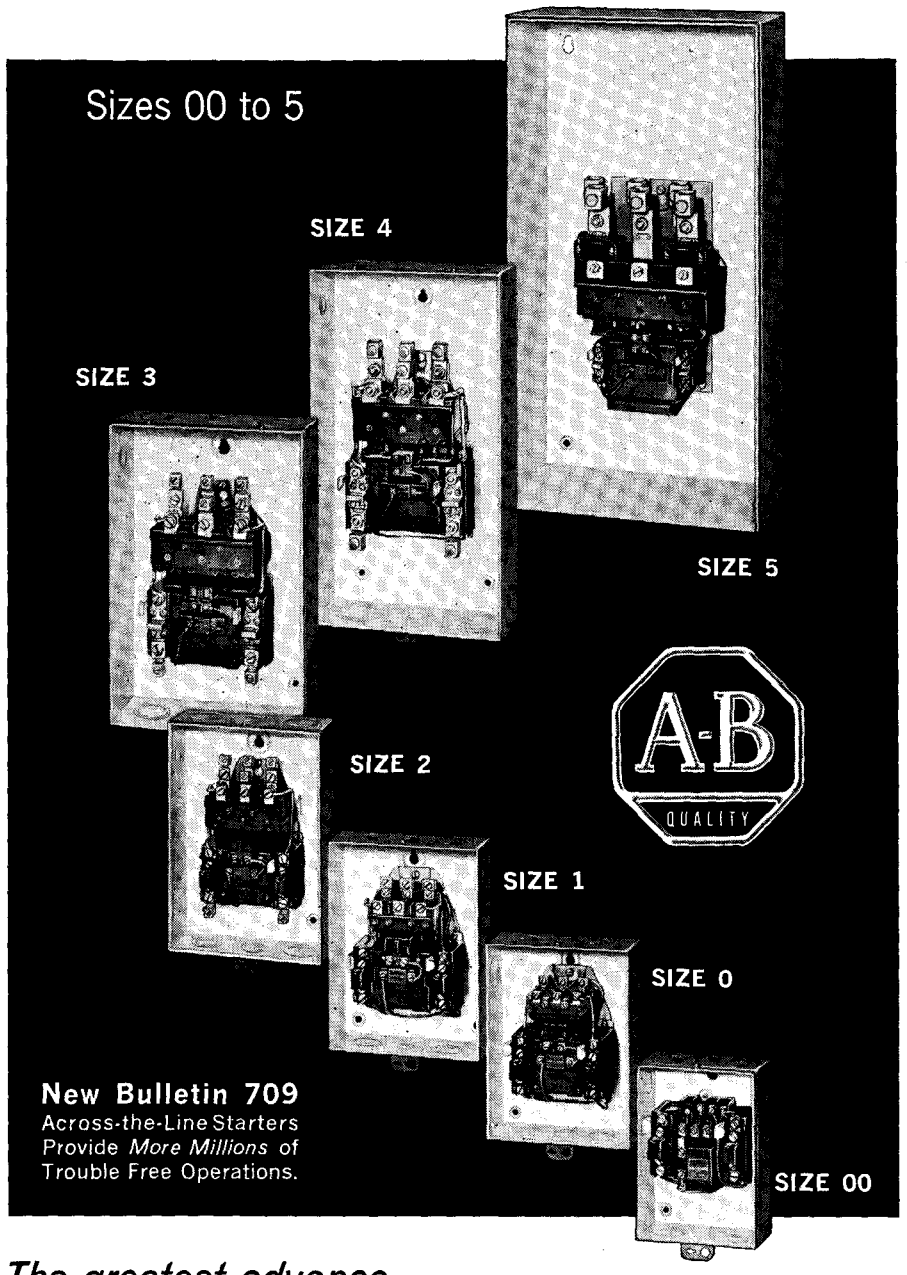

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to Dino Martini, after the famed Metropolitan Opera star, Nino Martini. How it got from there to Dean Martin I can't remember. When Jerry Lewis and I were together as a team, somebody was always asking, 'Why did you change your name from Crocetti to Martin?' I had a stock answer. 'Crocetti and Levitch would look mighty unfunny on a marquee.' Jerry Lewis's real name was Joseph Levitch, and the way I saw it, 'Crocetti and Levitch' wouldn't compel people to drop everything and pay money to see us.

"Jerry and I met when I was working the Club 500 in Atlantic City as a singer. Jerry was on the same bill. We started horsing around with each other's acts. That's how the team Martin and Lewis started. We'd do anything that came to our minds, anything at all. Starting at eight P.M., we did six shows the first night. I remember that in the middle of the sixth show Jerry was doing something all by himself. I went backstage, picked up my suitcase and walked through the crowd, saying to Jerry, 'When you're through, lock up!' We lasted six weeks at the Club 500. It was wonderful."

I asked him what he meant by wonderful.

He explained. "I mean doing all the funny things I had always wanted to do. I love to hear laughter, but I couldn't get laughter just singing. Hearing a whole audience laugh is like getting drunk. Anyhow, from there Jerry and I moved on to the Copacabana. Opening night we were third on the bill. The star, Vivian Blaine, was supposed to close—but our act stopped the show. The emcee said, 'And now, here's Vivian Blaine,' but the crowd didn't hear him. They just kept yelling for us. Finally she went on. Before the next show, Juley Podell, the owner, said, 'You boys will headline. Vivian Blaine will go on second.' Naturally she quit.

"Podell raised us to five thousand a week. We'd signed for six weeks, but we stayed twelve. After that Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom booked us into his Beverly Hills night club. Opening night we stacked people against the wall like cordwood. All the prominent producers and studio owners were on hand.

"Jerry and I were impressed by the celebrities, but guess who I picked to stare at? A model named Jeanne Bieggers, who was way off in a corner. Maybe I was psychic or something, for afterward she became my wife. Abby Greshler, our manager at the time, went from table to table listening to the offers for us. The offer Abby accepted was made by Hal Wallis. When that first night was over, we were set to make not one picture for Wallis, but a flock of them.

"The first six years we were together Jerry was wonderful, which means he was just Jerry. Two things changed him. He took a picture with a Brownie camera—I think it was a picture of a lamp—and it turned out very well. I could see him saying to himself, 'Hey, I'm a great cameraman!' The other thing was, he read a book about Chaplin. Those two things ruined him.

"At some point he said to himself, 'I'm exactly like Chaplin,' and from then on nobody could tell him anything. He knew it all. Before that, if we made up a sketch or a joke, he asked me if I thought it was funny, because he knew I wouldn't con him. I had never broken up deliberately—you know, pretending to an audience that I thought he was funny when he wasn't. When he didn't get the kind of laughs from me that a second Chaplin should have had, he began to try his stuff out on six guys we had around as court followers. You might call them professional idiots. I could say, 'My father's got pneumonia,' and they'd guffaw.

"So Jerry didn't come to me any more for my opinion. He tried out his stuff on our idiot claque. He still has those six idiots, only now it's more like seven or ten idiots. That kind of thing builds. The bigger genius you are, the more guys you've got to have laughing at you.

"The immediate cause for our rift was a movie script Jerry had written, called *The Delicate Delinquent*. I read it, and asked him, 'You mean I'm to play a cop in uniform?' 'That's it,' he said, 'a cop.' I said, 'I don't want to play a cop.' But he said loftily, 'Then we'll have to get somebody else.' I said, 'Start looking, boy!' and I ambled over to the front office to give them the word that I was through. My lawyers and Jerry's lawyers and Wallis's lawyers all huddled and said, 'We can patch this thing up.' I said, 'No patching. It's over. It's through. Get it?'

"When word got around that Jerry and I had decided to part, Lou Costello published an open letter in the trade papers, begging us to get back together again. Before either of us had a chance to reply, Abbott and Costello had broken up."

I reminded Dean that at the time of the Martin-Lewis split, everybody felt that Jerry would do fine on his own; but that he, Dean, wouldn't.

"That was the consensus," Dean said. "The idea was that I'd be left dying by the wayside." He brushed his hand along the top of the divan. "People said, 'Poor Dino. Seven kids to support. Tough.' You know something? I believed it myself. The first picture I did after my parting with Jerry was *Ten Thousand Bedrooms*. It stank. I was depressed and scared. My turning point as a movie actor came when I landed a job in *The Young Lions*, with Brando and Montgomery Clift. Herman Citron of the Music Corporation of America swung that deal for me.

"I got thirty-five grand for playing the role, but I'd have done it for nothing. I needed a good, strong, meaty part to get going. You remember the way Sinatra got his break in *From Here to Eternity;* only Frank did that for ten grand. I was in Pittsburgh doing a single, when I got the word from Herman that I was to be in *The Young Lions*. Jeanne and I sat down and had a real nice cry."

I thought he was exaggerating, but he meant it: real tears. He said, "The thing to remember is that when I came back to California and began that picture, people were still asking, 'What's Martin going to do without Lewis?' Nowadays people are worrying about Jerry. Don't get me wrong. Jerry has a lot of talent, only he hasn't got as much as he thinks.

"After *The Young Lions*, everything began to roll for me. Hal Wallis quickly came up with three pictures. Every time I did one of them I'd ask, 'How about a $75,000 bonus, Hal?' He'd say, 'Don't be crazy,' and I'd say, 'O.K., just forget it.' He thought I was kidding, but I was kidding on the square. Finally he wanted me to do an extra picture for which we had no contract. Herman and I came up with a new price tag—$475,000 for my services. When Wallis's eyeballs stopped spinning, he asked, 'How did you reach that figure?' Herman said, 'We figure $250,000 for the picture, then we added three of those $75,000 bonuses you didn't give us.'"

I laughed. Martin grinned at me and said, "Mr. W. blew his stack. He is not a loose man with a buck. He really got a break when Jerry and I split up. Wallis still had four pictures coming from us as a team, so instead of four he got himself eight, or four apiece. I still owe him one. I'll be doing it for the old contract price of $75,000, although I'm getting $250,000 to $300,000 from other producers now."

Measured in terms of dollars and cents, Dean Martin is doing very well indeed. He owns a piece of The Sands and of another entertainment spot at California's Lake Tahoe, as well as an interest in a restaurant, Dino's, between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. He is booked for as many films in advance as he cares to appear in. He records at least two LP albums a year. In addition to several guest spots he does for N.B.C. each year, he does two or three annual TV specials. Each of these N.B.C. specials costs a quarter of a million dollars. Martin's take from such frolics is not known exactly. I asked him about estimates that his gross income in 1960 approached $2,000,000. He didn't deny it.

Then Dean and I got to talking about the movie *Some Came Running*, and how he'd got into the cast. *Some Came Running* did a lot for his career.

"It was this way," he said. "I walked up to Frank Sinatra, who was at a party with Tony Curtis, celebrating the *première* of a picture, *Kings Go Forth*. I'd read in the paper that Frank was looking for a guy to play Bama, a southern-talking man who could deal blackjack. I walked over to Frank and said, 'You bum!' He asked, 'What have I done now?' and I said, 'You're looking for a guy who smokes, drinks and can talk real southern. You're looking at him.' He gave me a long stare. 'What do you know!' he said, 'You're right.' I said, 'All I want is a hundred and fifty thou, and when and where do I report?' He said, 'Next week, in Indiana.' And that's the way I got that role. It was the happiest picture I've ever been in. A part like that will never come my way again. Being with Shirley MacLaine and Frank—I don't know, it was just happy."

We went back to his broken partnership with Jerry Lewis. "Sometimes," he said, "somebody in one of my audiences will yell, 'Where's Jerry?' Usually they're drunk. I say, 'I don't know where he is, but wherever he is, he must be doing just fine because he has bundles of talent and he's a wonderful guy.' The audience usually applauds. Then I say to the guy who asked me, 'How do you feel now, you jerk?'"

He shifted his position on the huge divan with easy grace. "Along this line," he said, "I'll tell you something that happened at Paramount not long ago while I was making *All in a Night's Work* there. Jerry was working there, too, and I'd see him tootling around the lot in his little golf cart with his name on it in lights. When he saw me, he'd duck around a corner. After he'd done that three or four times, I walked down to his office, only I had to go through three secretaries and push twenty bells to see him. Actually I just barged in, and there he was, sitting.

(*Continued on Page 62*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Jane, on the jury, was shocked to find herself trying charges of robbery against Bobby, her hairdresser's son. She listened to her hairdresser testify in behalf of the son, however, and said nothing to anyone about knowing the woman. After the jury found Bobby guilty, the judge learned of Jane's undisclosed acquaintanceship. She was charged with contempt of court for failing to reveal it.

"She swore that she had no relationship or connection with the parties in the case," the district attorney stated. "The minute she realized that the defendant was her hairdresser's son, she should have spoken up and asked to be dismissed from the jury. Her failure to do so will necessitate a new trial, which could have been avoided."

"Honest, judge, I didn't know it mattered," Jane pleaded. "I'm only an unsophisticated housewife. All I knew was that I wouldn't allow such a casual acquaintanceship to influence my decision, and it didn't."

If you were the judge, would you punish Jane?

• •

Jane was held in contempt. The court said she might have been unconsciously biased for or against the son by the way his mother treated her hair. It added, "Such an obvious duty could not be excused away as the neglect of a woman unsophisticated in court procedure. The effectiveness of the jury system depends on the courage, honesty and intelligence of the jurors."

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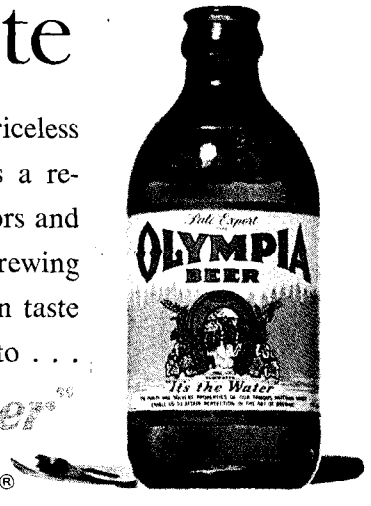

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(*Continued from Page 60*) "I said, 'You little so-and-so, why're you ducking me? What's the matter with you anyhow?' He said, 'I didn't mean it like that,' and I said, 'What do you mean? You saw me just now, and you darted around a corner. Why did you do it?' and he said, 'I didn't feel right.' I got him out from behind his desk, and I said, 'Come up to my room. There are no bells or secretaries there. Anybody can walk right in. Anybody at all.' When we got there, I said, 'Sit down and have a drink.' He sat there, and I talked to him for fifteen minutes, and gradually he became himself again. I said, 'Now isn't this better than ducking me?' He said, 'Yep,' and I felt pretty good about it. Then he left. And the next time he saw me, he ducked me again."

I thought we should be more cheerful. "How much do you really drink?" I asked.

"About one tenth as much as I pretend to," he said. "I used to really knock the hookers of sauce back, but I gave that up some time ago. Take a typical day here in Vegas. I get up at 11:30 every morning. By twelve I'm having breakfast. By 12:30 I'm out on the first tee with three guys I play around with. I'm through about fifteen minutes to four. Then I come in and have a sandwich and a bottle of beer. I did that today and, if I weren't here now talking to you, I'd be at the blackjack table. I'd play until about five o'clock.

"All that time I'd have nothing to drink except that one beer. Then I go to the health club. I shave, shower, take a two-minute ultraviolet-ray treatment—one minute on each side. Then I lie down. At six o'clock I call my wife and talk to her for ten minutes. Then a guy gives me a massage, and I say, 'Wake me at 7:30.' He wakes me at 7:30, I brush my teeth, comb my hair, put on my clothes while I'm having four cups of black coffee and sugar, no cream; then at 8:10 I walk out. About 8:15 I'm in the casino playing a little more blackjack. I play until 8:30. Then I walk into the dining room, the announce my name, I get up on the stage, and I invariably overhear somebody at a ringside table say, 'Look at his eyes! You can *see* how drunk he is.'"

I looked at his eyes. They did sort of droop at the corners. He went on, "I'll have a slug of a liquid in an Old Fashioned glass that looks like Scotch right in front of everybody, but it's really apple juice. Then, in the middle of my act, I have a real drink. When I'm through with the act, I go someplace and eat some good Italian food with Charley Turner, one of The Sands' owners. I have a little wine with that meal, then I get back on stage for the second show. When that's over, I have three or four or five drinks and maybe a sleeping pill. So that's your alcoholic for you. Millions of guys drink more than I do in a day's time. Hundreds of thousands are more smashed *all* the time."

"All right," I said, "but you're a legendary drinker to the public."

"I'm responsible for that," he said, "because I've joked about it so much on the stage. I don't want to disillusion people, but it's been years since anyone has seen me really stoned. I don't want to throw bouquets at myself either, but I'm forty-three, and I couldn't look as young as I do and play as much golf as I do if I drank and cavorted as much as the public thinks. When I'm not working, Jeanne and I are in bed by 11:30, although I must admit that we watch the late, late TV movies until one o'clock."

There was a knock at the door, and a man entered. He reminded Dean Martin of a benefit performance he had promised to do for a friend, an Italian restaurant owner, before going on at The Sands for the first show. Then he went away.

It was time for me to go away too, and I got up out of my chair, remarking I sometimes thought he looked like Cary Grant; and I asked if anybody else had ever thought so.

"Sure," he said. "Especially my daughter Gail. She thinks I look exactly like Cary. Fortunately for me, she loves Cary. And while we are on the subject of my daughter, you never saw a happier, jollier, gayer house than ours."

I said, "You're lucky."

"My wife Jeanne and I make it happy," he said. "We tell the others, 'There's going to be happiness in this house, see!' and we do everything we know how to make it happy. We have a tennis court. We have friends over every Saturday and Sunday. There are tennis games going on with the kids playing. Jeanne plays too. And we have a big pool in which everybody swims."

I could think of nothing to say, except that it made for happiness if both parties to a marriage had a sense of humor.

"Jeanne's got the kind of sense of humor that breaks me up constantly," Dean said. "If we have an argument, two or three hours later one of us will say a line kidding the argument we've had; then we're smiling again. We never go to sleep at night angry or without speaking to each other. We always kiss each other good night. It's terrible if you don't. I used to get angry and freeze up until she made me start talking. Once you start talking you feel better. And before they go to school, our kids march in and kiss us. Even if we're sound asleep they still kiss us good morning. Those," he said, "are some of the reasons why I call it a happy house." THE END

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How to Bet the Horses

(Continued from Page 27)

result of a horse race than that of any other kind of athletic competition.

Once a friend of mine, a modest investor in races, said, "Ted, I have looked over the whole card, and it seems to me that you are riding six horses this afternoon which are either favored or have a fine chance."

He is a good friend, so I consulted the charts and said, "Well, there is one horse on this card on which I haven't a chance. I suppose I have a chance on any of the others."

You guessed it: The one I said had no chance won. The others were nowhere. My friend, though, is still speaking to me and has never mentioned my deficiencies as a handicapper. He knows that's the way it goes at the races.

Only once did I make a suggestion to my coauthor when she asked which horse I thought might win the Belmont Stakes of 1959. I said I believed Black Hills had a chance. As I watched the race, I thought the horse was moving rather well. Suddenly he snapped a leg and fell, throwing Eddie Arcaro at the five-sixteenths pole. Black Hills had to be destroyed, and Arcaro landed in the hospital with a concussion. The race went to the other choice, who became Horse of the Year, the valiant little Sword Dancer.

If I were not a racing official, I would probably have fun taking twenty dollars of an afternoon to the track—two dollars for each of the nine races, if I felt like betting on all of them, and two dollars for the daily double. On the other hand, there might be four or five races a day on which I would not bet at all. I think I would rarely come home with less than eight or ten dollars out of the twenty dollars, and I might even finish ahead occasionally.

I cannot tell you how to win at the races because I do not know, but I can tell you how to save money. My suggestions may prove wrong in any given race, but over a period of time they may turn out to be pretty accurate.

First of all, don't bet more than you can afford to lose. Enough said.

Then, don't bet on tips. I don't believe in hot stable tips. If there is any secret information about a horse, it's pretty well guarded. On *that* you can bet!

The nearest thing to a tip is when an owner or trainer tells you he believes his horse is ready, but he can often be wrong, as the unofficial statistics show.

All the information available to the average tipster is accessible to you in the charts, stories and past-performance lines published in *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*. Although the novice may be confused when he first looks at the charts, careful reading proves that no sport supplies its *aficionados* with such a complete picture of the performances of its athletes. The *Telegraph* and *Form* give you more information about a race than *The Wall Street Journal* does about a stock. Imagine getting, in a brochure on a stock, the ancestry of a corporate officer along with his accomplishments.

Don't bet every race just to be betting. Skip a race that looks to be unpredictable. But if you must bet a race where the past performances of the starters are meager, select a horse just on breeding. However, on all maiden races—horses that have never won—keep your wagers modest.

While still an apprentice, I was riding a four-year-old maiden gelding at Fairmount Park for one John Yellowtail, an Osage Indian who was owner-trainer. In every race we finished in front of a few horses and, after unsaddling, I noticed Mr. Yellowtail writing in a little book.

One day I managed to catch a glimpse of what he was writing: the names of every horse we beat. When he saw I had noted this, he said, "Sooner or later, Ted, we catch a race with only these horses in it. Then we bet!"

The chances of winning on a stakes race appear to be higher than in an ordinary race. The stakes attract the better horses, who are more consistent, less prone to do the unexpected. On the average, in all races about one third of the favorites win. In stakes, favorites win about 40 per cent of the time. The big-money players in stakes races, who will wager $1000 or more on a favorite for place or show and are content with ten or twenty cents' return on the dollar, do not make many mistakes.

One of the things that make a cheap horse cheap is inconsistency of performance. You cannot be guided much by his past performances, because he seldom runs the same way twice in a row. Most cheap horses are undependable.

There are those who bet the jockey rather than the horse, playing a jockey with a winning streak, or one whom they like. But the horse, not the jockey, is far and away the major consideration. Don't bet the jockey unless you have some good reason to think the horse can win.

The best jockey in the world cannot bring in a poor horse, while a mediocre jockey can be carried home by a horse that wants to run, and has the power and luck. A good horse doesn't care who rides him, and the owner who threatens to scratch because he can't get the jockey he wants is downgrading his horse. With stakes horses this is particularly true. Probably any one of the top dozen riders anywhere would win on the same horse. Only if you are undecided between two choices who seem about equal is it perhaps sensible to bet the jockey in whom you have the greater confidence.

Crowds often bet a popular jockey and then boo him to kingdom come when he is fifth or sixth with a hot horse who went wrong or just could not run that day.

Most of the time all the jock can do is steer, although being a good jockey helps. One day, during a tight race, I had Willie Shoemaker hemmed in turning for home. His horse was so full of run that Willie had both feet on the dashboard and was all but standing up on his mount. Two horses were running in front of us, well in to the rail. Will's horse was behind the two leaders, with no place to go, for I was slightly in front of him on the outside.

"Where you going, Will?" I inquired, making sure there was no daylight between my mount and the one I was lapped on. He just grinned. A sixteenth later I left the three of them. But with less than a furlong to go, here came Will on the outside, nonchalantly waving me bye-bye.

Another jockey might have attempted to bull his way out of the spot in which I had the Shoe. He might have tried to force his way between the leaders, or he might have tried to ride me out away from the two others. But Will obviously knew his horse—and knew that I couldn't keep him bottled up forever. Chilly Willie bided his time and hung it on me.

On the other hand, you can lose on a jockey's error. Shoemaker made one that cost him the Kentucky Derby.

There's hardly a bettor now alive who does not remember that grim May day in 1957 when Will stood up for the briefest moment on Gallant Man as he reached the lead at the end of a mile and three-sixteenths. His standing up, momentary as it was, appeared to cost him the race, for his horse's head went up and with less than a sixteenth remaining, he couldn't make up the tiny fraction lost as Iron Liege continued to reach for ground.

Willie explained he mistook the sixteenth pole for the finish line. By one of those amazing coincidences, Ralph Lowe, owner of Gallant Man, had dreamed the night before that Shoemaker stood up on his horse just before the finish. Just before the race he told Will of his dream.

Mr. Lowe proved a gallant man himself. He kept Willie on the horse all year and offered not one word of criticism. Maybe he felt a little guilty about telling the Shoe his dream before he was to ride.

There is a postscript to this story. A year later at Hialeah a newspaperman was questioning me about what had happened at the Derby. I said, "It was a stupid thing for Will to do. The finish line at Churchill Downs is clearly marked with the word 'finish,' even though it isn't where the normal mile-track finish line is located." The next day I pulled a Shoemaker. I mistook the sixteenth pole at Hialeah for the finish, stood up and lost a race I should have won. But I was lucky—it was only a $3500 race, not a $100,000 one.

While we're on the subject of jockeys, it is strange to me that so little familiarity with the rules is required of apprentice jockeys. To the best of my knowledge, apprentice boys are never given a copy of the Rules of Racing. I seriously doubt if the average neophyte is even aware that such a written code exists. Anyone participating in racing may obtain a copy of the Rules of Racing from The Jockey Club of New York, and they are published in *The American Racing Manual*.

But the attitude of the journeyman jockey toward observing the rules is better today than it used to be. I remember when occasionally an old-time jockey took a drink before every race—whether or not he had a mount! In one race a jockey who had downed a good few was shut off near the finish of a race by a horse who went on to win. After our man finished second, the stewards, who sat about fifty feet up in the stands, called him over, and he painfully mounted the stairs.

"Why didn't you claim a foul?" they asked. "You had a perfect right."

"I wash 'fraid I couldn't make it up the schteps," he mumbled.

Today, if a jockey is discovered to be drunk, he is suspended by the stewards for "reporting in an unfit condition to ride." This happens very seldom, because usually a trainer or another jockey has persuaded the inebriated rider to cancel his engagements on some pretext.

To get back to betting, you also should consider whether a horse has been running against good or inferior horses. Is the horse dropping down in class, or stepping up? That's important.

It is wise not to bet a horse climbing steeply in claiming price. The one going down, on the other hand, may be a good choice. A lightly raced horse who hasn't shown too much, but has not been beaten off either, may be ready to get the job done in cheaper company. Until an owner is satisfied that his colt or filly is not a potential champion, the horse may be fruitlessly racing against plenty of them that are. But beware of a sudden tremendous drop in claiming price—that may mean the horse has had it.

I would say not to bet a horse directly after he has set a track record. Invariably such a horse has used some resource he doesn't have the next time out. The topmost horses dispute this, but, by and large, horses that set track records do not win their next race.

Don't overlook a sprint horse running at a longer distance if he's the only real speed horse in the race. He may take the lead at a much slower pace than if he were in a sprint and may go all the way. A horse who has been at his best in races over a mile, on the other hand, can't drop back to the sprint distance with the same facility. Usually by the time he gets loose, the race is over.

It is poor judgment to be guided by post position alone in any race, although it is usually considered important in sprint races. The horse on the inside in a sprint ordinarily has the edge on the others, *if* he is a fast breaker. But if he hasn't much speed from the barrier, he

NEXT WEEK

BOBBY DARIN:
LITTLE SINGER WITH A BIG EGO
By Edward Linn

AFTER THE WHITE HOUSE, WHAT?
PRESIDENTS IN RETIREMENT
By Beverly Smith Jr.

HOW LEGALIZED GAMBLING WORKS IN GREAT BRITAIN
By Toni Howard

In Color:
MILWAUKEE'S SAUSAGE ARTISTS
By Robert W. Wells

CAN THE COMMUTER SURVIVE?
By Joe Alex Morris

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may be all day in getting loose. Generally speaking, the fast horse on the outside has a better chance than the slower horse on the inside.

The size of the field naturally has a bearing on the outcome of most races. A slow horse in a five-horse field certainly has less of a problem making his move than he would in a bulky field. In a large field the fast breaker on the outside may be at a disadvantage, for he must use himself to make the lead more than if he started from the inside.

A big field is to the advantage of the lone speedster in the bunch, for the rest may be getting in one another's way while he is coasting on the lead. But when the horse likes to come from behind, a bulky field is a disadvantage, because the field remains well bunched and the late runner loses too much ground getting loose.

Track conditions may have a bearing on the handicapping value of post positions. If the track is muddy and not well drained, the inside invariably becomes soggy, and horses are "anchored" in heavy going. But I wouldn't let mud alone deter me if I liked a horse on the Long Island tracks; they are sandy. Many track records on Long Island have been set when the tracks were sloppy.

One of the most frustrating aspects of betting is, I suppose, the sometimes misleading "morning line" or probable odds. The morning-line odds, particularly in smaller fields, are surprisingly accurate. Actually they may be the track handicapper's estimate of what the odds should be, though in New York the morning line is made by a calculator in the mutuel department. However, many times the estimated odds are based on the total entries of a given race, only half of whom may face the starter. The main thing that affects the price, of course, is often the whim or enthusiasm of the betting public. I notice often, particularly in New York, the morning-line odds on a standout horse won't stand up. An even-money shot on the morning line usually winds up at odds-on.

I can't see betting more than one horse in a race to win because you're betting against yourself. But it might be logical to have one or two other horses going for place or show. If you think the race will be won going away by a horse paying a low price, often it is better to bet one of the lesser lights for place or show.

I'm for the daily double—I'm for anything that makes the game more fun. Can you imagine the thrill of picking a whole slew of winners on one ticket, as you are given a chance to do in the Five and Ten at Caliente, or the Pic Six in New Hampshire? There you buy a ticket and try to see how many winners you can choose in the day's card or in a given number of races, such as the last six at Rockingham Park.

The pool sometimes comes to a tremendous sum for one person if he alone picks the most winners. One day in July, 1960, at Rockingham Park the winner of the last six races for his two dollars received $33,149.40. As high as $98,000 has been won on a two-dollar bet at Caliente.

Last but not least, remember the many unpredictables that may influence the running of a race.

Three gentlemen, two of whom were trying to pick winners, sat in the Man o' War Room trying to keep warm with hot soup when Aqueduct opened in March for the 1960 season. Cold and dank days had persisted for a week.

"I wish I knew which horse liked this weather," grumbled one of the horse players, a newspaperman.

"Trouble is, horses don't talk," wryly remarked the second horse player, owner of a large radio and television agency.

"It's lucky they don't," I said. "Many of them are bad enough liars as it is."

Take a horse who reaches his nervous peak in a normal post parade. The jockey has warmed him up, and he has responded beautifully. Then some other horse becomes fractious and spills his rider, hurting him. Several minutes elapse while a new jockey is selected, either by the trainer or by stewards, equipped, checked by the clerk of the scales and brought over to the starting gate. What happens to our horse who was at perfect pitch eight or ten minutes ago? He runs a stinkeroo of a race. Whatever took place is mental. He couldn't have lost condition in eight minutes of standing around.

Or take this situation: The start of the race is perfect. A horse, shown by careful examination to be at his absolute peak, appears sure to outspeed the field as a front runner. But when the break comes, he finds himself outrun by an unexpected burst on the part of one of his playmates. In an eighth of a mile he has not been able to overtake his rival. So he sulks and backs up—completely out of contention. If that isn't lying, what is it?

Luck is, of course, very much a factor. You could get an electronic computer to pick the best horse according to the statistics in the *Form* or *Telegraph*, yet that horse would probably get beaten more often than not because of the unpredictables. A horse suddenly goes lame in his left foreleg and bears out, carrying the solid horse to the middle of the track. Another horse—this is the most baffling of situations—refuses to respond to the jockey's urging for some reason known only to his equine mind. No expert can figure out these things.

Perhaps in one race the jockey riding the solid horse is a natural left-hander and hasn't studied the past performances enough to know that his mount has a tendency to bear out. He leaves the gate with his whip in his left hand and can't understand why his mount almost refuses to make the turn. Or the horse may stumble at the start. Or he may be bumped along the way. Or he suddenly becomes frightened by a shadow he sees or thinks he sees on the track. Or he may get hemmed in by other horses.

A race I remember in which the unpredictable played a large part was the one I won by the widest margin I ever scored—twenty-five lengths. My mount was School Tie in the Lawrence Realization at Belmont, in 1946.

There were only three of us in the race, Mahout, Alamond and School Tie. Mahout, with Arcaro up, was one to four in the betting. The favorite did not get far. After we left the gate, Mahout took the lead, but then bolted on the first turn. I watched him wheel to the outside and prop—come to a sudden stop. Mahout had reached the gap leading to the stables and refused to run any farther. He had always been pulled up at that turn in the morning when being exercised, and was determined to do the same thing now.

I gathered a strong hold of my horse and sat against him to enjoy the picnic, for I figured Alamond not at all. When I looked around at the three-eighths pole, I saw I was some ten lengths in front of Alamond, who was already under a drive. But as we coasted into the stretch, a great shout went up from the crowd. I thought in alarm, *Good Lord, Eddie's got that horse to rolling again, and he's probably flying.*

So I turned loose and even rode my horse for a few jumps before I looked around. It was a nice, clear day, and I could see Alamond, now twenty-five lengths back. But no sign of Mahout. I later learned the crowd had roared because of the bucking exhibition put on by Mahout down at the gap.

The race-track regular looks with mixed horror and contempt on someone, usually a woman, who bets a horse because he or she likes the name. I happen to think there's fun in occasionally betting a hunch. This is the most enjoyable kind of bet to collect.

When our first child was born, the late Dr. Richard Neil, the obstetrician and also an ardent horse player, decided to place a bet that day on a hunch. Like most first-time fathers, I had hoped for a son, but Doctor Neil delivered Cathie. I was riding a horse called Sun Burst. Since all my hopes for a son had burst, Doctor Neil bet his whimsical hunch. He won.

It is interesting, and valuable, to take a trip to the paddock to observe the horses before a race. Every horse will tell you something about himself, even if he can't talk. Like a work of art, the handsome horse is something you want to see at the proper range, and the paddock is the best place for a good look. (Not the kind of look, however, given by one "breed improver" who drifted over to the paddock with the crowd to watch Native Dancer being saddled and, unimpressed, snarled to a not-so-innocent bystander, "So it's a gray horse!")

Usually a horse who is running his race in the paddock is a poor bet unless previous observation has shown that his best efforts came when he was hot, on edge. If this is so, he probably won't run his best if calm and cool. There are days in hot, humid weather when most, if not all, the horses in a race will be dripping. If one of them is not sweating under these conditions, he may not be right.

A horse's general condition can be estimated from the appearance of his coat. The sleek glossiness of the coat of so many race horses is not simply the product of elbow grease on the part of the groom. A horse in poor condition isn't sleek. His hair seems to curl at the ends. As horses acquire their winter coats, many are clipped. Some people are shocked when first seeing a horse clipped in a pattern, the pattern varying according to the taste of the trainer. Some trainers like to keep the belly and saddle area free of long hair. Others are more particular about the chest.

I have often been asked if this clipped condition is caused by some skin ailment. The answer is simple. Horses are clipped in this fashion largely in the interest of easier cooling-out.

Over a period of observation the horse fan will discover that some horses race fat, some thin. When the lanky, rather skinny horse who raced so well last year comes to the paddock for his first race of the season rather high in flesh, he probably isn't trained down enough for his best effort. Conversely the plump horse who hasn't exhibited a rib, but has been performing well, is tailing off when those ribs begin to show.

We presume that if the veterinarians pass a horse, he is racing sound. However, sometimes one will be noticed going to the gate somewhat sore. The vets are aware of this, too, and the horse is expected to warm up out of this condition. The interested racegoer will watch the suspect some part of the trip to the post and may even see the veterinarian re-examine the horse just behind the starting gate.

Some bettors try to tell from the expression on a jockey's face as he rides the horse out of the paddock whether he feels his horse has a chance of winning. I don't think my face ever showed how I felt about a horse. I had the reputation of having a poker face. It wasn't that I felt happy or unhappy, but that I was busy observing the competition. More than once I discovered a flaw in a competitor's manner that helped me win a race. If I was riding up beside a contender in the parade to the post and found him shying away from my mount, I would figure that if I could get up alongside him in the running, he might take in behind some horses and become blocked. Sometimes on the way to the gate I noticed that a speed horse didn't seem to be as sharp as in past efforts. I might have originally planned to tail him away from the gate, but now I would decide to let my mount roll.

Many fans seem to have a penchant for a particular spot at the paddock rail to watch the horses before making their final selection, based on diligent study of past performances—"the dope," as it is called—plus their inspection of the horses. All the selectors' cards and newspaper handicap clippings notwithstanding, the paddock is where the true horse bug makes up his mind.

But no matter how good a horse looks in the paddock, the bettor must remember that anything can happen in a horse race. They tell of the horse named Saint Dunstan whose owner, trainer and jockey waited for the day when the track was right, the horse was right and the morning-line price was right.

Came such a day. The owner, the trainer and the jockey plunged heavily on Saint Dunstan. Their wagers no doubt depressed the price somewhat, but long after they had bet, the money kept rolling in on their good thing. When he won, they discovered to their dismay that the payoff was only $4.20, or some such sum.

The stands that afternoon had held hundreds of blacksmiths and foundrymen attending a convention in an adjacent city—and Saint Dunstan was the patron saint of blacksmiths!

That's horse racing for you.

THE END

"We can only stay a moment. Helen has had a very exhausting day with the kids."

GEORGE SMITH THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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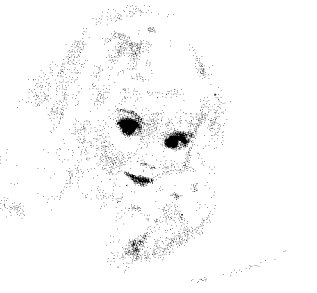

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Russian Oil: New Danger for the West

(Continued from Page 30)

Petroleum Institute as part of the co-operative exchange program with Russia in the scientific, technical, educational and cultural fields. The ten members were from eight oil companies and the Department of the Interior and included specialists in various branches of the industry such as exploration, research, production, refining and economics. Consequently we were able to assemble a comprehensive picture.

When we saw how the Russians are operating, we began to realize the significance of what they have accomplished since 1950. Whereas the world doubled its oil production between 1950 and 1960, Russia quadrupled its own production. In 1950 the United States was producing seven times as much oil as Russia. In 1960 our daily production of 7,032,000 barrels was less than two and a half times as much as their 2,960,000 barrels.

The Russians have achieved this advance by using almost the same technical and management methods we use. The sobering fact is that they are just beginning their oil development. Their current production of both oil and gas is just about what ours was in 1929. However, they will not have the difficulties in finding and developing additional oil and gas fields that we have had since 1929, for the simple reason they now have the benefit of most of the techniques and concepts which we have laboriously developed in the past thirty years. Furthermore, and of maximum importance, the territory in the U.S.S.R. which is favorable to the existence of oil and gas, covering at least 3,000,000 square miles, is 70 per cent larger than the "hunting grounds" of the United States including Alaska. They have just begun to explore their country. We have found all our "easy" oil and are trying to track down the elusive deposits which we hope are there, but which offer precious few clues.

The geology of Russia and the United States is strikingly similar. The Russians have the same assortment of stratigraphic and structural conditions that are responsible for so many oil fields in this country. For example, the new Ural-Volga area is west Texas and Oklahoma all over again. Geologically, from their past experience and our own, there is no reason to prevent them from achieving or exceeding the oil-production goals which I saw in every planning office and displayed on charts in every museum. If they achieve these goals, we will find them fiercely competitive in the world market by 1965.

In order to locate new oil and gas structures, they are operating more than 400 seismograph crews—about the same number as are operating in this country—and are talking about 1200 in 1965. They are drilling wildcat wells in the wide open spaces as well as in the general vicinity of producing fields in order to increase their over-all knowledge of the geology and potential of their country.

The Soviet high command at last has learned that a great number of wildcat wells must be drilled to find oil and gas in quantities sufficient to supply expanding needs—and that many of them will be dry holes. The Russian geologist is no longer haunted with the specter of Siberia if he drills a dry hole. This means that by increasing their explorations, the Russians are increasing their chances of opening up vast new reserves because they have so much promising potential oil territory. They actually have an advantage over American explorers which shows up in Soviet statistics. Between 1950 and 1958 in the United States, we drilled about eleven and a half times more feet of hole—exploratory and development—than they did, but an informed guess indicates that we blocked out only a little more than twice as much crude oil and natural gas. So, by virtue of exploring in virgin country, they added about five times more reserves per foot drilled than we did.

I had been predisposed to believe that the human factor, as the result of their political and economic system, would be a deterrent to the kind of vigorous development achieved under the American free-enterprise system. It jolted me out of my complacency to discover that the Russians are using capitalist techniques to do the job. The Russians have copied the structure of United States corporations to a large degree. The competitive drive and incentives are similar. The chatter in the fields, the refineries and the research laboratories is the same as it is in Texas or Oklahoma. The local area manager fights to get his budget through in Moscow just as the Denver office of my company tries to get its plans approved by the Houston management.

There are the same human-relations problems between different branches of the industry that we have. I asked the members of a central research group if they had any difficulty in selling their ideas to the men in the field. There was a grin on every face.

The Russians are dedicated to competition—not competition among industries and units within industries to capture customers, but competition among themselves to please Moscow. Collectively they are dedicated to competition with the United States in the entire field of international business.

The incentive to produce more is supplied by personal and plant medals, bonuses and pay raises. Plant bonuses are spent by the plant manager in co-operation with the labor leaders to improve the plant and the community. This stimulus is enhanced by the hope of promotion. Engineers and scientists, for example, are being promoted into managerial positions in greater numbers just as they are in the United States.

Russian devotion to education is impressive. The engineers and scientists we talked to were well trained, competent and enthusiastic. We heard much of the elaborate effort to train workers to do a better job and to fit themselves for the next rung up the ladder.

To our chagrin, we found that the average Russian oilman knows more about the latest publications on science and technology than the average American oilman. Isolated behind the Iron Curtain, they rely upon the world's literature—instead of personal contacts—and they read translations of all technical and trade journals published in every language in the free world. This has its disadvantages. A geologist asked me if a certain geophysical technique was widely used in the United States. I happened to know that he could have heard of it only by reading one article in a certain trade journal. I had the impression that he was being needled by his superior because he wasn't using this technique. Deprived of any practical interchange of ideas, how could he or his superior know that this was a somewhat experimental technique which had been tried without success?

Everywhere we went the Russians were eager to talk shop. They were as eager to learn from us as we were from them. They volunteered a great deal of general information about their own operations and, when asked about details, were generally co-operative. Occasionally they ducked certain technical questions, saying the information had not yet been published. Only in Moscow, among the high planning executives, did we encounter any skilled evasive tactics. We were told at the outset that costs and reserves were trade secrets. But these are matters which competitive American companies also try to keep to themselves. There was very little political conversation. Geologist was talking to geologist, engineer to engineer and refining expert to refining expert. In that regard, we all talked the same language.

The political level is another world, and how far apart these worlds are was illustrated in a conference with a local field manager. In discussing the difference between our economic systems, he threw up his hands and said, "How is it possible for your economy to work without national planning?" Various members of the group attempted to explain. He didn't understand it and finally said, "Let's get back to the technical rather than the economic."

We were quite unprepared for the cordiality and friendliness with which we were received everywhere. For example, we were inspecting the Syzran refinery, about 500 miles southeast of Moscow. When we returned to the plant office from the refinery, almost the entire population of the small town had gathered in front of the building. They had never seen an American before. They were smiling and talking—they simply wanted to touch us.

When we visited the Kuibyshev refinery, the manager had planned an evening entertainment to show off the recreation center. Since the refinery employs 4500 people, the center was jammed with workers, old people and children. It was amateur night—ballet, accordion players, singers, comedians, dance music—and I've seen a lot worse on some of our best television shows at home. During an intermission an old lady, who had been watching us intently, jumped to her feet. She was your, or my, concept of what a typical old Russian peasant woman looks like. She said something in a loud voice, laughed and sat down. While she beamed at us amiably, our interpreter informed us that she had said, "I have finally seen an American and now I can die satisfied."

Nor was this friendliness and curiosity confined to the interior. In Leningrad I was on my way to the hotel's main dining room, where our group was having dinner, when I heard music coming from another room. I detoured to see what kind of party was in progress. A nice-looking young Russian saw me at the door, greeted me in English and asked me to join the party. "Come meet my bride," he said. After I had toasted the newly married couple, he introduced me to a blonde, saying, "You two must dance." We did. There was nothing but American jazz on the record player, and the only question I was asked by the several English-speaking Russians present was, "Do you love Louis Armstrong as much as we do?"

When we had finished our tour, we were asked to report back to a meeting of the State Scientific-Technical Committee to give our impressions. W. W. Keeler, executive vice president of Phillips Petroleum Company, gave a restrained and polite general report. G. V. Aleksenko, vice chairman of the committee, thanked him and then said, "But what's the matter with us?" Keeler and the rest of us accepted the invitation. We were quite frank. They showed no resentment, but they had an excuse for everything.

Our principal criticism was the striking extravagance we saw everywhere—too many people on the job and too much idle equipment in both oil fields and refineries. For example, in two oil fields which produced less than one third of Continental Oil Company's domestic production, they had more engineers than Continental has in its entire production department. The units within a Russian refinery are too numerous, too small and located too far apart. Safety standards are less rigorous than ours—no hard hats or steel-toed shoes. Low overhead pipes, bad stairways and a general absence of fire-fighting equipment were obvious safety hazards.

The Russians excused the excess manpower on the grounds that they are training people for the tremendous expansion being planned. More automation will be needed, too, and they are stressing its development. As for safety, they maintained their measures were adequate because of their record. But who reports the record and to whom?

The main reason for the extravagant use of people and materials seemed to me to be government ownership and management. Such extravagance increases costs, whether measured in money or constructive work left undone. The Soviet planners have been unable to overcome the inherent inefficiencies of government ownership. In a country in a hurry, with an admitted manpower shortage, they have had to utilize the majority of their womanpower. In Russia, Rosie the Riveter is already riveting in the cold war.

In one refinery we found a woman in coveralls running one of the most modern, expensive and complicated units. George Dunham, a director of Socony Mobil and a refining expert, questioned her at length. I asked him if she knew what she was talking about, and Dunham said, "That woman knows as much about operations of that unit as any man." We have no women working in such jobs in America. In the Kuibyshev refinery 35 per cent of the personnel are women. We saw women working in almost every type of job wherever we went.

We could have pointed out to the State

(Continued on Page 68)

Young Doctor Western

By Lorna Slocombe

Why is it, when a bullet hits
A character on TV,
As soon as the hero comes along
He gets down on one knee,
And with a fast look at the wound
Of the victim pale with fright,
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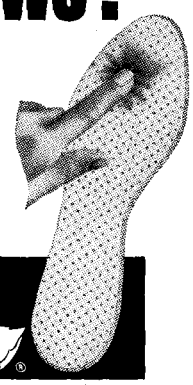

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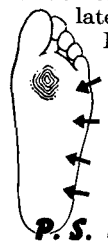

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(*Continued from Page 66*) Scientific-Technical Committee that, judging by what we saw and heard, Soviet drilling, producing and refining technology is not up to our 1960 par. The technological improvements borrowed from the Western world, together with their own improvements, add up to an over-all technology about as advanced as our American technology was in the mid-1940's. But what difference does this make in their skimming-of-the-cream stage? They can find, produce and refine an abundance of crude oil and natural gas by employing 1945 equipment and concepts.

What really concerned us was that after measuring our competitor's resources, ability and drive, we found them uncomfortably great. We needed to learn how Russia plans to use this strength and, more realistically, how Russia *can* use it. Are they going to keep it at home to build up their internal strength as we do? Or are they going to soft-pedal internal building somewhat by exporting crude oil and products in order to make economic and political hay in their satellites and in the free world?

In 1955 an exportable oil surplus was achieved, and the Russians have been increasing their exports ever since. That they intend to continue to increase their exports is clear, but the amount of increase isn't. At a conference with Evgueni Gourov, president of the Soviet agency in charge of petroleum export and import, the members of our delegation asked him what the agency's long-range export goal was. Although Gourov spoke fluent English, he had a great deal of difficulty in understanding the question, and no satisfactory answer was obtained. Nevertheless, his English was particularly clear when he stated that he did not object to competition for markets, considering it good and necessary. But he felt that some competitive methods which he had run up against were unfair. He felt that a more co-operative attitude by the international oil companies with the Soviet oil industry could be mutually beneficial. We wondered about his choice of the word "mutually."

The Soviet planners deny that they would *penalize* home consumption in order to expand exports. Nevertheless, they admit that they must balance economic opportunities outside the Soviet Union. Whenever the Russians use the word "economic" in this context, I also hear the word "political." Judging by the published seven-year plan—1959–1965—their idea of balance is approximately double present exports of crude oil and products to a rate of close to 900,000 barrels per day in 1965, or close to 19 per cent of their crude-oil production. This amount would give them more than enough oil to become a major competitive force in world markets.

We already have proof of how the Russians capitalize on these "economic-political" opportunities. They traded oil for coffee in Brazil. They traded oil for sugar in Cuba. They are supplying oil to Iceland for fish products and to Egypt for cotton. They stand ready to trade for Indian jute, Italian pipe, Swedish timber. Nor does it necessarily have to be a barter deal. They have offered to supply the Indian Government with all its oil requirements at 20 per cent less than anyone else offers. Recently they underbid American and British companies for the major share of Egypt's crude-oil business. At least some of the trades, such as those involving diesel fuel, which is scarce in Russia, must be politically inspired.

There is another side to their export story, however—consumer satisfaction. Up till now, many of the Soviet's customers have not been satisfied. Their most available export sources of crudes are "problem crudes." They contain either too much sulphur or too much salt, and refineries must have special equipment to handle them. For example, Russian oil could not be refined in Brazilian refineries without damaging equipment. The first tankerful of gasoline to Cuba wouldn't run automobiles. The over-all quality of their gasoline and products cannot compete currently on the world market. But this the Russians can remedy. They are actually beginning to do just that.

Can they afford this economic warfare? I estimated that their exploration and production costs have to be much higher than the costs of their chief competitors from the Middle East. However, the Russians are offering oil today on the Black Sea for $1.10 per barrel. The actual average *cost*, without profit, of Middle East oil laid down on the Mediterranean, a competitive point, is about $1.40 per barrel. Middle East oil is the cheapest in the world, owing to the great producing capacity of the wells. However, the big producing cost per barrel is the average seventy-three cents the Middle East producers must pay the sovereign as royalty. Russia doesn't have to pay itself a royalty.

Furthermore, costs are meaningless when the chief executive officer of Russia—a politician—is at the same time chief executive of all businesses in the country. He can claim a profit has been made if gains in certain segments of the business exceed losses in other areas. Furthermore, this same chief executive told United States Congressmen in 1955, "We value trade least for economic reasons and most for political reasons." When he juggles his bookkeeping to include political profits, he doesn't ever have to be in the red.

The man who doesn't have a fault probably doesn't have a wife either.

CY N. PEACE

This lack of economic discipline is not enjoyed by the oil companies of the free world. On the contrary, these companies are now engaged in a vigorous competitive struggle the like of which has not been seen for many a day because of an oversupply of oil in the world. This requires close adherence to economic realities. The oil companies are already sharpening their weapons in cutting operating costs, developing new technologies, researching new uses for oil at home and seeking out uses which will be of particular benefit to underdeveloped countries.

In the matter of utilization of oil and gas at home, Russia is definitely moving in our direction. They are rapidly replacing their expensive low-grade coal with much cheaper, more flexible and convenient oil and gas. In 1958 oil and gas supplied about 31 per cent of their energy requirements. That's about where the United States was in 1929. By 1965 they expect almost to triple 1958 consumption of hydrocarbon energy with oil and gas supplying 50 per cent of energy requirements. That's about where we were in 1948. They are moving very fast, but have a long road ahead to reach our present position. We consume about three and a half times as much energy per capita as they do, and oil and gas supply 72 per cent of our energy.

The emphasis which the Russians are placing on gas is a clue to how they can satisfy both domestic and exporting goals. The more gas they use internally the more oil they will have to export. During the 1950's, due to their increased exploration, they found great new gas fields, and between 1950 and 1960 they increased their gas production eight times to almost 1,700,000,000,000 cubic feet. Our 1960 production was close to 13,000,000,000,000, approximately eight times theirs. They traded oil for Italian pipe and have laid—or are in the process of constructing—gas lines from producing areas to industrial areas all over the country. The gas is primarily used for industrial fuel. But in Moscow, for instance, there has been an increase in its use for home heating. They told us that by 1965 they expected to be producing more than three times as much gas as today.

We know that today the strength of a nation and its income per capita is directly proportional to that nation's consumption of energy, principally oil and gas. The Russians know it too. They are on the verge of becoming as strong an oil-and-gas-energy-based economy as the United States. This will automatically bring a great improvement in their standard of living.

Everywhere we went we discovered that they seem to be more proud of their progress than we are in the United States. It is the same sort of pioneer pride of accomplishment which the bustling citizens of Denver had a half century ago, compared to settled New Yorkers. Their indoctrination of the general public is impressive. There are museums and exhibits every place, and they are well attended. Incidentally, Russia is a great country for the fellow who makes models. There are models of drilling rigs, oil fields and refineries, models of petrochemical plants—now only a gleam in the Kremlin fathers' eyes—with explanations of what they will mean to the country. There are maps showing where the oil and gas pipelines are and will be. There are charts showing their petroleum goals. The exhibits are loaded with propaganda—but they get the desired results. There is no propaganda in the amount of progress they have made to date, a fact which is a great selling point for them in touting the advantages of the Communist system in other countries.

As an American oilman, I am subject to and relish vigorous competition. We didn't invent it and have no patent on it, but it is our way of life. Being an oilman, I am a natural optimist. I have to be in order to forget the eight dry holes we drill in the United States in order to find each new field. I am confident that we American oilmen who operate abroad will be able to meet Russian competition not only in dollars and cents but in the political market place. However, we have been the world oil champion for so long it is tough to recognize the fact that we are scheduled for a championship match with an opponent who has copied our style, is fresh to the ring and, in some respects, may have more staying power. Furthermore, Ivan doesn't recognize the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Nor do I see any referees around with sufficient authority to call a foul.

In the final analysis perhaps the most significant finding of our studies is the realization that Russia no longer has to acquire energy by conquest. They have all the strength they need within their own borders. This makes Russia and the United States the only two great industrial nations who are in this position. This is why I believe that what the Russians are finding under their feet may be of more importance in the next decade to the outcome of the world's economic and political struggle than what they are doing in the stratosphere. THE END

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The Magic of Creativity

(Continued from Page 25)

is in addition, I believe, a third element in what makes possible the transformation of dreams into realities, in what turns man's stark-naked fancy into an entity reproachably clothed: a fact. Perhaps we might look into how imagination works, to find what this element may be.

When man faces something knowable and real, whether it is an object, a dilemma or a historical event, he directs toward it the battery of his functions of knowing—sensation, which tells him something is there; thought, which reasons what it can be; feeling, which tells him what it means to him; and intuition, which sporadically informs him of the why, the whence and the whither of the object. These four functions go to produce a total judgment, as far as the man is able to utilize them. It is when he is faced with the unknown that man's imagination springs to the fore, like a fountain gushing up out of a rock. It presents him, not with information about the unknown as it really is, but with an image of what the unknown is *like*. Nobody, for instance, knows what imagination itself really is. But it is like a fountain gushing up out of the rock.

In a sense, then, the workings of imagination can be said to be the facing *of* the unknown *by* the unknown. Man cannot endure not knowing about things; he can endure it even less than knowing about them, which can be quite unendurable too. So, out of ignorance, up springs fancy with its pictures. Sometimes, as we have seen, making her private image of what she doesn't know can lead a lady to put her finger in a fuse socket, with results we may mournfully deduce. Or imagination can make a breach between friends, founded on nothing more malign than a moment's brusqueness. Or imagination can lead to the creation of the flying machine. Or to *War and Peace*—the novel, as well as the states of affairs; for, as John Knowles says in his novel, *A Separate Peace*, wars are made by something ignorant in the human heart. In any of these cases, original motive power was supplied, not by altruism, knowledge or virtue, but by fancy, idle or employed.

We might make, of the faculty of imagination in its relation to the *real* world, an image of the blind spot in the eye. Opposite to where the sightless optic nerve empties into the retina there is in the scenery a tiny blank area which is normally compensated for by the other eye. Some percentage of motor accidents is said to be caused by the blind spot. At such times, the other eye did not sufficiently hasten to explain that little unseen area, in terms of what, in all reason, it had to be.

Not in this way, but in something *like* this way, imagination attempts to explain to man what he doesn't know in terms of other things that he does know. "Like" is the key word. *Like a poultice comes silence*, writes Oliver Wendell Holmes, maybe because he was a doctor. *Like an eagle caged I pine*, writes Epes Sargent when he's feeling landlocked and forlorn ashore. *Forlorn—the very word is like a bell.* But Keats, a much better poet, seldom used the actual word "like." As Archibald MacLeish has pointed out, a poem should not mean but be. In other words, *like* the flying machine, the poem is an imagining that has completed itself, that has come true. In some way, while facing the unknown with the unknown, the mind of the imaginer has contrived to arrange, before its spot of blindness, a compensation which truly fits—which does not *mean*, but turns out *to be*. Only one person makes this image of the hitherto unknown; but other people—society, if you like—read the poem and, certainly in the case of Keats's image, society recognizes it as true. James Russell Lowell says that the story of any one man's real experience finds its startling parallel in every one of us.

Now, "universal" is one of those words people turn to when they can't explain why a piece of writing should be so good. I would prefer not to use it. But how are we to explain the affinity between Keats and a host of conventional readers who are nothing like unconventional Keats? How is it that on some level Keats and his readers become, not the artist versus society, but the artist and society?

Not only in the arts is the unseeing used to face the unseen and, by means of images, discern truth. In the field of chemistry, for instance, a long account by the nineteenth-century German chemist Kekulé describes his coming upon his famous benzine theory. "I was sitting engaged in writing my textbook," he writes, "but it wasn't going very well. I . . . sank into a doze. . . . Atoms flitted before my eyes" (as they had before, when "I saw that frequently two smaller atoms were coupled together, that larger ones seized the two smaller ones, and that all whirled around in a bewildering dance."). "Smaller groups now kept modestly in the background. My mind's eye, sharpened by repeated visions of a similar sort, now distinguished larger structures of varying forms. Long rows close together, all in movement, winding and turning like serpents! And see! What was that? One of the serpents seized its own tail, and the form whirled mockingly before my eyes. I came awake like a flash of lightning. I spent the night working out the consequences of the hypothesis. . . . If we learn to dream, gentlemen, then we shall, perhaps, find the truth. We must take care, however," the scientist adds, "not to publish our dreams before submitting them to proof by the waking mind." The point to note is that what turned out to fill the missing need, the unseen area, in the benzine theory was not anything primarily pertinent to chemistry, but a particularly subjective image.

Again, Anatole France, in one of his stories about historical church figures, tells of the Abbé Oegger, who was a dreamer much given to worrying, particularly about Judas. It worried the abbé incessantly that Judas—so the teachings of the Church declared—was condemned to eternal punishment. The abbé felt that Judas actually was doing God's work, that his betrayal of Christ was essential in enabling Christ to complete his work of redemption of mankind. For if it had not been for Judas's act, Christ could not have been crucified; hence, resurrected either. Therefore, Oegger felt, a merciful God could not possibly have damned Judas. But the abbé was tortured by doubts. One night he went into the church and prayed to God to send him a sign. Thereupon he felt a heavenly touch on his shoulder. Next day he went to the archbishop and told him he had made up his mind to go out into the world to preach the gospel of God's infinite forgiveness toward sinners. Not long after going out into the world, Oegger left the Catholic Church and continued his preaching within the fold of Swedenborgianism.

The Swiss psychologist and psychiatrist, C. G. Jung, commenting on this account, points out an interesting angle to Oegger's obsession with the problem of Judas: "When he becomes a Swedenborgian, we can now understand his Judas phantasy. Oegger was himself the Judas who betrayed his Lord. Therefore he had first to assure himself of God's mercy, in order to play the role of Judas undisturbed. For him, Judas was the symbol of his own unconscious intention; and he made use of the symbol in order to reflect upon his own situation—the direct realization would have been too painful for him." By the analogy we have been using, we might say that Oegger was using an outside unknown to solve an inside blind spot; since at the time of his absorption with Judas, Oegger was quite blind to the plan that was forming itself deep in him. His worries about the arch-traitor of Christendom fitted his own unacceptable intention. There was a sort of likeness between a part of him and Judas.

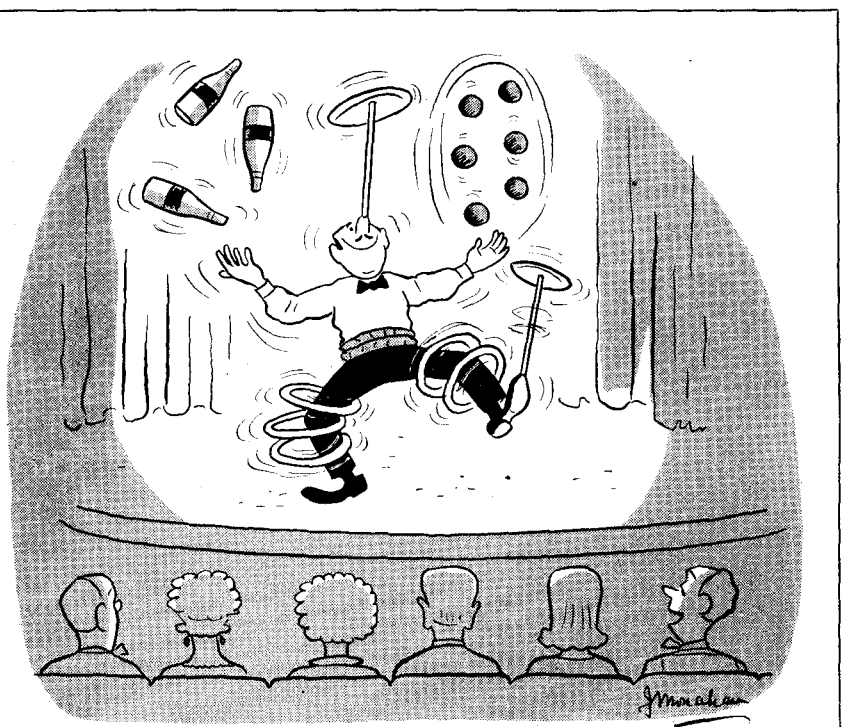
I have said I believe that there is an element in the transformation of dreams into realities, quite apart from scientific verification of hypotheses, and the application of elbow grease. This element is demonstrated in the two examples I just cited, where the solution to the problems involved was provided, not by conscious functioning, but by imagination itself. Not Kekulé's scientific knowledge—profound as that needed to be—but his drowsy fancy supplied the missing link in the benzine theory. It was not Oegger's reasoning about the morality of an intention he didn't even know he had that enabled him to prepare the ground for his defection from Catholicism. Instead, a long period of worrying about the fate of Judas culminated in a conviction that mercy would be shown a defector.

That element in imagination which leads out of dreamland into the world of facts, actions and reality is, I believe, its peculiar two-way functioning. Things that are unknown and terrible in the outside world are *like* known things in man's inner world. Conversely, unknown and terrible inner things can be compared to things that are visible abroad. The ocean, for example—in its violence, turbulence, immensity, calm, its grandeur—is like an element that exists within man's mind. On this inner ocean he often feels himself to be sailing; or from the ocean, stepping ashore onto some desert island. Or he is being shipwrecked on it or stranded in a Sargasso Sea. Since man did, in a preliminary manifestation, crawl out of the ocean and is still composed largely of sea water, it is at least conceivable to think of him as bearing the sea within him, as a conch shell does. It would be hard to say which, then, comes first for man when he imagines—the outside or the inside sea.

Likewise, it may readily be seen that one of these two oceans has to be an image of the other. One is the reality; the other is the symbol. But which is which? It is easy to say that the outside sea is the real one. But when a woman is so abnormally fearful of the ocean that she won't go on it, even in fair weather with a light breeze; or if she looks into its green and wavering depths with horror and has no trust in a quite seaworthy vessel, isn't she making of the outside ocean merely an image of the kind of ocean she has inside her? The fact is that it is characteristic of imagination to move from the outer to the inner, and from the inner back to the outer, in a wavelike motion. In the world of the imagination, correspondences exist to everything. "My heart is like a singing bird." "A drowsy numbness pains my sense as though of hemlock I had drunk." "My luve is like a red, red rose."

In the world of outer reality, of course, everything is unique. Each snowflake in a blizzard is a little different from every other snowflake. A poem, created by comparing things to other things, is, once out in the world, unique. As a completed poem, it "should not mean but be." A jet plane—the end result of some poor wretch in antiquity looking up at the sky with the feeling that part of him was like a bird and could fly—is not really like a bird. It is like nothing but a jet plane. Man still tends to feel that there is something in him like a bird. But now he sees that this isn't a plane at all. The feeling is still in him, unsatisfied by his ability to reach Paris in six and a half hours. One quality of the real world, in fact, would seem to be uniqueness. We can say that when a dream has been transformed into a reality, when a poem is successful, it is not like any other real thing. In the outside world it is only when a creation is unsuccessful, incomplete—as in the case of a derivative painting or when a person is living somebody else's life—that things are like other things.

It is in the world of the imagination that things are incomplete, identifiable only by being compared to other things.



"It's not as easy as it looks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The comparison helps them to become complete and real. *My luve*, Burns says, *is like a red, red rose.* Does he mean a girl, when he says his love, or does he mean the love he has for the girl? Does he mean a rose in the garden or the rose his heart feels like? What does it matter? He has the world with him. Everybody knows how a rose feels and how a girl smells. Everybody knows how a feeling blooms and how red sings. Rose, girl, love and red make up a completed line of poetry that is not like any other.

This article might have been subtitled, "The Role of Society in the Writer." The reason I didn't call it that was that I felt sure, sooner or later, it would be misunderstood as what I don't want to write about and am not writing about—the role of the writer in society. Society, meaning the agglomeration of people standing for the social *status quo*, plays a symbolic part as large as any ocean in the writer—particularly in the novelist. Frank O'Connor has, in fact, defined the subject of any novel as almost invariably the relation of the individual to society. Since the novel is a work of the imagination, however, not only its characters are imaginary, but also the society to which they are set in relation. Sometimes the society in books is very imaginary indeed, like the various societies in *Gulliver's Travels*, or like the small, furry, talking animals that constitute the good society in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in The Willows*. Sometimes it is less imaginary, like Thackeray's heartless society in *Vanity Fair*, or Dickens's sadistic society in *Bleak House*. Or like Jane Austen's decorous society, for a society set in the England of the early nineteenth century which never converses on the burning topic of the Napoleonic Wars is imaginary indeed. Jane Austen's notably talkative characters never even refer to them. Society, as a matter of fact, is the real hero of Jane Austen's novels.

But times have changed. I can't imagine a novelist today who would make a hero out of society—although early nineteenth-century English society wasn't precisely Utopian either. Jack Kerouac is one of the modern novelists whose images of the social *status quo* seem "terrifying, like villainous." In *The Dharma Bums* there is a passage in which Rosie, who had once been "a real gone chick and friend of everyone of consequence," goes crazy and tries to cut her wrists. She insists there is going to be a big revolution of police. "The police are going to swoop down and arrest us all, and . . . we're going to be questioned for weeks . . . and maybe years, till they find out all the sins and crimes that have been committed, it's a network, it runs in every direction, finally they'll arrest everyone in North Beach and even Greenwich Village and then Paris, and then finally they'll have *everybody* in jail. . . . They're going to destroy you. I can see it . . . it's only begun. . . . Oh, the world will never be the same!"

Although this is said by a disturbed character, her speech is given a vital importance in the novel, motivating the protagonist, Ray, to leave town and hit the road once more. "'Isn't this the time to start following what I know to be true?'" he asks himself. "I said good-by to Japhy and the others and hopped my freight back down the Coast to L. A. Poor Rosie, she had been absolutely *certain* that the world was real, and fear was real; and now what was real?" Kerouac here imagines the forces of society as punitive and disciplinary, symbolized by berserk police. On the other hand, it is important to note that an equally modern and rebellious novelist, Paul Bowles, can rail at today's society in exactly opposite terms, seeing it as slack, inert and overpermissive.

A successful work of art is, as we have seen, not like any other thing in the real world. But just as God created man in His own image, man does create his works of art—or his anything else; his chemical formula or his plans to defect—in the image of himself. The two-way functioning of the imagination thus holds good for one further step. What the writer creates is *like* something in its creator. One reason a society can get so angry at novelists like Thomas Wolfe and D. H. Lawrence is that society, too, has done some imagining. It has imagined that, by some feat of magic, writers can look into the secret lives of the people they take as models for their characters. This seems to many an infringement on privacy. But a case can be made for what I think is the fact: that no one really knows anything about anyone else, except by deduction and induction, intuition and empathy. Certainly not by magic. The rest is all imagination. Since the long-gone day of the Elizabethan poet, Sir Philip Sidney, *look in thy heart, and write* has meant just that. It does not mean, *look in someone else's heart*, for that is impossible.

In the greatest novels—novels as different as *War and Peace* and E. M. Forster's *Howard's End*—we do, however, see demonstrated something far more magical. This is the existence of a brotherhood of man, an underlying unity, demonstrated precisely because the recognitions that such novels awake are born not out of a shared experience, but out of a solitary one. A man alone makes images that turn out to be common to all. His characters spring not so much from observation as from imagination. That character in his novels which is society is much the same order of image that we all use when we imagine fearfully "What will people think?" or longingly "I wish I were like other people." But it should never be forgotten that, in all his projections, the novelist is expressing not the self he knows himself to be but a self of which he is, so far, unaware.

For just as it is hard for people who distrust imagination to accept living by the imagination, it is hard for the writer to accept that he is anything else but a writer. Statistically, however, the writer is a member of society as well, whether he wants to be or not. There is no such thing as not being a member of society. He can be a reluctant member if he chooses. He can be an irresponsible member, or a dissident member, or a useless member. But he is a member; he is a part of why society is whatever it is. There are writers of today—rejecting, or unaware of, the member of society in themselves—to be seen on every hand railing at society, at war with it. The English poet, George Barker, even advocates the complete cutting loose of the artist from society, to go it alone on standards set solely by himself. In my view this is alarming not just because an artist, cut off from real society, would have nobody to communicate with except other artists. As the poet, W. H. Auden, says, "Those who have no interest in communication do not become artists; they become mystics or madmen." It is alarming because it means that the artist would be, all unconscious of what he was doing, splitting himself in two—the social side from the writer side—and following the profound schismatic tendency that has appeared, since Luther, in every activity that goes deep into man's psyche.

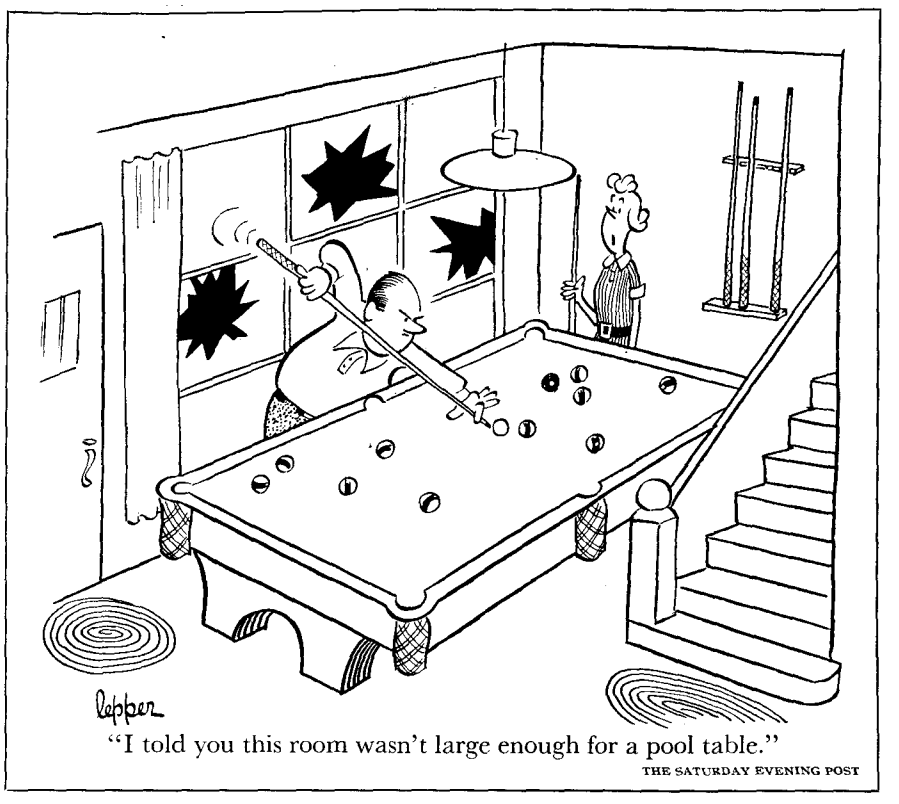
As we have seen, the society the writer puts into his work is not real society. It is merely his image of society. It is *like* society. It is something, in the common phrase, out of his own head. If he pictures society as hateful and vicious, he pictures something unrecognized in himself; some Judas to his Christ. Mr. Kerouac's police-state version of society, for instance, must needs compensate a conscious self much in want of discipline. And indeed is that not what we do find in the undoubtedly gifted Kerouac? The writer generally feels that, by living in his imagination, he is somehow unique. But we have seen that, actually, it is only in the real world that things are ever unique—complete poems, complete inventions, complete people. In the world of imagination, a thing can only be like something else. What the writer's self is like—the part his imagination reveals—is in the thing he writes.

Keats's beautiful and frightening *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* expresses, as few poems have, a particular doom. It is the fate of one who loiters on the inhuman, cold hillside of imagination, after the granary is full and the harvest's done. If only, armed by what he learned of the danger of living in imagination, in the dream of pale kings and princes, that knight could have fled a land where no birds sing! She who has him in thrall is both an image of the fairy queen who reigns over poetry and a clinical picture of the deathly radiant mother who, psychologically speaking, draws her love victims to her in the embrace of tuberculosis. To us with hindsight it is unendurable to realize what Keats understood about himself—and at the same time was blind to. The wavelike motion which we have seen imagination describe is, actually, itself an imitation of—it is *like*—the wavelike motion of real life. Real life flows in to the real self and out to the real world again.

There was once a monk who, in order to escape the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, went into the desert to live alone in a cave. But at night, in the shadows his solitary fire cast against the walls of his cave, he found himself haunted by the same voluptuous and carnal images he had run away from. Just so the writer, in order to write, is obliged to leave the world of society, at least for the hours in which he is writing. Solitude, James Russell Lowell said, is as needful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character. Thus sequestered, the writer's imagination is freed to pursue its work of endless likening; of visualizing the unknown in terms of the known. Only shadows of the real world, of society, haunt his study's walls. He can fight the shadows, he can scream at them, he can put out his fire and say there are no shadows. Or he can recollect himself. He can know the shadows for his social self, which is always there, whether he likes it or not. So he begins to make his peace with the world and to build a bridge between imagination and reality.

What the imagination is, in relation to whatever exists, is unknown and latent within the *status quo*. Imagination's special function is to bring to light this hidden X, through a process of comparing it with what is already visible. *Status quo* and imagination thus cannot exist healthily apart. For the writer to reject society and the world is as tragic as when society denies, as it so often does, the imagination. Those who refuse to accept imagination, cutting it off in terms of "nothing but," reject their own future. They restrict life to what has already, up to date, been realized.

For imagination is new reality in the process of being created. It represents the part of the existing order that can still grow. THE END



"I told you this room wasn't large enough for a pool table."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Jung, Carl G.
Symbols of Transformation
Pantheon
$5.00

Perkins, Maxwell E.
Editor to Author
Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.
$1.45

Knowles, John
A Separate Peace
Macmillan
$3.50

The Oxford Book of English Verse
Oxford U.P.
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Kerouac, Jack
The Dharma Bums
Signet
$.50

Nowell, Elizabeth
Letters of Thomas Wolfe
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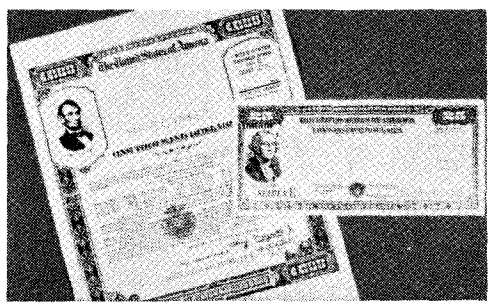
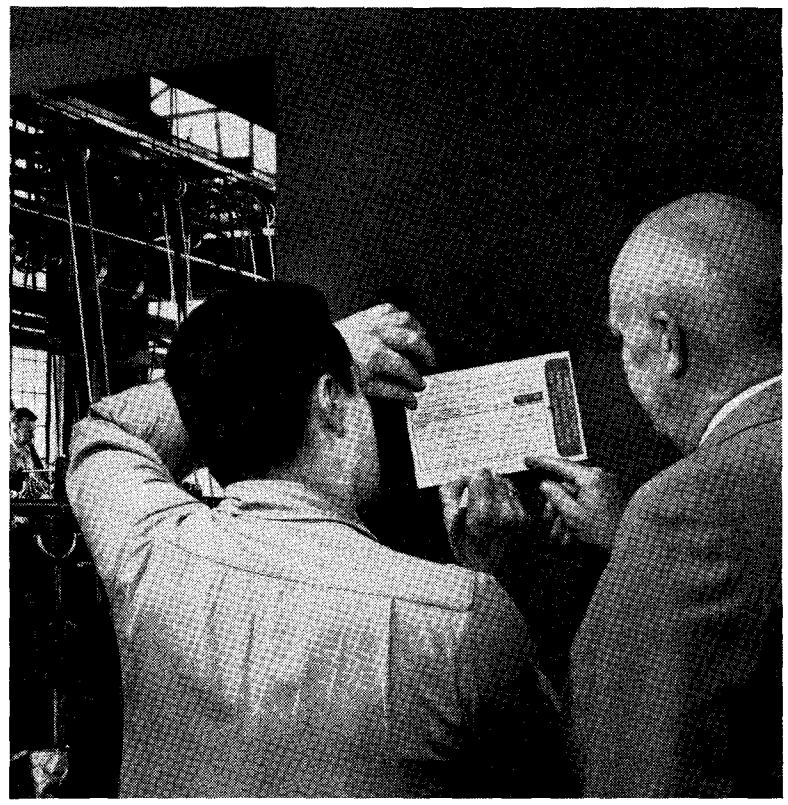
A U. S. Savings Bond is better than money. It grows. Plant $18.75 in a Savings Bond and in 7¾ years it'll be $25—a full one-third bigger. The U. S. Government guarantees this growth. And if you can't afford to lay out the full purchase price, you can buy Savings Bonds a bit at a time through your Payroll Department where you work. It's an automatic installment plan that costs you no interest or carrying charges.



Savings Bonds are smaller and bigger. Today's Bonds are about half the size of the earliest ones. Yet they pay 3¾% interest—more than ever before.

Advantages to think about

You can save automatically on the Payroll Savings Plan, or buy Bonds at any bank • You now earn 3¾% to maturity, ½% more than ever before • You invest without risk under a U. S. Government guarantee • Your Bonds are replaced free if lost or stolen • You can get your money with interest anytime you want it • You save more than money—you buy shares in a stronger America.



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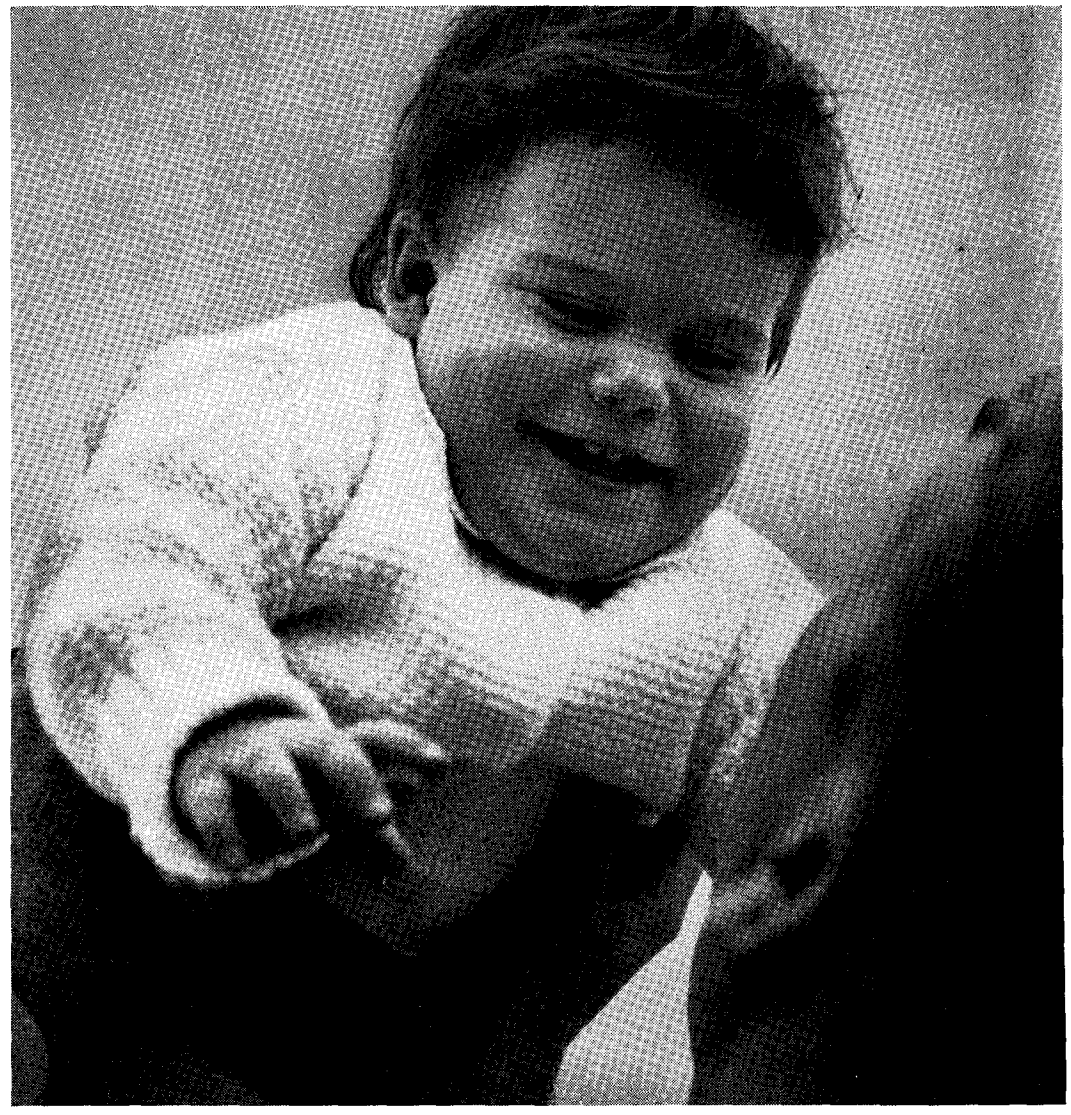

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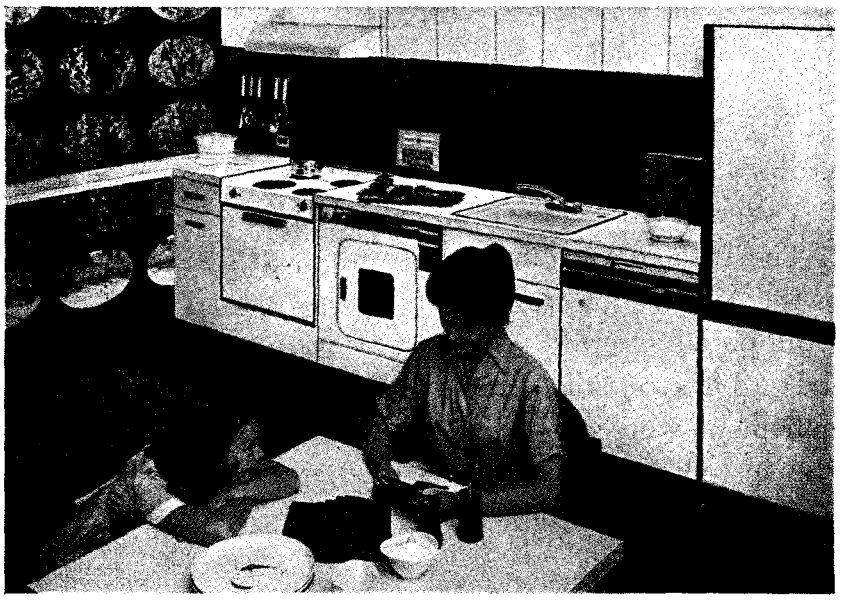
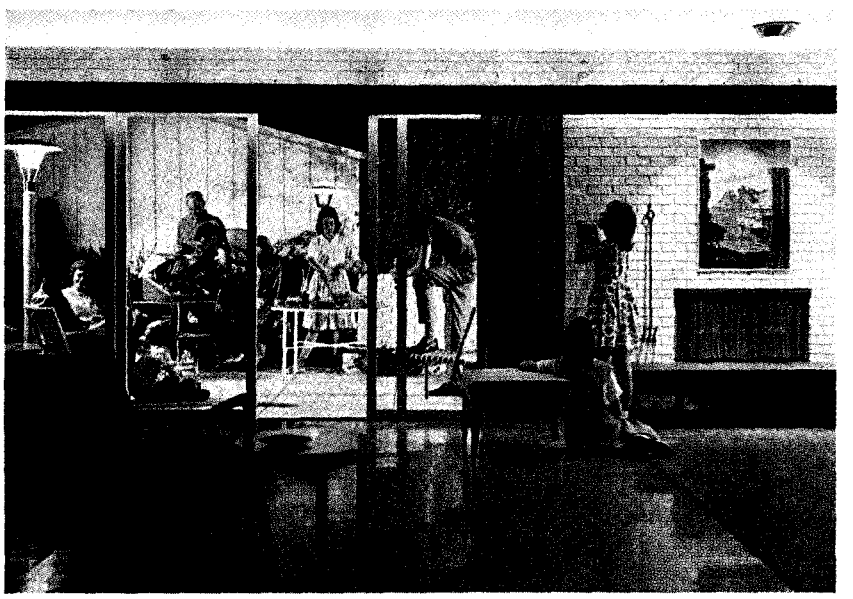
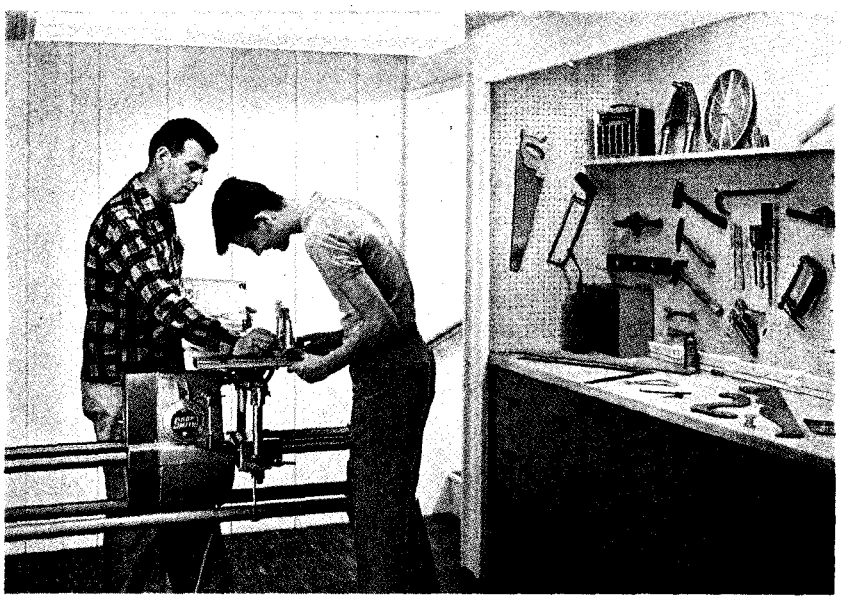


2. Full staff of electrical servants—that's another wonder of Medallion Home living. Electric major appliances are in the blueprint, *designed* in—not stuck in. Aladdin had to rub a lamp. All *you* do is push a button or two and before your very eyes the drudgery disappears from cooking. Dishes and clothes are washed and dried. You have more time for your family.



3. Eye-saving Light for Living goes beyond mere illumination. It can set a room's mood, highlight one of your treasures or emphasize décor. Why, lighting enlarges your home by extending living areas outdoors. Patio, back yard, terrace—all serve you de*light*fully after dark. Think of the dramatic effects at Christmas, summer cook-outs even after nightfall.



4. Power a-plenty—say goodbye to blown fuses, overloaded circuits or dimming light bulbs. This is Full Housepower—wiring planned for the present *and* for any future appliances. For more information contact your electric utility or send 15 cents *in coin* for booklet, "Step into a Bright New World" to General Electric Co., P.O. Box 111, New Concord, Ohio.

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What Can Be Done About Unemployment?

(Continued from Page 15)

unemployed, especially long-term unemployed, find themselves.

- About 1,750,000 of March's unemployed had been out of work for fifteen weeks or longer, half of them for twenty-seven weeks or longer.
- As late as the end of February, the number of persons receiving unemployment-insurance benefits was the largest ever recorded in the history of the program—nearly 3,500,000. In addition, by the end of March, there were 700,000 other jobless persons who had drawn all of the money to which they were entitled, were still unemployed and facing critical personal problems.
- Over the past year the number of people working in our factories—the largest industrial group in this country—fell by 1,000,000. Most of the drop took place in metalworking industries, especially steel, autos and machinery. Just about every one of the major industrial enterprises in America lost workers over the year.

Those facts are the skeleton of the truth. The flesh and blood is something else. Jess Mullenix, a fifty-year-old steelworker with three children, told me tearfully in Columbus, Ohio, that he was losing the home he had built himself.

Standing next to Mullenix was another of the human beings who make up the 700,000 figure of "exhaustees"—Helen Cummings out of work for nine months, out of unemployment benefits since October and now trying to get along with her child on an Ohio relief check of thirty-five dollars a month. In some areas of the country there are no relief checks.

One of the almost 700,000 people out of work for longer than six months is Harry Williams, a laborer, who told me in Detroit he had worked only five days last year and was getting by on his wife's salary.

Another is Frank Stiller, a fifty-four-year-old Ohio millwright who has worked only a year since 1957.

The hundreds of people with whom I have talked, and the many thousands who have written to me, all seem to share common emotions—bewilderment about the deep causes of their predicament and angry disappointment that their futures could blow away before their eyes on the winds of economic change.

Many millions of Americans had confidence in 1949 that after the first postwar recession was over, lasting full employment would return. They thought the same, I feel sure, in 1954 and again in the considerable recession of 1958–59. Now, less than two years later, many are being laid off again, and the unemployment has reached its most serious size in twenty years.

What's wrong?

The causes of our unemployment are, of course, varied. We do understand what is happening, however, and the programs that President Kennedy has been sending to Congress are based upon that knowledge.

Unemployment in America has three faces. The first is that of the young man or woman in the class graduation picture, turning now to the serious business of finding a career. Or it may be that of the boy or girl not in the picture, the dropout who left school before graduating and whose unfinished education will prove a costly handicap in the search for a good job. Or it may be that of the skilled worker who has resigned his job because personal considerations have dictated a change, perhaps across town, perhaps across the country. All are counted as unemployed until they find work.

Because we are a mobile, energetic people with an eye for the greener grass, the better chance, we always have this kind of transitional unemployment with us. It is not distressing so long as jobs are plentiful. When opportunity starts to shrink, however, as during a severe recession, it can and often does lead to more serious unemployment. And, contrary to some popular notions, the student, the dropout, the man who voluntarily quits and others like them are not qualified for unemployment insurance.

There are also seasonal fluctuations throughout the economic year that run the unemployment figures up or down. When the late autumn winds bring snow to the Midwestern plains and Eastern cities, the farm worker, the carpenter and bricklayer start seeking other work—and are counted as unemployed until they find it.

If this first face of unemployment, the transitional or seasonal, were all that our nation had to worry about, we would have the most successful and generous economy possible on earth. Unfortunately that is not the case.

The second face of unemployment is the one you see in Detroit, in Fort Wayne, in Pittsburgh and in other industrial centers where employment follows deeper and longer-term trends. Those industries depend upon markets; markets respond according to demand, and demand fluctuates according to swings in the business cycle. This kind of unemployment is, therefore, termed "cyclical." After the war, for example, the demand for automobiles, homes, clothes, appliances and other goods was tremendous. Employment in those industries shot up. As demand was satisfied, employment leveled off.

Recessions bring cyclical unemployment. As business slows down, the goods that dealers and salesmen have on their shelves and in their warehouses start to mount up, orders for more goods are cut, production at the factory slows down, and workers are laid off. Unemployment rises in the nation's job centers. We are able to measure these changes across the country. Thus, more than half of the 150 major labor markets in America now have unemployment rates of 6 per cent or better, putting them in the "substantial unemployment" category.

The third and saddest face of unemployment, the kind that causes the severe human problems now being encountered by hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens, is due to deep economic forces of great magnitude and power—failure of an entire industry because of new materials and overwhelming competition, depletion of a natural resource, relocation of an industry, obsolescence of occupational skill.

Specifically, the decline of the railroad industry and the consequent drying up of jobs in places like Altoona, Pennsylvania, the impact of oil and gas and automation upon the coal-mining industry of West Virginia, the contraction of the textile industry and its departure from places like Providence and Fall River—all are examples of this lasting, "structural" unemployment.

Its impact upon a community and its people can be catastrophic. In the coal region of southern Illinois, in once-thriving towns like Centralia, Herrin, Murphysboro and Mount Vernon, FOR SALE signs blossom along the quiet streets, shopping centers are idle, and 31,500 people wait for Government food packages once a month.

The textile-manufacturing area around Providence, Rhode Island, has lost 26,000 jobs since 1950.

Thirty years ago 31,000 men were at work in Johnstown, Pennsylvania's, coal mines. Today 5800 are lucky to find part-time work. The city's other major source of employment, steel, has lost 8000 jobs since 1957.

This story is repeated through seventeen major cities and eighty-three smaller ones in twenty-six states—blighted areas of persistent and chronic unemployment that have for years been fighting economic decadence.

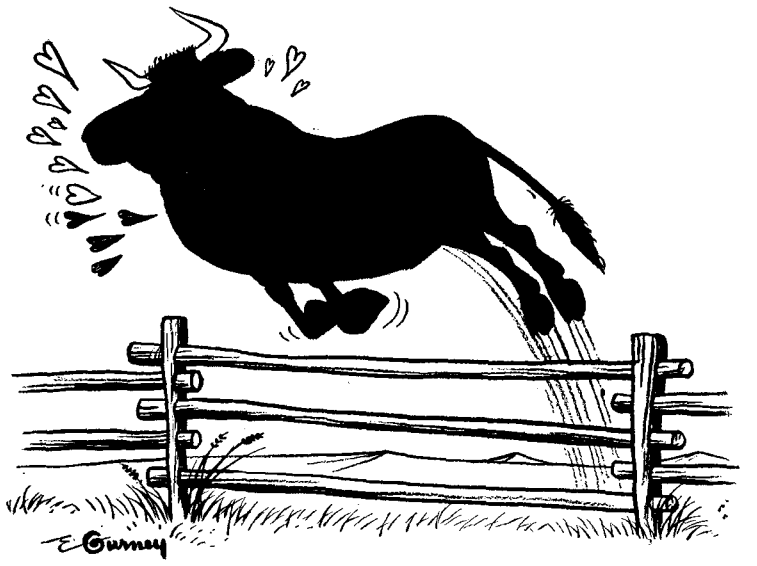
It is almost impossible to overstate the effect of long-term unemployment on the people in these areas. Around the towns of Davis and Thomas in West Virginia, for instance, there were once fifteen active mines taking the "black gold" out of the surrounding hills. Today there are none. Almost 40 per cent of the population of Tucker County, in which the towns are located, has moved away in the last ten years. The valley, in the words of its people, is "blowed out."

For the people that remain, the future seems as bleak as a winter that never ends. The older people who have spent their lives building homes, schools and churches now watch the young people leaving. "Home" for them will never be in those towns again.

Recently a senator from a hard-hit state spoke movingly about a visit to an economically stranded town. His words have meaning for places in many states: "I thought of the children I saw one day a couple of years ago, marching down the street in a high-school band. One of the store owners almost tearfully pointed out to me that the young people of the town were leaving, that there was nothing to keep them, nothing upon which they could pin their hopes for the future. I thought of the Pied Piper of Hamelin—how, when he went away, he took the children of the community with him, and how they never returned."

The band music of prosperity has died out in dozens of American towns because of change. And change is what we must acknowledge, face and plan for today. For what is happening in our economic life is a long-term decline in manufacturing employment, a trend now becoming so obstinate and definite that its nature is becoming structural instead of merely cyclical.

In the manufacturing industries, traditionally our biggest industrial employer, the second face of unemployment is taking on some of the features of the grim third. Jobs that are lost in a cyclical recession are sometimes lost forever; and employment that falls because of business conditions fails to rise when conditions improve. These changes are permanent, structural.



You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

With romance in the air, fences meant nothing to Farmer Jones's unpedigreed but vigorous bull. In due course, Farmer Smith, whose pasture adjoined Jones's, learned that five of his choicest purebred cows had given birth to calves of dubious ancestry. Jones admitted that his bull had jumped the fence. Smith sued Jones for damages.

"There is no evidence as to how the bull got into Smith's pasture," argued counsel for Jones, "yet we do know that the fence met all legal requirements and the fence was unbroken. Presumably the bull leaped it, but Jones did all that the law required to prevent the beast from trespassing."

"Nevertheless," Smith's lawyer replied, "the law specifically makes the owner of a trespassing bull liable for whatever damage it causes."

If you were the judge, would you make Jones pay damages?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jones had to pay. The court said that if the law appeared harsh, it was up to the legislature—not the court—to change it.

Based on a 1960 Iowa decision.

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This is a trend that may be lessened, but will not be reversed by recovery.

When the economy emerged from the 1958 recession, the dramatic pickup in employment occurred almost entirely in the service industries, in trade and finance and insurance and Government and other white-collar jobs.

In manufacturing, job totals in the recovery year of 1959 were still 500,000 under the prosperous year of 1957, despite the rebound from recession.

The job loss centered in the "durable goods" industries. It was clear that employment opportunity in those industries—especially in steel and autos and machinery, and in those towns and cities where such industry is located—was not keeping pace with recovery in the rest of the economy.

It is not keeping pace now. In 1960, while total employment was breaking records in every one of the first ten months, twenty of the twenty-one major industrial groups lost jobs.

What is happening to manufacturing?

The general answer is well-known. While production stays up, employment goes down. This is because of automation—new machines, new techniques, new processes in our heavy industries that make it possible to produce as much with fewer, sometimes far fewer, workers.

This technological change is taking its heaviest toll, as would be expected, among the unskilled workers who lack the education or training to understand the new processes or manipulate the new equipment. Latest figures show that only 2 per cent of all professional and technical workers are jobless, but close to 20 per cent of all manual laborers are out of work. And while managers, officials and other white-collar workers are experiencing the small unemployment rate of about 2 per cent, semiskilled workers have a 12 per cent rate.

And, as would also be expected because of their generally unskilled status in the labor force, Negroes are experiencing twice the unemployment rate of whites. If there was ever a clear indication of the national cost of racial discrimination in education and employment, this is it.

If we are to move our economy forward, make it a strong weapon in the defense of freedom, a provider of general opportunity for all, we must propose and execute programs designed to meet the specific needs that our knowledge of unemployment reveals.

We must broaden employment opportunity so that the first aspect of unemployment, the transitional, is more easily surmounted—so that people can find good jobs more quickly.

We must attack unemployment's second face, the cyclical, by helping to pull the economy from recession as rapidly as possible.

We must move against unemployment's third face by bringing swift and adequate relief to areas of persistent and chronic unemployment.

And finally we must take steps to renew the creative partnership between business, labor and Government that existed during the war, so that all of the nation's energy, imagination and resources can be brought to bear upon the right solutions to the new problems of automation, increasing competition and industrial change.

This is the four-point approach behind the programs that President Kennedy has presented to the Congress. Each of its parts is a priority measure. We have confidence that eventually it will help move America closer to the realization of the national policy stated in the Employment Act of 1946—maximum employment opportunity for every citizen.

To meet the problems of transitional unemployment, I have instructed the Department of Labor staff responsible for the United States Employment Service—the Federal half of the Federal-state system that operates 1800 employment offices providing free service to workers and employers in all fifty states—to speed up and improve the interstate clearance system, a job pool into which flow offers that cannot be filled in individual states. The ideal toward which they are directed to work is the rapid posting, in every employment office, of good job opportunities throughout the nation. The local office in any town or city should be able to refer workers to good jobs anywhere in the country.

This will not be accomplished overnight. It will require especially the support and backing of the nation's employers, who must be convinced that as they put good job offers into the system, they will be getting good workers out. At present, the Employment Service deals with a majority of jobs that are unskilled and of low qualification standards. I would like to see highly skilled, professional, managerial and executive positions move in volume through the interstate clearance system as a matter of course. If the employer does not bring the job to the office, however, we cannot bring the worker to him.

The problem of cyclical unemployment, especially in relation to the present recession, is being answered in a variety of ways. The most immediate of these is the new law—the Temporary Extended Unemployment Compensation Act—that extends unemployment benefits

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for up to an additional thirteen weeks for the many hundreds of thousands of men and women who have exhausted their present ones.

The importance of the unemployment-insurance system as a first line of defense against recession is beyond dispute. Over the past few months $400,000,000 has been pumped each month into the lagging economy through unemployment benefits. The money went where it was needed most—for grocery bills, school tuition fees, doctor bills and mortgage payments. It helped to keep the local economies of many towns and communities from keeling over under the impact of widespread joblessness.

The program for temporary additional benefits will last for a year and put $1,000,000,000 in purchasing power into circulation, through the hands of more than 3,000,000 workers who will have exhausted their benefits.

The President has also asked Congress to temporarily broaden the Aid to Dependent Children program—at present available only to those whose fathers are deceased, disabled or family deserters—to the children of needy unemployed workers.

The first executive order issued by the President directed the Secretary of Agriculture to expand and improve the surplus food distribution to needy families. Secretary Freeman is also starting pilot food-stamp programs in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, eastern Kentucky, northern Minnesota, southern Illinois and in Detroit.

Beyond these measures to relieve distress, the President has taken many administrative actions—ordered early payment of the 1961 dividend of $258,000,000 on veterans' insurance policies; speeded up construction and contract letting by Federal agencies; made available to the states the entire fiscal 1961 balance of Federal-aid highway funds, $724,000,000; and lowered the interest rate on FHA loans.

There are, in addition, longer-range proposals to stimulate our economic system. These include major items such as the three-year program of Federal assistance for classroom construction and teachers' salaries in public elementary and secondary schools, the program to stimulate housing construction and home purchase and the program to better develop and utilize our natural resources.

If the economy is slow to respond to these and other steps, further necessary action will be taken.

We are also going to move swiftly against structural unemployment and make a start toward clearing the economic air in the nation's long-depressed areas.

To deal with this long-term unemployment which has affected some localities so severely, President Kennedy has urged speedy passage of area-redevelopment legislation, along the lines of the first bill introduced into the Senate—S. 1—by Senator Douglas of Illinois and forty-three other senators. This is a long-range recovery measure to increase employment in these areas by getting new industries to locate there.

The legislation would make available $200,000,000 to lend to chronically depressed areas for the construction or modernization of industrial and commercial facilities such as plants and buildings. Another $100,000,000 could be loaned for public facilities such as sewer lines and water storage and access roads. A final $75,000,000 is set aside for grants for needed public facilities to certain areas which cannot get loans.

Beyond these loans and grants, the bill has a provision which I believe will have an even more far-reaching effect in reducing long-term unemployment. It authorizes a $10,000,000 program for the retraining of unemployed and underemployed workers.

Once necessary surveys have been made, the Secretary of Labor would be authorized to make subsistence payments to unemployed workers for a period up to sixteen weeks while they are re-educating themselves and learning new skills. These payments, to be made under agreements with the state unemployment-compensation agencies, would not exceed the average amount now being paid by each state for unemployment benefits. This program will be initiated as soon as Congress gives its approval.

It is a long-needed attack on the hapless predicament of the worker whose labor skills are no longer required—a predicament illustrated by the classic coal-country anecdote of a short, unhappy job interview between an employer and a coal miner.

Employer: What can you do?

Worker: Mine coal.

Employer: Coal miners we don't need. Come back in a few years.

Worker: In the morning or afternoon?

Is it unreasonable to set as our goal an economy in which this hypothetical miner can be retrained and employed with his new skills in an industry which needs his services not just every few years but every working day of every year?

The fact is that industrial employment is undergoing a structural decline similar to that long under way in agriculture. In the process of this decline the unskilled manual jobs that require little education and training are rapidly vanishing. This means that we will have a job depression in these parts of our economic life for as long as we are willing to tolerate it—that is, until we devise the means to increase the skills of the American labor force as a whole.

The retraining provisions of our program thus reach to the core of the problem. I consider this bill as a first step in aiding our chronically depressed areas, not to resume their old lives, but to prepare them to share more fully in the new economic growth of the country. Other steps will follow. I regard the development of a comprehensive and effective labor training program one of the prime duties of my office.

This is a job for all of us. The Federal Government will have to be far more active than it has been in aiding the retraining and education of workers. So will the state governments. And so will industry and labor organizations.

Americans are a responsive rather than a contemplative people; we respond quickly and generally quite well to problems once we see them—but we are often laggard about anticipating them.

And the skill problem requires no anticipation. It is already upon us. It has broken out, in a harsh and sometimes harmful way, on the bargaining table. While I hesitate to speak about specific issues in strikes that I have helped mediate and settle, I can speak about the fears—the human fears that sponsor the issues.

Consider the New York tugboat strike of January that paralyzed New York rail transportation shortly after the inauguration. The problem was one of crew sizes—but the fear behind the problem was the prospect of long-term unemployment for the men laid off. In almost every major industrial dispute, both real and threatened, in recent years—in the airlines and railroads and steel mills and docks—the shadow across the bargaining table has been the realization that many workers, if displaced or made jobless by changing practices, would be unable to find equivalent work without advancing their own skills to keep pace with modern industry.

Some men of good will in industry as well as labor are facing up to this problem. New devices are being created to soften the impact of structural change upon employment based upon the generally accepted principle that industry must keep moving to increase productivity, but not at the expense of human suffering.

The Kaiser Steel Corporation and the United Steelworkers of America, for example, have created a committee including public members and headed by Dr. George Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania to report on technological change and its human impact in the Kaiser plants.

A little over a year ago Armour and Company joined with United Packinghouse Workers of America and the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America to create a joint committee, headed by Dr. Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, to report on ways and means to cope with their automation problems.

The new program for severance payments advanced by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union looks toward a fund to be paid to workers in the event an employer goes out of business, particularly appropriate in an industry where there is a high turnover of employers coming into and going out of business.

In both the steel and the automobile industries, supplementary unemployment benefits—SUB—help cushion the effects of automation.

All of these programs, like the problems they confront, merge eventually into what I believe to be the overriding need in our economic life today—that of a general consensus on goals and a general agreement on means to attain them.

We had such a consensus during the war. All segments of society geared together for the war effort. Labor, management and Government were linked in a partnership that paid off. We had little unemployment. Prejudicial barriers split to pieces under the pressure of need.

At the same time, we had to live with controls on wages, prices, materials and production.

Now I ask the American people whether or not we can respond to the greatest challenge our industrial democracy has ever faced—the attainment of the same high levels of production and employment, the giving of the same effort in the same spirit of co-operation and agreement, on a voluntary basis. The President believes we can. I share that belief.

Acting on that belief, he has created a high-level, twenty-one-member Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy to recommend to him appropriate policies to promote free collective bargaining, industrial peace, sound wage and price policies, higher standards of living and increased productivity. I have the honor to be the first chairman of that committee.

These distinguished leaders—seven for management, seven for labor, five for the public, plus the Secretaries of Labor and Commerce—will be seeking new co-operative paths toward wider opportunity, for both the maker and consumer of goods, both the working man and the stockholder. They will be drawing a broad context of prosperity, defining a framework of broad interest within which the private interests of all Americans will fit.

The time for such definition of purpose and recommendation of means is none too long. We are engaged in a battle—not only with unemployment but with the growing needs of a growing and dynamic people who must move forward together, not at the expense of any part.

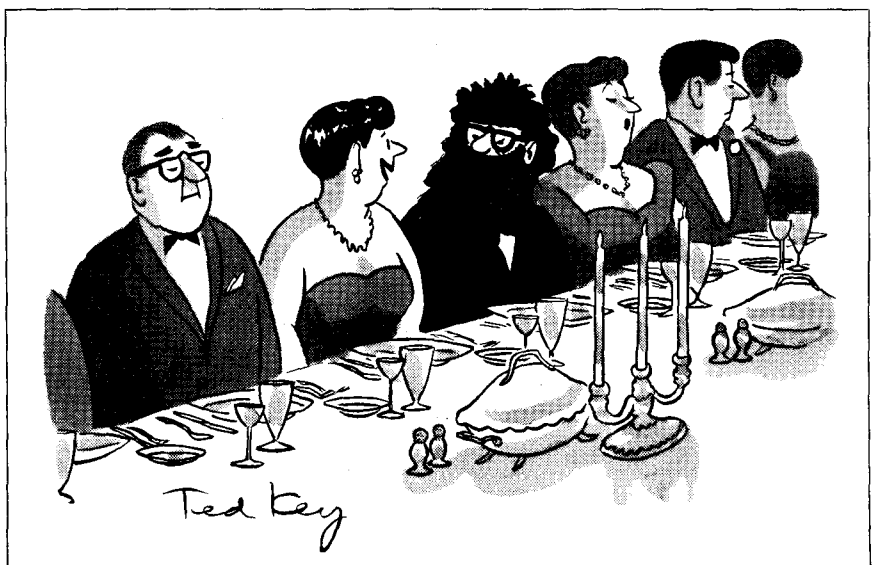
In the next ten years at least 26,000,000 new young workers will be flooding into the labor force, 40 per cent more than during the 1950's. In addition, some 3,000,000 women will be returning to the labor force after having temporarily left it. But normal causes of attrition—deaths, retirement and the like—will yield only 15,500,000 openings. We will therefore have to provide new jobs for more than 13,000,000 people throughout the 1960's. This task will be made all the more difficult because of displacement by technological change, which will affect many millions more who are currently employed.

This means we must have a high rate of economic growth—much higher than we have had. It means that labor, management and Government must provide for an accommodation of views in a general agreement to serve the national interest—for unless that interest is served here, the interest of freedom throughout the world may fail.

This is the real story that I heard in the voices of the unemployed. This is the message that came through to me as I traveled through the country and spoke with businessmen and union leaders and mayors and governors.

We must be efficient. We must shake out the antiquated and the second-rate. We must lift the national level of skills of men and quality of goods. We must end prejudice in hiring and promotion. We must accept and account for the human factors in advancing technology.

To do those things, we must join hands. And in doing so, we will make a new time for America. THE END



"Now, tell me about Antarctica."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Widow's Wrath (Continued from Page 26)

mum, be saying if I send you home like a wet dishclout?"

"Och, I'm fine," said Jock. "I'm waterproof. And look there, Jamie—it's fairing up."

The rain was less; the clouds were breaking; yes, it looked more hopeful. "Come away then, Jock," he said. "It's a short day I'm making of it." They drove uphill, past young Scots pine and old hill birches to the open moor. And now the sun came out—a single shaft struck down upon a gully to sparkle on peaty waterfalls and wonder of wonders, to change the sad brown bracken into gleaming russet. "The very same," said James McInver, Highland stalker, "the very selfsame bonny color."

"What bonny color, Jamie?"

"Och, just a notion I had," James muttered. He would have few secrets from John Reid on the hill, but one secret must be that the sunlit bracken was the very selfsame bonny color as the crowning glory of Mistress Sheila Reid, Jock's widowed mother. But the sun had gone, and the color again was dead wet bracken. *Yon's life*, James thought. *One bonny glimpse, and rain and sorrow.* He sighed as the rain began, and his young friend glanced across to see what ailed him.

"Let's make a rhyme about Beefy just to cheer us up," Jock said, "like: The Aberdeen Anguses stood in the rain, and the biggest black sausage was Beefy Bain."

James laughed. "You'll be a poet yet," he said. It was nice, if a touch awkward, that Mistress Sheila's son should have such an honest dislike of James's chief rival, that prosperous Lowland farmer and butcher. As for James himself, he was not only jealous; he would bear a grudge against Bain to his dying day. When he got sixpence a pound better price from another butcher last month for the Laird's venison, Bain dropped veiled hints that McInver was selling deer for himself and pocketing the proceeds. A man might have faults, and a man might have been in some troubles sometimes, but to sell the Laird's beasts. . . .

They reached the hill loch and crossed the bridge over the sluice where spate water thundered. The wind was southeast and they had to make a wide sweep by north and west to come back upwind. It was a short climb to the corrie where he knew a parcel of hinds would be.

James shot two hinds and dragged one down the hill, assisted by his manful companion. They ate their sandwiches in the car, and at one o'clock went up for the other beast. They would be home before three, a good day's work in the rain; but the work must be done, fair weather or foul, for red deer were too plentiful.

It grew murky as they climbed the second time. The sky closed in; the wind dropped to nothing, and then the thunderplout began. It was so fierce that a man could not see, could not feel, could not believe anything but rain and storm. James cursed himself for bringing the boy; but he found shelter for Jock under a ledge at the wall of the corrie and crouched outside himself. He told Jock stories to keep the thunder and the lightning from his mind—stories of Canada and other lands where Jamie had passed his wandering years; he told him old tales of Dunlogan, where the Highlands and the Lowlands meet. And then the storm passed and the rainbow came. It came down to spread its band of colors on the heather twenty yards from them.

"There lies your treasure, Jock," he said. "Away for a spade and dig it up."

"What kind of a treasure, Jamie?" Not believing, nor quite disbelieving, because, of course, John Reid knew that Highland legend.

"Diamonds and rubies and gold doubloons," James said. *And pearls for Mistress Sheila's bonny throat*, he thoug with melancholy with a dream of hidd treasures.

"If your share's a million, Jamie, what'll you do with it? Will you buy a Leopard car like Beefy's?"

Queer, James thought. *He aye comes back to Beefy.* "No such thing," he said. "I'll away to an army-surplus dump, and I'll get me some old Sherman tank, and I'll have a wee accidental smash against Beefy's plush-lined Leopard car and chew it to a scrap-iron heap, and syne. . . ." *Syne*, he thought. *Syne I'll draw up at Dunlogan sweetshop, post office and general store, and I'll open the hatch and out*

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Blue Mood

By R. H. Grenville

No more than season, sun
or tide,
No more than breath and
blood,
Can joy be always at the
full
Or laughter at the flood.
Always a pause, a mood, a
hush,
Must somewhere intervene
To mark the subtle turn of
tide,
The quiet change of scene;
So melancholy to the heart
Comes by ancient right,
The winter of our
confidence,
The dusk of our delight.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I'll pop, and in the braw widow will squeeze with me, and off we'll drive on a tracked honeymoon by Sherman tank to Greenock for to board an ocean liner in the Royal Suite. "Fair daft," he said about his demented self. "Come on, Jock," he said.

By three o'clock they were down at the Brake, which was the Laird's name for that handy vehicle, no Sherman tank, but twice the match of any rich Leopard saloon on any hill. They would be home in half an hour.

Alas, they were not. That fierce downpour had caused a minor landslide across the hill road. James got out his spade and dug a way through. It rained steadily again as darkness fell. Young Jock's teeth were chattering.

James put some water in his tin cup, took out the half bottle he kept for emergencies and poured a small tot. "Here," he said, " a wee dram of Highland wine for medicine to warm you up."

"Gosh!" said Jock, shuddering. "Yon's terrible stuff." He shook his head against the taste of the terrible stuff. "Would you be liking it?"

"In strict moderation mostly, yes, I would," James said. "And so might you one day. It brings the warmth to a man's sad heart." He had a dram himself, but neat. They drove to the stalker's cottage added one bicyle to two hinds in the back of the Brake, and went on down to Dunlogan post office, close to the floods beside the bridge. *It is not a safe place for*

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them to be, James thought. *If the loch should ever break out at the sluice* ——

"Thanks, Jamie," said John Reid, who had stopped shivering, warmed by Highland wine. "Thanks a million billion for the best day ever in all my life. I'd like fine to see yon Beefy try to drag a big beast from off the hill the way you can." With which cryptic compliment and reference to their mutual enemy he wheeled his bicycle to the porch, and James continued down the glen to sell the Laird's beasts to another butcher.

"Will I?" he said aloud on his way back in the rain. "Or will I not?" Would he or would he not stop by for a postage stamp or a quarter of jujube mints at the hand of the postmistress, widowed Mistress Sheila? But he would, of course. It was like a sweet-painful disease of the heart with him, just to see her, so kind and so gentle in her woman's beauty that was lost to man. "My Hamish," she would sometimes say, and always be thinking, her eyes far off, her heart still with Hamish, dead these nine years. She was a widow of thirty-two.

He went in to find her at the counter. His heart was not far off like hers, but very much here, and it stopped a beat or two as usual. "Grand night, Mistress Sheila," he said, adding hastily, "a wee thing damp all day," to correct some sense into his daftness.

Sad yet serene, she would agree with him. Not so. "A wee thing damp all day!" she said in a new tone altogether. "The worst weather yet, and you take my Jock without the asking, and you bring him back soaked through."

"But, Mistress Sheila ——" he began.

"And that's not all the worst of it—him a wee laddie not turned twelve, half drunk with the smell of whisky on his breath." Such anger from Mistress Sheila Reid, who never spoke an unkind word to man nor beast. But now her bonny green eyes were fiery flashes; her bonny hair like the sunlit bracken tossed. "Corrupter of youth!" Her bosom heaved.

The words were insulting, but he felt no insult, only wonder at Mistress Sheila aflame at last.

"Jock's teeth were fair chattering, and us stuck on the hill, Mistress Sheila," he explained. "Yon was the best thing I could do, like medicine, like the doctor ordered."

"Och, Mistress Sheila! You and your fancy Highland tongue, and that's not all—teaching him rhymes about a decent God-fearing farmer and butcher, an abstainer, too, an elder of the Kirk—yon what he told me in his bath."

"No such thing!" At the thought of Bain, Jamie's Highland temper stirred. *The Aberdeen Anguses stood in the rain, and the biggest black sausage was Beefy Bain.* But he could not tell Mistress Sheila that her son, his stanch ally, was the author of that poem. James grew vexed and still more vexed as he stared at this grand new passionate Mistress Sheila, not a skimpy woman, not by any means—a grand armful of a woman, good enough to eat, as the saying went, so plump to share a stalker's cottage, and poor Jamie groaned; and then he growled to think that it was Beefy's free sirloin steaks had helped to condition her to this perfection. Ay, he wooed Mistress Sheila with the choicest cuts, that over-Beefy Bain. But what could an honest stalker give to woo in competition? "Eh?" he said, because she was accusing him again.

"And telling him stories about the young laird and the shepherd's daughter—poor brokenhearted lassie out with her babe to die in the snow. What kind of a tale is yon for wee boys?"

"It's an old tale from two hundred years back that every wee boy in the glen hears in his mother's arms. But you wouldn't understand, being just a Lowlander, Mistress Sheila," he said with darkening politeness.

"I'm not just a Lowlander. I'm a Fifer from the Kingdom."

"Ay," he said, resentful now. "And how would a Fifer ken the sorrows of the hills? And how would you ken that I told yon old tale to keep Jock's mind off the lightning and thunder?"

"That's no excuse to put notions into an innocent bairn's head about getting lassies into trouble. I never did like to believe what I heard about you, James McInver, strong drink and loose women all round the Highlands and round the world, and your soft Mistress Sheila talk, but now I believe it, every word."

Ah, yes, he had sowed wild hill oats and danced Highland flings in the carefree days before he settled down last year to be a sober stalker and speechless suitor of Mistress Sheila. But now—it was a grand release from piety, sobriety, from this time of reverent wooing so unlike James McInver himself, more like some softy wee Lowland or Sassenach kind of man—now his heart swelled free, and his temper broke. "Ay," he said, or shouted at her in his wrath, "you believe it every word, so you can believe this, too, you Mistress Mrs. Sheila Reid, you living with the past, you plumping up the present with free undercuts. 'Fancy Highland tongue and getting lassies into trouble.' Well now, I'll tell you something: I'd like fine for you to be my mistress and to get you into trouble."

She drew in breath. She put both hands to cover her face, which grew ashen, the bonny color gone, her bosom stilled—bonny as twin heather hills—and then she sighed a long breath out, and the color came again to double-flood her cheeks. "Och, Hamish!" she murmured to her long-lost man. Then she took her hands from off her eyes, and they were wet, and she stretched a bonny arm to point the road of his dismissal. "Go!" she said. "Never darken this door again."

What could an honest stalker do but go? He went out to the pelting night to mount his muddy Brake as a sleek Leopard car drew up, and from it climbed, or heaved, a fat man with a fat man's puffing, in his hand a brown paper package such as butchers use to wrap choice cuts. He hastened at a fat man's shuffling trot to the door of Dunlogan post office.

James drove homeward to his lonely cottage through the rain. What could have taken him? What a thing for a decent man to say to a virtuous mother and widowed wife, pure as the snow on high Ben Logan—*to be my mistress and to get you into trouble.* Jamie groaned. He ran along the swollen river, and past the farmer-butcher's house, and on by the Laird's dark castle. *It's all him is to blame*, he thought about his laird, who worked down London making the money to keep this old place going. The Laird was none too bad a chap, but restless from the city, aye striding on for dividends.

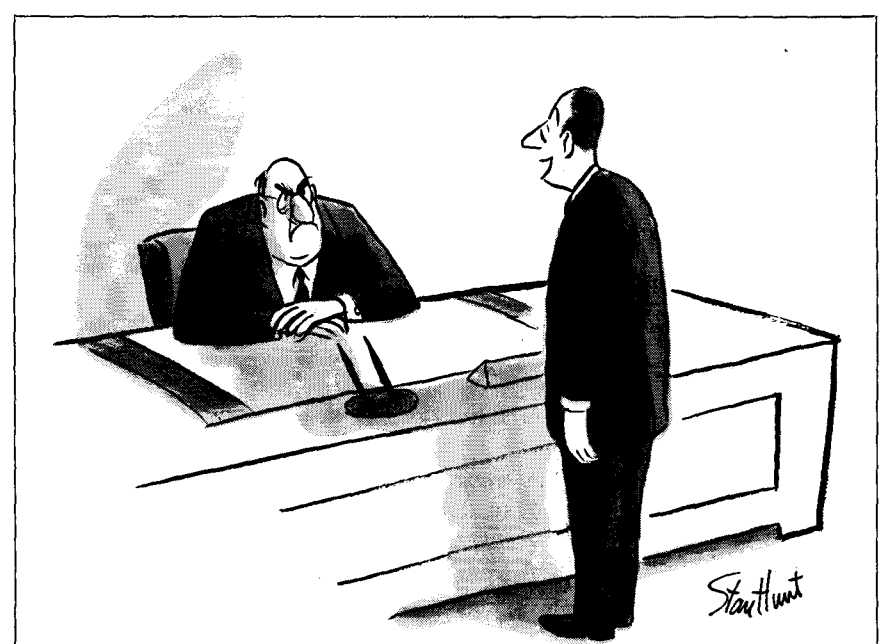
"Come on, Jamie," he had said. They had been waiting for a muckle stag to settle. "Patience, man!" whispered Jamie. So they waited again behind the shoulder in the warm September sun; but the Laird's mind always had to be busy with something or other, and he said, or whispered, "I see you've whitewashed the cottage and made a nice garden; quite domesticated you're becoming, Jamie, after all the years you trod the tiles." James just grunted, on his guard, because he had spotted the Laird out snooping last Sunday afternoon when Mistress Sheila and young Jock had a nice cup of tea in the cottage with him.

"It has been my observation," said the Laird, "that the gayer the dog, the worse the cropper the gay dog takes. Breaks hearts right and left, and slides out with a kindly smile. And then, wham! one day a goddess on a pedestal, and where is the gay dog now but kneeling below a pair of ankles above ten holy untouchable toes. You take some advice, Jamie?"

Jamie had it so badly by then that he was seeing on the heather above his eyes the shapely ankles of Mistress Sheila Reid above ten holy toes that he had never seen and far less touched. "I'll consider it," he said about the Laird's advice, not best pleased with the Laird.

"The best of widows might be lulled into second marriage with comfort and beefsteak and prosperous cars. In other words, she might put up with that corpulent farmer for the sake of the boy and an easy life. But you can't offer any such blandishments. All you can offer is yourself. But look at you, like a lovelorn hummel. Go and snaffle the girl; pinch her, do worse; but shake her back to life."

James McInver had been so outraged by his employer, by this mocking of his reverent love for Mistress Sheila that he stood up on the hill and scared the stag and every beast for miles. *A lovelorn hummel*, a broody stag that bore no antlers.



"Mr. Scranton, you're the most unforgettable character I've ever met!"

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But that was two long months ago, in a fine September. It rained all through October, fifteen inches where the average was three; and it still was raining in November. Down England way and those flat places there had been no such floods within living memory. Here the Logan stormed from the loch through the glen to the Lowland valley, but there was no bad flooding—nor would there be, so long as the sluice dam held at the foot of the loch.

"Forty days and forty nights," said James McInver. Yes, the fortieth day had come. He took down his Bible to read the Book of Genesis while eating porridge with salt and with rich cream from Jessie, his cow. He closed the Bible upon Noah in the ark, a story unfinished, as this story was unfinished.

There was a lull, and then the rain began again to slat against his cottage windows. He felt a sharpness of foreboding, a certainty that it would never end until an inscrutable will had been satisfied. Now the knock on the door was like the knock of fate, and Jamie started. But the visitor was young Jock Reid.

"You shouldn't be out in this weather, Jock," said James. "And forby, your mum wouldn't want you to be here." A week had passed since last Saturday when his fancy Highland tongue had run amuck, and Mistress Sheila, morally outraged, had forbidden him ever to darken her door again. "Your mum wouldn't like it, Jock," he said.

"I ken yon fine," said Jock. "What was it you were shouting at mum to make her say I'm no to see you? I says to her why, and all she says is you're a bad, lude man. What's lude?"

Lude was. . . . "Like rude," he said. *Och ay*, he thought, *I was desperate rude, but that damned Laird put me up to it, the Laird's to blame, and then I blew my top with lewd ideas.* "Eh, Jock?"

"I says: Mum's away shopping with Beefy in his Leopard car, and I'm supposed to be minding the shop; but I just locked the door, and I came away because the boys at school was saying yesterday that the next thing mum'll be married into Beefy Bain." Jock Reid looked down at his tackety boots, and then at Jamie. "I don't remember my dad," he said, "and if my mum's to marry Beefy, I'll run away and steal and kill, I will, I promise."

"You'll do no such thing," said James McInver. "You'll be a true son to your mum." He said that, and was sore at heart. "It's time I was up the hill," he said, "and time you were minding the post office like your mother told you. Be a man then, Jock."

"I'm no a man," said Jock, "and I thought you were my pal."

"Go on, then, Your Lordship," he said, patting His Lordship's shoulder, get away from here before two pals, not one, would be in tears. "And another thing," he said briskly. "There was two more inches rain in the night, and the loch'll be higher still—I'm none too happy about yon house of yours. If you see a quick rise come down the Logan, get out of it."

"Beefy was wanting mum to move, but she said it was her own man's house, and there she would stay; so he says, well, he has the boat to rescue us, and then she drives away off with Beefy. Mum's queer these days, Jamie, she's not like herself at all."

Yes, he thought, *the sad widow feels queer, facing marriage with a fat second husband, and the first breathed his last in that same house.* Jock's father, Hamish Reid, was a decent chap, killed in a tractor accident. James picked up his rifle. "There's a good laddie," he said; so they parted.

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The rut was long past, but a few stags still roared about the hill. Down here it rained; up there, at two thousand feet and higher, it snowed. The clouds lifted just after twelve, blue sky showed through, the wind veered south, and it seemed that at last the weather was breaking. *Forty days*, he thought. *There is an end to everything, to rain, to love, to a widow's sorrow.* He shot a hind and a worthless young stag. They must be killed to keep the stock down to wintering numbers. If not, the deer would raid Lowland farms, and the first to squeal would be Beefy Bain.

But the rain was not over. Now a warm plout came to melt the snow. It rained like the tropics where Jamie had wandered. *There is no end to it*, he thought, as he had thought so many times in these last weeks. *No end to rain and love and sorrow.*

He dragged the beasts down. The dim day was over, and the Brake would not start. He spent a cursing hour drying plugs in driving rain, and almost gave it up, and then she fired. The wiper made no impression on the flooding windshield. He bumped and skidded a half-blind way through darkness to the loch, and round the foot of that to cross above the sluice.

There was a great sound of water here, a wilder tumble than he had heard before; and the narrow bridge. . .

All these forty days and this fortieth night the swollen loch had leaned against its containing wall, storming over the spillway, finding a harnessed course. The dam had held a hundred years, since first the level of the loch was raised. But these were the floods of a century, and to the last warm rain was added a mountain-load of snow. Now the loch lipped the wall itself, and now the dam was breaking up.

Standing out in the rain, James saw with the headlights through the rain, and he saw the jet arch of water where the wall was breaching. It was at the far end of the sluice, and already the bridge was undermined. It canted, canted a little more. Beyond that bridge were three miles of winding road to reach the lower glen.

Until lately, in the paralyzing throes of love, Jamie had never havered or dilly-dallied about the crossing of any bridge of any kind in all his life. He did not hesitate now about the crossing of this perilous bridge. He took it fast, slued at the farther end, skidded, tipped, recovered, and was on his way as he heard Niagara break behind him.

He knew what that meant—it meant a body of water one mile long by half a mile wide by ten feet deep would race down the glen to form a loch where the glen flattened out.

And a boat? The Laird's only boat was in a boathouse in the path of flood. There was one other, and that belonged to Bain the farmer, a light aluminum kind of thing with a trailer of its own that a jeep would haul to a loch for the fishing. Bain had even told that obstinate Mistress Sheila that, if needs be, he would rescue her. "Damned daft sentimental crature," shouted James in the swaying Brake. It was not hopeless love that he felt toward Mistress Sheila now, but a strong vindictive rage. Yet that rage was lost in awe by an awesome sight as he swung at a bend to see that the torrent was racing him.

Now floods just below the road to the right; now lights just above the road to the left. Bain was too grand a farmer-butcher altogether to live at a steading with his beasts. He lived in a fine house, separate.

Jamie skidded to a halt, jumped out and wasted no time. "I'm taking your boat," he said to the apoplectic Bain in the rain. "With all your beef you'd sink it. Out of my way." But Bain paid no heed. He went on unlashing the boat from its trailer.

So Jamie went up to him, and it was murder. He spun Beefy by the shoulder and he socked him with a bonny left. "Take that," he said, "just for your fat self." As Beefy toppled, Jamie socked him back with a bonny right. "And take that," he said, "for saying I pocketed the money for the Laird's red deer you tried to cheat the Laird about." It was a grand feeling of murder, or slightly less. Beefy Bain lay down, asleep in the rain.

James seized the boat from off its trailer, and then remembered certain first-aid supplies, dashed to the Brake, back to the boat. What was the dragging of a wee metal boat to a stalker who dragged muckle beasts off the hill?

He had it down to the road and over the fence at the brink of flood, and he held the painter and climbed the fence and was aboard in half a jiffy. He spun out there in darkness, very much alone on the roaring flood, but too much happening, too much to do to feel the loneliness of fear. It was dark, but not full dark, for a moon hid up there above the rain. He tried to row, to keep clear of the flotsam, whole trees that jostled with him in the torrent at fifteen miles an hour, a dead sheep too. And on the river Jamie had a thought, or a feeling more, that had grown with him all this troubled time—that it was autumn, the season for rain and death and sorrow, not the season for growth and love and laughter.

It was a sad, black thought; but there was a light ahead, one dim glimmer to the left, and before him the dark mass of the bridge that took the road across the River Logan. He sensed something else—a slowing now, a quieting of the flood. The reason was perfectly clear to him, as all things were perfectly clear—the trees, the undergrowth, the pale dead sheep, the mangled boathouse—all piled into that bridge, below it, above it, astride it to dam the flood.

He heaved on his oars and forced his way out of the run, away from the peril of the bridge into the lee of the hill. In against the hill there stood Dunlogan post office and sweetshop, with candlelight showing at one window close above water level below the roof.

James shipped one oar and caught a drainpipe by that window. The rain had stopped for a thousandth false promise in forty days and nights of rain. The flood was now silent but for a heaving, thrashing, splashing from the direction of the bridge. "Open up!" he shouted.

The window was opened above his head. Inch by inch his head was rising to window level where Mistress Sheila and Jock now leaned. "You damned obstinate lassie!" he shouted at her. "Drowned out with memories, and what about wee Jock? Can ye no think of him?" For a brief time, half a minute or so, Jamie McInver gave Sheila Reid a piece of his mind. That piece of his mind roared out as fiercely and strongly as loch water when a dam is breached. "Get into the boat," he commanded. "Hurry up!"

Mistress Sheila's bonny face was pale, and her bonny full lips were trembling. "Och, I canna', Jamie," she quavered to him. "I'm feared."

"It's stopped rising, Jamie," said young Jock, who did not seem to be afraid, but did seem to be seeing a kind of joke. Yes, the boat no longer rose to bring Jamie's eyes to equal terms with the wild green eyes of Mistress Sheila. "Would we all not be safer in the house?" continued Jock.

"Mebbe so," he conceded. "Here, take the painter, and tie it tight to something solid."

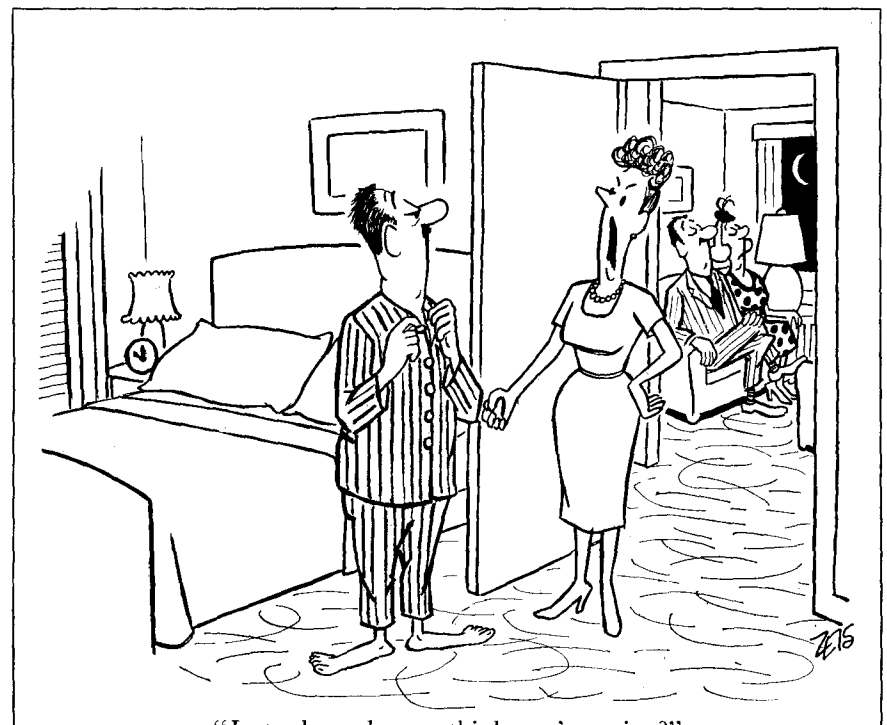
"O.K. now, Jamie."

He climbed in to find the painter tied tight to a solid iron leg of Mistress Sheila's widow's bed. "It wasn't your door I never darkened again," he said.

Mistress Sheila looked at him and looked away. *It's mebbe me she's feared of*, James thought. *Mebbe a man is worse than a flood.* Her eyes came to him again, and he gave her a smile, and she smiled back, so shy and so bonny, feared of him.

"I've nothing to offer," she said, "not even a bite of a biscuit to eat. The flood came so quick, and the shop is ruined. Och, what will I do?" She hung her head, and the bonny hair framed two tears that swelled and slithered and slid down her cheeks; and James was strangely strong and sad and happy.

"Never mind then, Sheila my lass," he said, a new man altogether, James McInver, his own man now. There was a glass on the washstand and a carafe. He went over, followed by two pairs of eyes, took the first-aid kit, half a bottle of Highland wine from his inside pocket, poured it out and filled the glass and took it back to her and put it in her hand and said, "Take a wee sup, it'll do you good."



"Just where do you think you're going?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She drank obediently. "Flood's dropping," said Jock at the window. "It's down four foot. You'll never get into yon boat now, Jamie."

That meant that the bridge had gone, or the flotsam had cleared itself. "I'm not in any too daft a hurry to get back in yon boat," said James McInver. The last time she blushed was in moral outrage, and so would have any respectable woman. But now she blushed, and caught herself smiling, and quelled the smile. Sheila finished her drink. "It's ten o'clock, away past your bedtime, Jock," she said.

"The water's stopped dropping," Jock said, "and the boat's fair hanging, and Jamie can't go, so where will he sleep?"

"In your bed," she said. "You come in with me. Now hurry, Jock."

The boy went to undress. The picture of her husband, Hamish Reid, stood on the dresser. James had something to say, and carefully. He looked at the photograph and said, "Your Hamish was a good man, Sheila. And so will young Jock be a good man like him."

"Thank you," she said. "Thanks, Jamie." She stared at him, not shyly as she had done this evening, not absently and kindly from a castle of her memories, not in horror of a bad, lewd man, but warmly and strongly for him alone.

Jock came back in his pajamas. "Here, I'll tuck you up," his mother said. Which she did. And Jamie said good night to the boy.

"Are you sleepy?" he said to her. "Or will you keep me company with my dram?"

"I am," she said with a bonny yawn. "But I will." She even accepted another herself. He sat on Jock's bed, and she on Jock's chair; and they were silent until she said, "Tell us some stories. Tell us about the places you've been." She smiled at a thought, which might be about an angered remark of hers about Jamie McInver with strong drink and loose women all round the Highlands and round the world.

So he told her of those places of his wandering years. Being a gentleman, like all good Highlanders, he told the romance without the romances. "They were grand times I had," he said, seeing India and Canada and Zanzibar and many far places, and the shadows of some lesser ladies.

"Yon's what I wouldn't be understanding," Mistress Sheila said. "How you could come back to just being a stalker again after all your adventures?"

"There was a lassie I remembered," Jamie said. "I saw her the once, and she wasn't mine. But I remembered."

"Good night then, Jamie," Sheila said.

"Could I not get tucked up too?" he said.

"Tucking up's for wee boys," she said to him, and she went away, and Jamie took off his jacket and boots and went to bed. He was hungry, with nothing but a sandwich since breakfast. The moon was shining beyond his window. The flood raced on below his window. But the weather was turning clear and cold. Forty days and nights were over.

Jamie was happy. He was happier still when she tiptoed in. "So my big boy would like to be tucked up too," she said to him. She kissed him on each cheek, and on the brow, and once for a long time on the lips. "My bad good laddie," she said. "Sleep tight."

So Jamie slept, but he had a dream. The storm was ended on the hill, and a rainbow came to spread its coat of all God's colors on a stalker's cottage. A treasure lay there. *Not diamonds and rubies and gold doubloons*, said Jamie in his sleep, *but life and love and joy after trouble.*

THE END

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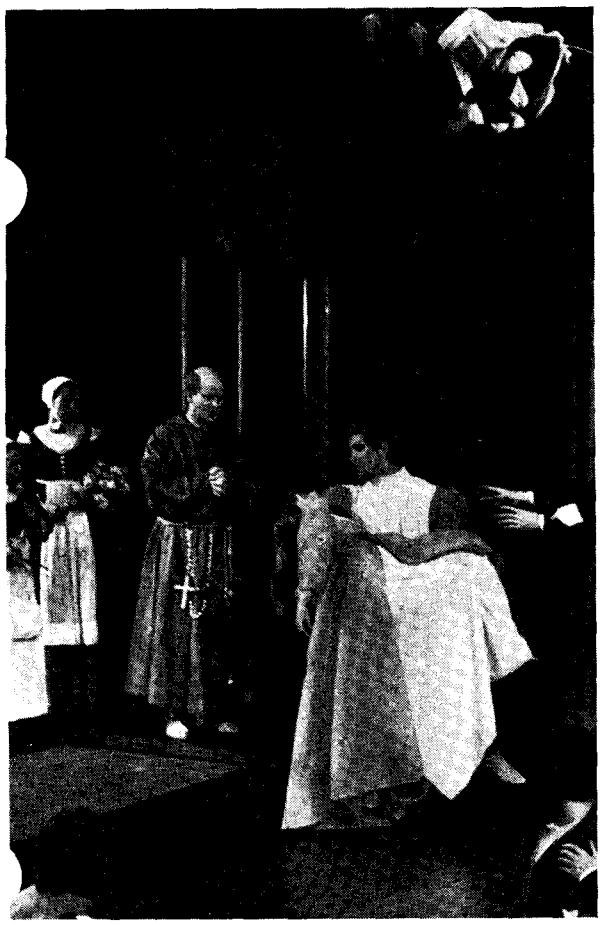
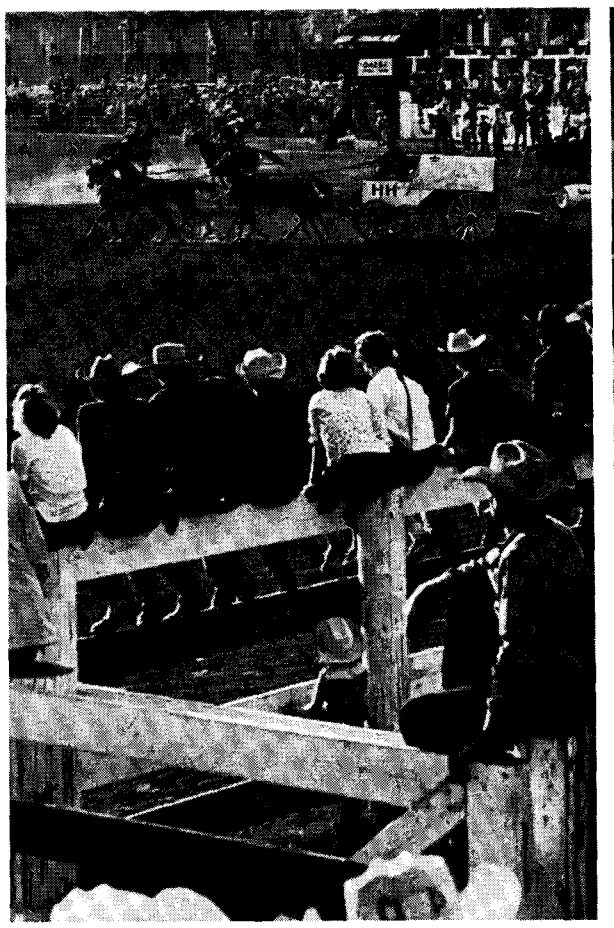


Shakespeare at Canada's Stratford Festival



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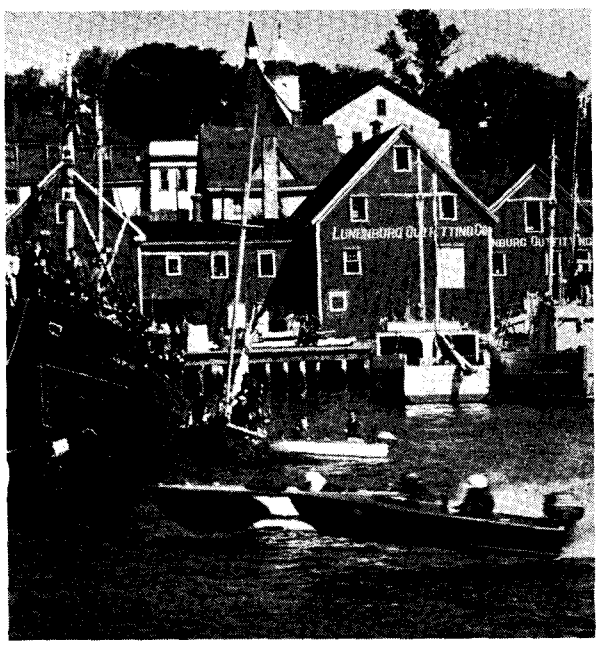

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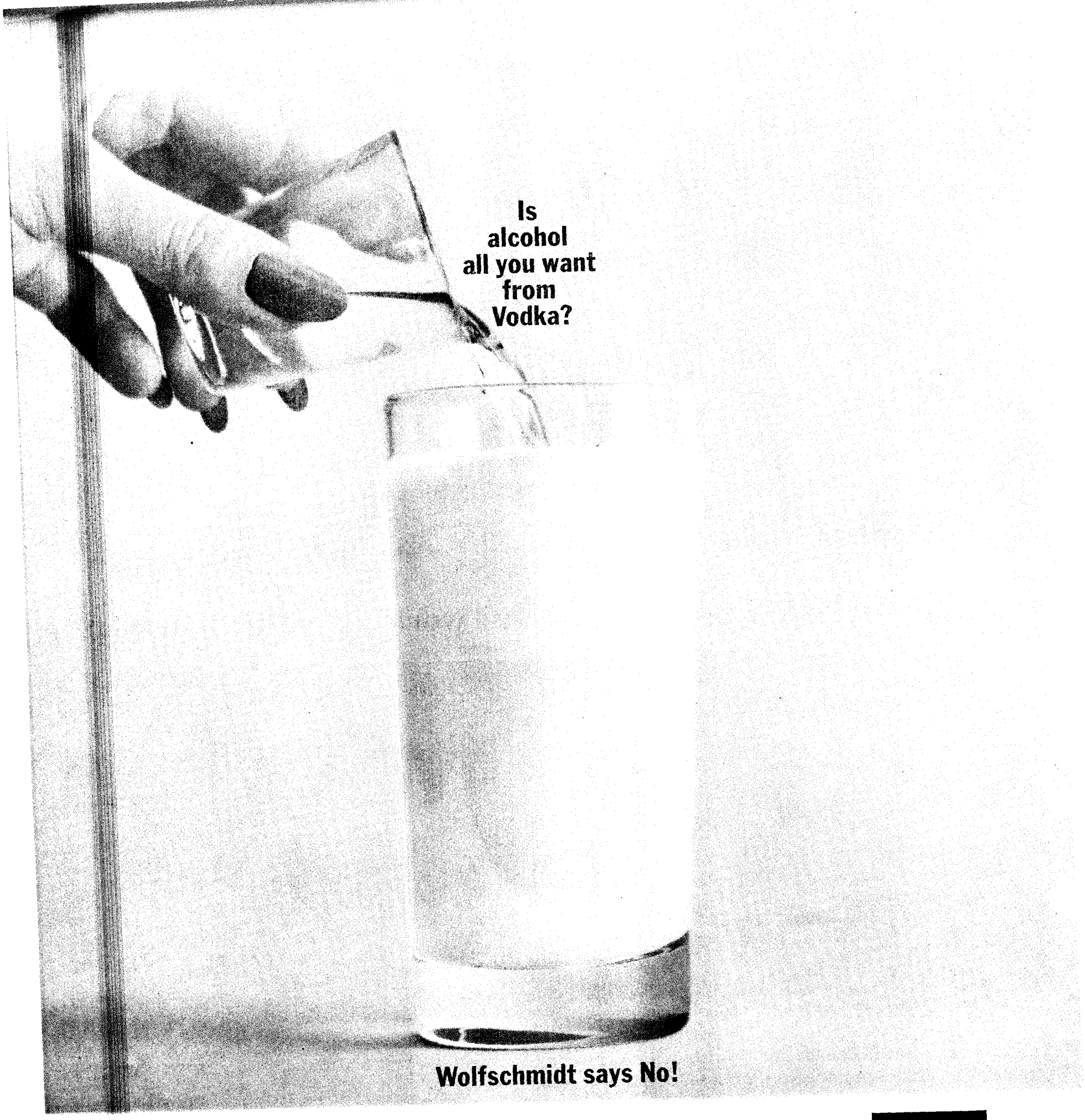

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Kansas, My Kansas (Continued from Page 21)

and no dawdling. I headed west, first through the rolling Flint Hills in the eastern third of the state. Local residents are quick to point out that this 4,000,000-acre meadow is one of the last large blocks of true prairie left in the United States. "Lots of tourists still think they are in Missouri when they see these grassy hills and wooded valleys," a friend at Lawrence complained. The rest of the state is not pool-table flat, despite the impression it gives, but a gently swelling plain rising to heights of more than 4000 feet near the Colorado border.

Some things were blessedly the same. In central Kansas I dropped in on my ninety-seven-year-old mother-in-law at her old limestone farm home, standing like a fortress on the prairie. She came here as a bride seventy-six years ago and here raised ten children—I got the tenth. She was taking a delicious-smelling roast out of the oven and didn't look a day over—well, eighty. She was particularly anxious to know whether young Mr. Kennedy would be able to stand up to that awful Mr. Khrushchev. I said time would tell. Farther west, out in Ellis County, I visited my mother, in her early eighties, at her Big Creek farm, which she has run in exactly her own way for many years. She looked fine and recently had been out in the barn lot, helping a small grandson break a colt. "Don't you make anything out of that," she warned. "We hand-raised that colt, and he is as gentle as a kitten."

But almost everything else I saw or heard gave testimony of a fast-moving transition. At her century mark the once-embattled Kansas has become a well-heeled, full-figured dowager, rather smugly proud of her financial solvency, political cleanliness and widespread but rather bland culture. As one long-time reporter in Topeka, the fast-growing state capital, put it, "There's just not much excitement any more. We're a prosperous and pleasantly stagnant state. Even the college kids are reactionary these days. Our politics are so honest it's pitiful."

Kansas now has a comfortable, gadget-ridden way of life which, in the opinion of some close observers, has "leveled upward." There are some pleasant surprises for the visitor, such as the jewellike art museum in the little town of Lindsborg, population 2300. It was erected in the memory of Birger Sandzen, a bold painter, wood carver and lithographer of Plains and Rocky Mountain scenes; a fine collection of his work is lovingly displayed here, along with that of other, mostly modern Kansas artists.

But at the same time there is a feeling that, from a creative standpoint, the state has become too standardized. Oscar S. Stauffer, Topeka, dean of Kansas publishers, told me, "We're turning out good newspapermen, but they aren't as *electric* as they once were." Kansas writers, poets, artists and sculptors are busy and much respected—but they aren't very well rewarded. A surer road to financial prominence is a chain of elevators to store surplus wheat or a flock of productive oil leases.

Kansas is especially desirous that outsiders should appreciate her material progress. As I traveled and looked and talked with a variety of citizens, a definite party line emerged. It was an answer at last to the vitriolic editorial WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?, published in the Emporia *Gazette*, which started William Allen White on the road to fame. He wrote it in 1896 when colorful Populist rebels such as "Sockless" Jerry Simpson and Mary Elizabeth Lease were bellowing calamity and urging hungry farmers to raise less corn and more hell. That 1961 reply is: "There's *nothing* the matter with Kansas."

Much of the evidence on the landscape, in the towns and in the ledgers appears to support the boosters' views. The state's record of well-heeled stability, especially since World War II, is indeed impressive. Total personal income for the state's population, now 2,178,611, has been running around $4,500,000,000 and is well diversified. "We have become an industrial state," John H. Sticher, executive director of the Kansas Industrial Development Commission, told me proudly. "Over the past ten years the cumulative total of payrolls has exceeded the total of farm net income by almost a billion dollars."

Kansas is still highly farm-minded, even though, as sharp-tongued John P. (Jack) Harris, editor of the Hutchinson *News*, says, "The yearning for industry has become almost an hysteria." The large, square-cut farms and ranches which cover the state are marvels of productive power, backed with science and hard-won skill. The old Dust Bowl? That area long has been green and the harvests abundant. The gritty ghost of the black blizzards was exorcised for good, Kansans believe, when a dry spell just as serious as that of the mid-'30's gripped the state for five years, 1952–56. Production sagged, of course, but there was no disaster, no exodus of dispossessed. Today's farmers use soil-conservation methods, they have drought-resistant crops such as the amazingly productive new hybrid grain sorghums, and greatly expanded irrigation facilities—all of which soften the impact of drought.

Kansas's productivity and affluence are as obvious as her billboards. For much of my journey I was within sight of one oil field or another, where the knob-headed walking beams of the pumps nodded up and down to one another like amiable storks. Each nod puts money in Kansas pockets; she is fifth among states in oil output, pumping up around $350,000,000 worth of the stuff a year. In the wide, broad-bottomed Kaw Valley—running from Kansas City, Kansas, to Manhattan—is a new wave of settlers, housed in attractive modern plants—such notable immigrants as Du Pont's Cellophane, General Motors (Buick-Olds-Pontiac), Hallmark Cards and Goodyear Rubber Company. Out on the High Plains the land spreads out like a god's checkerboard; here are great squares of Kelly-green winter wheat which make her the nation's No. 1 producer of bread grain. On the sky line—like medieval castles—rise huge new grain elevators, built to guard a peculiar treasure; they store a total of 741,000,000 bushels of wheat, much of it surplus, more than the output of two of the state's bumper crops.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At Manhattan my alma mater, once called Kansas State College of Agriculture and Applied Science, now has been officially renamed Kansas State University, and I needed a guide to take me around the glittering, proliferated campus. When I was a student there in raccoon-coat-and-flapper days, the enrollment was around 2500, and the native limestone buildings were spired and arched, ivy-covered and shadowy. Today there are 7500 students; new laboratories, dormitories, classroom buildings and auditoriums have swarmed up to the hills where we once hid out for interesting experiments with thumbed beer. The new architecture is flatly modern—horizontal lines, bright abstract decorations, great expanses of glass. My first impression of these slick surroundings—designed for the utmost in comfort, correct lighting and "mood" of color—was not a generous one. Frankly, I thought, *This is too damned good for college kids.*

But then I realized that I was an antique. Today's academic facilities may be plush, but the students make better use of their opportunities than did my generation. "The quality of students has improved strikingly in recent years," President James McCain told me. "About 82 per cent of them ranked in the upper half of their high-school graduating class. These youngsters who come off the farms and out of the small towns know that many of them can't go back. They are serious. They want to be well prepared to compete anywhere in the world."

The emphasis on education in Kansas is traditional. The pioneers from New England were literate folk who believed that knowledge sets men free. There are forty-two state-accredited colleges and universities in Kansas, and as a rule the schools are distinctly "of the people"—they do far more than teach. They react to the state's needs with a multitude of programs and services.

One of the most striking results of this service concept is the "medical renaissance," which has given Kansas a fine rural-medical system—so effective that Dr. W. Clarke Wescoe, chancellor of the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, told me seriously, "I would rather be taken acutely ill in a small Kansas town than in the middle of New York City."

This wasn't always so. Right after World War II, Kansas medicine was "worse off than in the old horse-and-buggy days," I was told. Many communities had no physicians and were unable to attract them. The suggested solution came in 1948 from brilliant Dr. Franklin D. Murphy, then the young dean of the medical school and later to be chancellor of the university. The plan itself was direct enough: (1) The medical school should train more doctors, nurses and technicians; (2) The communities should themselves develop the medical facilities, clinics and hospitals which would attract young doctors; and (3) The medical school, state medical society and State Board of Health should provide refresher courses and postgraduate training to keep the rural doctors up to date.

The Murphy Plan was adopted and financed by the Kansas legislature in 1949. By 1957, claim Kansas medical authorities, every community in the state had a doctor and most had hospitals or clinics.

To get a sample of this community medical service I stopped at Quinter, a crossroads town of 800 out on the High Plains. And here I found a beautifully designed, community-built, thirty-bed hospital, staffed by three well-trained young physicians. The doctors—Carl C. Gunter, Herman W. Hiesterman and Richard L. Penfold—proudly showed me around, pointing out large and sunny rooms with such refinements as piped-in oxygen over every bed, a well-equipped operating room, a modern delivery room, and a nursery with special equipment to keep premature babies under controlled temperature and humidity. Construction will start this spring on a new wing, a thirty-eight-bed nursing home for the aged and chronically ill. "Then we'll have the whole works," one of the doctors said.

These doctors chose to practice in Quinter because of their experience in an unusual preceptor program, under which every K.U. medical student must spend six weeks as an aid to a practicing physician in a small town. "I served a preceptorship here in 1950," Doctor Gunter told me. "Doctor Hiesterman and I had decided in medical school that we would practice together, and I persuaded him to come here. Doctor Penfold preceptored here in 1955 and liked it enough to come back."

"We're organized so that one of us can be away for advanced study at any time," Doctor Hiesterman added. He took a year, during 1957 and 1958, for a residency in surgery in Lincoln, Nebraska, and Doctor Gunter took a year of study in surgery at a Portland, Oregon, hospital.

The three doctors are much in favor, also, of the circuit courses offered by traveling teams of doctors from the K.U. Medical Center. These are monthly sessions presented at strategic localities throughout the state. "The last one covered the recent advances in diagnosis and treatment of cancer," Doctor Gunter said. "It's a sort of a continual updating process."

The young doctors are enthusiastic about small-town life. No time lost between home and work, no traffic jams, plenty of good hunting and fishing and no problem to (*Continued on Page 83*)

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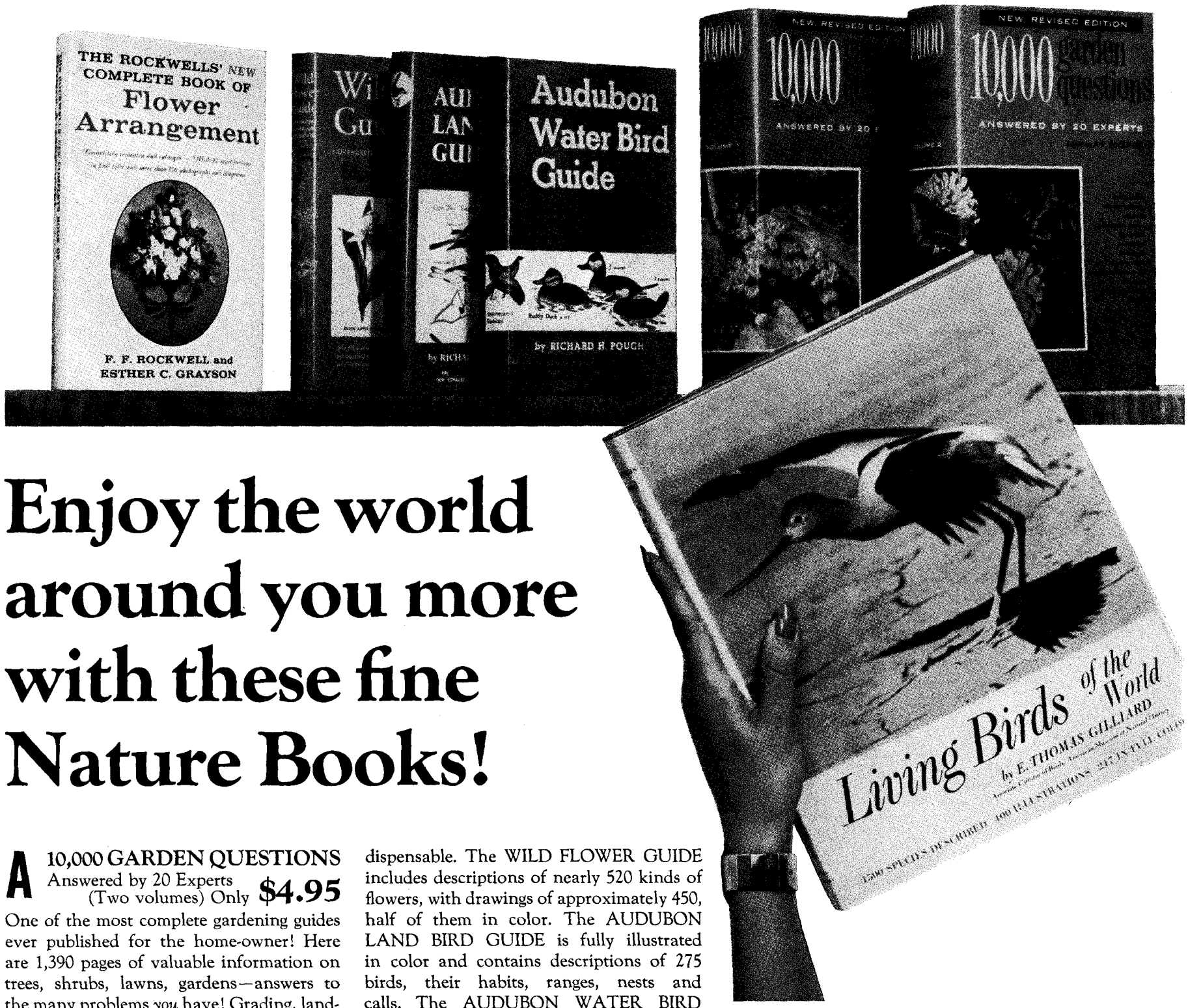
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(*Continued from Page 81*) go after it, they pointed out. But such proximity has its hazards. Late one night Doctor Gunter, who lives just half a block from the hospital, was called in an emergency. He jumped out of bed and took a short cut through a neighbor's back yard—where he connected abruptly with a new clothesline the neighbor had installed. "I was in worse shape than the patient when I finally staggered into the hospital," he says.

Perhaps Kansas's greatest virtue, in the eyes of conservative Jayhawkers, is her habit of living comfortably within balanced budgets. "Fiscal sanity," former Gov. George Docking called it. Whitely Austin, young editor of the Salina *Journal*, couldn't resist nipping editorially that many voters "might believe that it has something to do with the outhouse."

Docking, a hard-shelled banker, was one of those political mavericks which Kansas occasionally produces, a Democratic governor in a traditional Republican stronghold. He was first elected in 1955 and was much admired for his wizardry with balance sheets. He also qualified as an individualist of the old stripe—a headstrong man with an explosive temper and a knack for searing comment. "George would get up to speak before a large, influential group and couldn't resist verbally jabbing them in the eyes with a burnt stick," one of his friends told me. He told teachers that they were underworked and overpaid and newspaper editors that they were more interested in selling advertising than printing the news. He took a bitter dislike to Chancellor Murphy, one of the most popular men in the state, and when Murphy resigned from K.U. last year to accept the chancellorship of the University of California at Los Angeles, Docking was accused of hounding the educator out of the state. The voters turned against Docking when he ran for a third term last fall—but were happy about the fiscal sanity, which left a surplus of $28,000,000 in state funds.

John Anderson Jr., the Republican who succeeded Docking as governor, is a milder-mannered type who isn't likely to set the prairies aflame in any great crusade. He came whistling up the stairway at the state capitol to meet me for a Saturday appointment and chanted a few choruses of Nothing's-the-Matter-With-Kansas. He is a handsome, smooth-featured man, looking even younger than his forty-three years, and formerly was state attorney general. He emphasized that there are no political bosses in Kansas. "The people run the politics," he said. "There has been no really effective machine for at least eight years, not since the Republicans got into a big fight between two factions. That's when Alf Landon, who had been the Republican leader, became sort of like an old bull kicked out of the herd by the younger ones. But in any case, Kansas is no place for strong political machines—if one is built up, the people are quick to reject it."

The big issue in Kansas, he told me, was industrial development. "We're losing population from the farms and gaining it in the towns. We need to get more industries and jobs to ease this transition. We have great inducements. We can offer a central location, fine transportation, an excellent water supply, a great supply of oil and natural gas for fuel and a good industrial climate. The people who come off our farms know how to work, and they're willing to work."

His plans for Kansas? Nothing startling. No major reforms. "As any other state, Kansas has to keep its government in tune with the changes in society itself."

Kansas does have some worries—the readjustment she faces isn't easy. But her leaders seem most concerned about the "image"—their term, not mine—which the state projects to the rest of the country. It may be significant, for example, that some doctors now speak of the "Dodge City syndrome"—meaning the foot and leg wounds suffered by youngsters who shoot themselves while practicing quick draws with a loaded six-gun. Western atmosphere may be good for tourist trade, but Kansas officials want it known that they wear late-model business suits as well as cowboy boots and ten-gallon hats.

"Seriously, one of our main drawbacks is the peculiar idea of Kansas that is held in the East," said Dr. James Surface, Kansas-born, Harvard-trained young dean of the Kansas University School of Business. "People back there, sometimes people in influential positions, are inclined to think of this state as rather primitive, still exclusively devoted to ranching and farming." We were talking in his ultramodern office in brand-new Summerfield Hall, which has more glass than an aquarium. He had been stressing the opportunity offered research-based industries by the scientific brainpower and extensive laboratory facilities available at Kansas institutions.

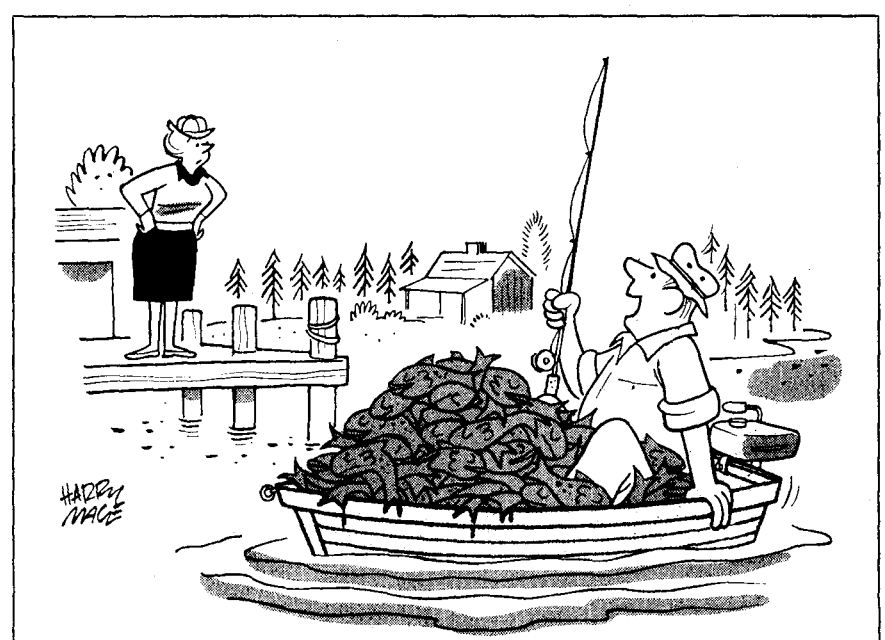
This problem of a poor first impression is no new one. From the earliest days, casual visitors have given my native land a bad press. The first white-skinned tourist to look down his nose at her was Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, governor of New Galicia, Mexico, who came here searching for the allegedly golden Quivira. What he found so disgruntled him that he strangled his Indian guide and complained in his report: "These provinces . . . are a very small affair . . . not any gold, nor any metal at all." I'm glad that the greedy conquistador was thrown out of office when he returned to Mexico.

The Great Plains suffered more badmouthing after the Louisiana Purchase, when the Federal Government sent Capt. Zebulon M. Pike to inspect some of its new real estate. In 1806 he crossed what is now Kansas and noted: "These vast plains . . . may become in time as celebrated as the sandy deserts of Africa." Daniel Webster didn't help, either, when he spoke eloquently, but with typical Ivy League myopia, against western-development plans in 1824: "What do we want with this vast and worthless area, of this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and shifting sands and whirlwinds, of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs . . . ? I will never vote one cent . . . to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer Boston."

That gives you an idea. The bloody struggle of Kansas to become a free state added to her reputation as a hard and nettlesome wench. She became a sort of mid-nineteenth-century Korea when a wavering Congress in 1854 backed away from the Missouri Compromise and left it up to the Territory of Kansas to settle the question of slavery for herself. Pro-slavery forces from Missouri swarmed into Kansas to terrorize free-soil settlers and to stuff ballot boxes. The abolitionists of New England organized the Emigrant Aid Society to send 20,000 free-state settlers a year to the territory. The area lapsed into anarchy and might well have fallen to the southern forces had not the fiery John Brown and other abolitionist zealots, such as James Montgomery and his Jayhawker guerrillas, forsaken the political niceties and turned to murderous retaliation. It wasn't until 1859 that a free constitution was ratified, and on January 29, 1861, President James Buchanan signed the bill admitting Kansas to the Union. By then the new state had enough New England settlers to mark it for generations with a stern Puritan conscience and, some say, more than a touch of Puritan hypocrisy.

Today certain Kansas scholars are more amused than perturbed by the warped impression their state casts on the TV screen, where some of her frontier marshals, sheriffs and badmen go through gallant, highly improbable maneuvers. Nyle H. Miller, the genial secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, has been flooded with requests for information about them—even such fictional ones as Matt Dillon. He says, "These frontier lawmen certainly were a colorful lot, but they shouldn't be fitted with halos."

He points out, for example, that the much-televised Wyatt Earp actually was a lowly policeman in Wichita—and his most publicized fight there was with a fellow officer, for which he was fired and given a polite hint that he had better leave town or be jailed as a vagrant. In Dodge City Earp served as assistant or deputy marshal and during an out-of-office interim paid a small fine for clouting Frankie Bell, a dance-hall girl, in the chops. Of James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok, famous for his gunslinging in Abilene and Hays, Miller says, "His nickname should suggest that he was quicker on the trigger than he was in the head. At least once, in Abilene, he shot one of his own policemen."



"Nothing got away!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The 1880 census of Dodge City lists the cane-carrying Bat Masterson as sharing a dwelling with Annie Ladue, nineteen, "concubine," while Bat's brother, Jim, then city marshal, was playing house with "Minnie Roberts, sixteen." Miller suggests, "Maybe that was the way they kept their eyes on juvenile delinquents." He also believes the TV producers are missing a good bet in Marshal Henry Brown, who pacified rip-roaring Caldwell, causing grateful citizens to present him with a gold-mounted Winchester rifle. A few days later a gang attempted to rob the bank at Medicine Lodge. One of the bandits was shot down—and turned out to be none other than good old Marshal Brown.

A key question in Kansas these days can be seen along the back roads where farmhouse after farmhouse stands abandoned, looking out dusty-eyed on a countryside that is largely empty of people. The farms have been mechanized, have consolidated into larger and fewer units. Kansas has been losing farms at the rate of 2000 a year since the mid-'30's, now has about 115,000. The rural schools, community churches and small villages—unfavored in the new scheme of things—have withered away. C. Peairs Wilson, dean of the school of agriculture at K-State, told me that farmers in the farm-management associations, sponsored by the university to encourage businesslike methods, now operate about 1000 acres apiece.

How much bigger can farms get? "That depends on how much bigger machines can get," he said. "Also, on the limits of financing." Wilson pointed out that a 1000-acre farm may easily require an investment of $200,000 for land alone. A young man with little capital hasn't much chance of starting for himself. "In fact, we may see the development of family farm corporations," he said, "both as a means of financing efficient-sized farm units and for transmitting the business intact from one generation to another." This had a peculiarly ironic ring for me, because back in the late '20's my father, the late John S. Bird of Hays, built up a system of large-scale, highly mechanized farms, operated under a corporate management, as a means of low-cost production of wheat. The farm politicians became alarmed by this efficient development, claiming it would "gobble up the land," and passed a law against farm corporations. Now there is talk of repealing that law.

On top of this technological revolution, Kansas agriculture has been plagued, in spades, with surplus crops, low prices and rising costs. Her gross farm income, divided about evenly between crops and livestock, has been running around $1,100,000,000 a year—but the net farm income has been rising and falling like a roller coaster, with a downward trend. Where it ran in the $450,000,000-to-$500,000,000 range in the early '50's, it was down to $411,000,000 in 1960.

If Kansas farm leaders have any sure-fire answers to the farm problem, they didn't tell me. Consistently increasing crop yields have offset Government acreage-control programs. "We have learned how to produce," said Roy Freeland, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. "Now the question is, can we learn how to market it?"

The wheat growers of the state are trying to learn just that. In co-operation with growers in other wheat states they have set up a farmer-financed Great Plains Wheat Inc., headed by Clifford Hope, retired United States Congressman and long-time member of the House Agricultural Committee, and have set out on a world-wide market-development

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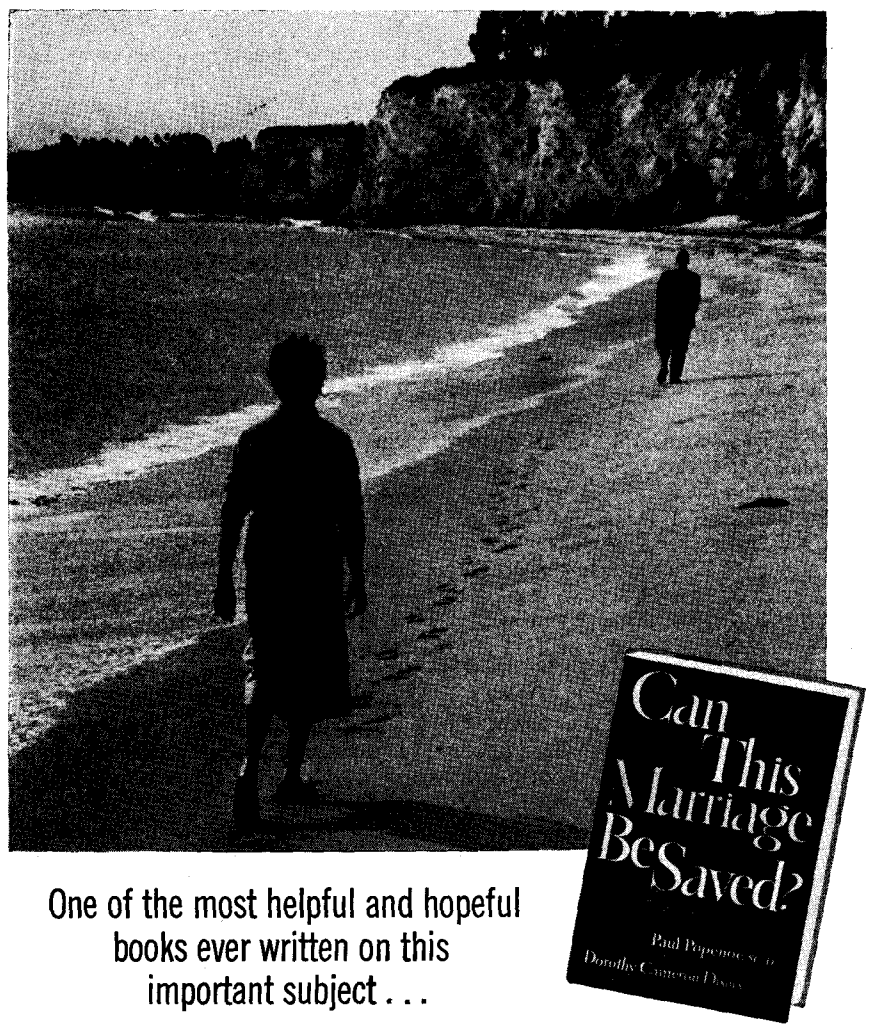

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program. "Our aim is clear-cut," said Hope. "It is to dispose of every possible bushel of wheat at home and abroad and to develop new uses and outlets." The growers have set up offices in many parts of the world, have sent teams of experts abroad to seek out new markets, have helped close "soft-currency" sales of surplus wheat to needy countries, have improved wheat grading and originated new wheat products and have undertaken nutrition programs to persuade Asiatic peoples, such as the Japanese, to develop a taste for wheat as well as rice. They can't measure results yet, but believe they are contributing to increased exports.

Nor is the industrial theme song without some sour notes. "Our eggs are still in too few baskets," Dean Surface puts it. "We have developed a huge aircraft industry, for example, but it's almost as up-and-down as our agriculture." And down in Wichita, a traffic-heavy city of 254,000, I saw what he meant. Here, thanks to several early birdmen such as Clyde Cessna and Walter Beech, Wichita-made aircraft are flown all over the world. For the past decade, well over half of the general type—private and executive—of airplanes produced in the United States have rolled off the assembly lines of the Cessna and Beechcraft plants. "This business has doubled in the last five years, and we expect to beat this record in the next five," said Dwane L. Wallace, the long, lean aeronautical engineer and onetime racing pilot who heads Cessna.

But the great Boeing Wichita plant, devoted to military aircraft, is feeling the effects of the shift away from manned bombing planes. Its work here on the eight-jet B-52H will be completed in mid-1962. Boeing's payroll, once at a peak of around 40,000, now is down to 20,000. Although Wichita has succeeded in attracting some new industry, such as a hotel-furniture manufacturer, the town is feeling a pinch as surplus aircraft workers look elsewhere for jobs.

In many ways Kansas is looking inward at her colorful past during this Centennial year, but the younger generation of Jayhawkers have many close-at-hand evidences that they are part of an uneasy world. The message is writ in the immensity of the Kansas skies by the white contrails of the nuclear-bomb-carrying B-52's which take off from airbases in Kansas. It is seen in a new kind of "silo" being dug by the dozens in her flat, black soil, not to store feed for livestock, but as underground nests for intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Nowhere is the irreversible march of the times more clearly symbolized than in the neat, reformed old cowtown of Abilene, where in 1910 young Dwight David Eisenhower, living on the wrong side of two sets of railroad tracks, wrote his senator seeking an appointment to either Annapolis or West Point. Today that section of Abilene is much visited by people from all over the world. Not far from the old Eisenhower family home is a reconstruction of Old Abilene, a small but realistic reminder of days when herds of longhorns, up from Texas on the Chisholm Trail, met the railhead here, and the six-gun was the law. Next door to the white frame house where a future general and president grew up stands the monumental Eisenhower Museum, crammed with the personal mementoes of a Kansas boy who went a-soldiering.

"Fortunately, the Eisenhowers never threw anything away," said J. Earl Endacott, former Abilene schoolteacher and now executive director of the Eisenhower Foundation, which operates the museum. "Right now we're sorting out the deluge of material from the White House."

Across the street is being completed a huge new library to house the Eisenhower presidential papers and documents. But more poignantly expressive than these multimillion-dollar marble structures is the worn and frugal home, innocent of modern push-button conveniences, speaking simply but powerfully of the human values which produced one of the world leaders of our times.

As I got ready to say good-by to my old state, I realized more than ever that my newspaper friend in Topeka was right—the old rugged flavor had faded. In today's Kansas there would be no place for a Carry Nation, who when jailed in Wichita for throwing rocks at a saloon picture of Cleopatra, buck-naked at the bath, declared, "You put me in here a cub, but I will go out a roaring lion, and I will make all hell howl"—and did. The puritanical influence has mellowed; prohibition, which Kansas pioneered in 1881, was repealed some years ago, and liquor stores are plentiful.

Even the Kansas newspapers, once noted for their crusading, independence and earthiness, have toned down. True, I found the Emporia *Gazette* encouraging its readers to argue, sometimes in verse,

... ...

Spring Cleaning

By Beryl Frank

I scrub the windows.
  Mop the floor,
Remove the prints
  From every door.
My labors lead
  To one complaint:
Without the dirt
  The house needs paint.

... ...

about the odors wafted into new suburbs by large cattle-feeding yards. Other editors around the state were chuckling over "the cow-plop war." From my own tender years as a printer's devil on the Hays *Daily News* I recalled exciting occasions when irate subscribers, differing with the editor's mordant views, came storming into the office and threatened to whip him. He was, necessarily, a nimble man. But now—"The old fighting-newspaper tradition is largely dead," said Jack Harris. "Most editors are too interested in the business side these days, too conservative, too afraid to offend."

Another editor returned the compliment by saying, "You know, just about the time we think Jack is ready for some nice award, he goes off the reservation and kicks everybody in the teeth."

The real truth, it seems to me, is that Kansas really isn't in a fighting mood these days, having very little to fight about. And that lifts an old, old burden from my conscience. This thought came to me when I was leaving my old home town and drove past the public school where, in the fifth or sixth grade, we small fry were required to memorize a poem, *The Call of Kansas*, which ran, in part:

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray,
The fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills
Are the windswept Kansas plains.

I had always felt a bit guilty—as had that poet—about leaving Kansas, as though deserting a battlefront in favor of some balmy shore. But now I know that the state is getting along very well indeed without me. THE END

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Public Schools Died Here

Continued from Page 33)

lasses, in their church Sunday-school ooms and stores, under a tight schedule om 8:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. There is a break to get from one class to an- r, often in different buildings, and no ecess for study hour or lunch. Extracur- icular activities in the high school consist of an annual magazine, a monthly news- paper, the usual student government, a heer-leader squad and teams in the three ports that were maintained in the public school—football, basketball and base- ball. Home games are played in privately owned facilities.

The foundation has an administrator, a headmaster, a librarian and sixty-three teachers, most of whom moved directly from the public to the private schools with the children. Twelve of the teachers have no college degrees. (In Virginia, a teacher may teach after only two years of college study.) The headmaster was the athletic coach in the public high school. The administrator, a retired oil executive named Roy R. Pearson, had no prior experience in education. "I'm just interested in the private school," he says. "I have a daughter going there."

The system is run on a somewhat casual sis. All classrooms have been made ilable without charge. Most of the ols and equipment in the industrial arts and science classes are borrowed. The 11,000 books in the high-school library—mounted on shelves given by a Farmville druggist who had installed new fixtures in his store—have been donated or loaned.

The county pays up to thirty-five dollars a year per child for transportation supplied, in old school buses, by a private nonprofit company calling itself Patrons, Incorporated. The buses are driven by high-school students, and there have been a few minor accidents, "but nothing serious," according to Administrator Pearson.

The private schools cost Prince Edward parents next to nothing—fifteen dollars per child per school year. The rest of the tuition is paid with public funds, including the tax dollars of Negroes. State and county laws provide tuition grants, on request, for any child who wishes to attend a private, nonsectarian school. For the Prince Edward School Foundation, the state grant is $125 for an elementary-school child, $150 for a high-school child.

e county contributes another $100 for ch of the school children. Each total grant—$225 for the lower school, $250 for the upper—is fifteen dollars short of the foundation's tuition charges. Since the foundation claims it costs $216 to educate a child for a year in the system—the cost being teachers' salaries, administration and supplies—there would appear to be a profit margin at the moment.

Some observers—in Prince Edward they are called "outsiders"—consider the private school system a delaying tactic in a losing battle. But its leaders insist there is nothing temporary about the foundation, and they have gone to impressive lengths to make their point. A six-building campus to house the high-school division is being built on a hillside at the edge of Farmville, the county seat and only town in Prince Edward. Called the Prince Edward Academy and scheduled to be completed by September, the campus will have a library, an industrial-arts plant and four buildings of six classrooms each, to handle 550 students. On e drafting board are plans for an audi- ium, a gymnasium, an administration ilding and four more classroom units.

The foundation reports it has collected $285,000, half in cash and half in pledges, for the construction, some of the money coming through an ingenious fund-raising device. A tax-credit law, permitted in Virginia and adopted in Prince Edward in July of 1960, allows a citizen to contribute 25 per cent of his personal-property and real-estate taxes, which he must pay anyway, directly to the private schools. The donation costs the taxpayer nothing and puts him in good standing with the foundation.

To facilitate the contribution for him, the county tax authorities compute and pencil in the exact amount of the allowance on the tax form. At last report, this device had produced $56,866 in cash contributions for the foundation.

The decision to build the Prince Edward Academy campus followed an attempt by the foundation to take over some public-school property. Virginia law permits a county school board to rule a school "surplus" and to sell it at auction. In January of 1960 the foundation asked the school board—six members, all white—to put Farmville High on the block. After public meetings and many arguments, the school board voted against the sale, 4–2. After still more arguments and an attempted packing of the school board failed, the project was abandoned.

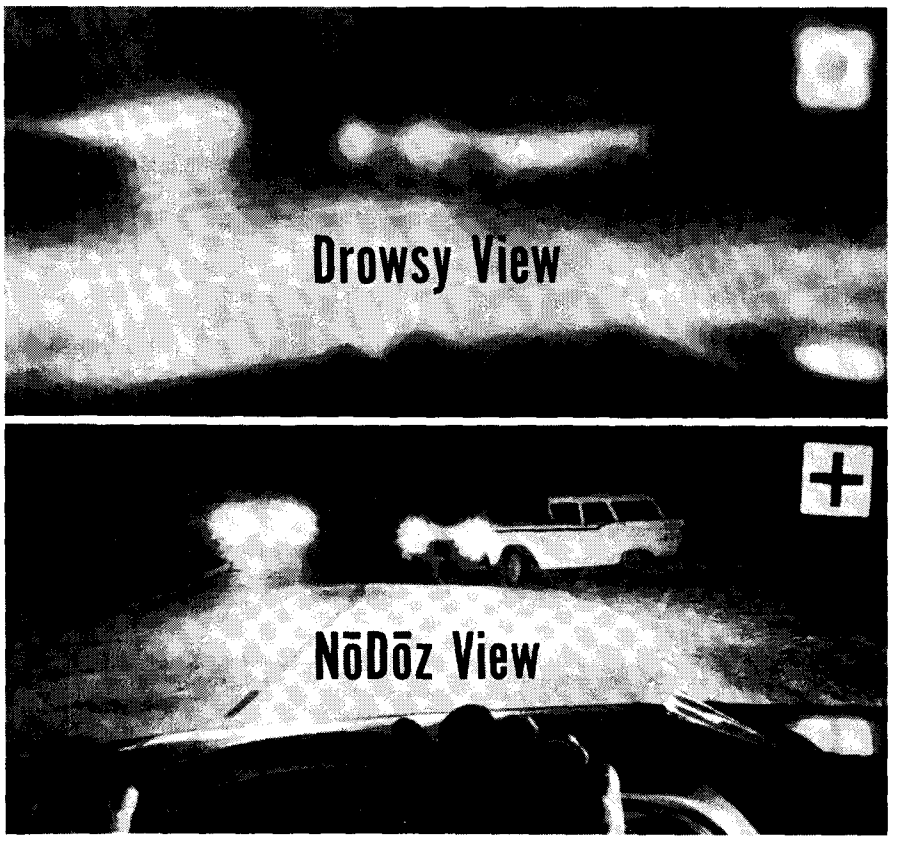
Foundation supporters talk about their private schools the way new fathers brag about their babies—often, but with limited objectivity. For example, much is made of the fact that the foundation received accreditation from the state board of education within five months of its opening. (It has neither requested nor received any other accreditation.) A popular boast is that thirty-nine of the sixty-two members of the first high-school graduating class took college-entrance-board examinations and all passed. The point is not made, however, that these graduates had had eleven years of public education and only one year at the private school, and that it is reasonable to assume the public schools left some scholastic mark on them.

"Our children," Administrator Pearson said, "are well-behaved." True, but "our children" were given the word at the start of the adventure that "this is serious business" and no foolishness would be tolerated. The students have been made a part of the fight, and they root for their side. A dozen high-school pupils were asked how they liked their private school. Except for the boy who would not answer, all said the same thing: "Great." Why? Again the response was unanimous. "Because we get out so early."

What of the Negro children? In a pamphlet, prepared by a foundation supporter, that alleges to tell the story of what has happened in Prince Edward, there is the following passage: "Regardless of the fact that certain Negro leaders precipitated the problem in Prince Edward County, the circumstance of these [Negro] youngsters is not overlooked. They will not be forgotten, nor forsaken to their own people's dim, faint, undisciplined groping."

This is either eyewash or hypocrisy. The Negro youngsters of Prince Edward are forgotten by the white people and forsaken, too, to the desegregation fight.

About fifty Negro teen-agers are at the high-school division of Kittrell College, a private, sectarian Negro school across the border in North Carolina. Their tuition is billed to the Prince Edward County Christian Association—P.E.C.C.A.—a Negro group formed, when the schools were closed, "to meet the crisis." P.E.C.C.A. has been able to pay about



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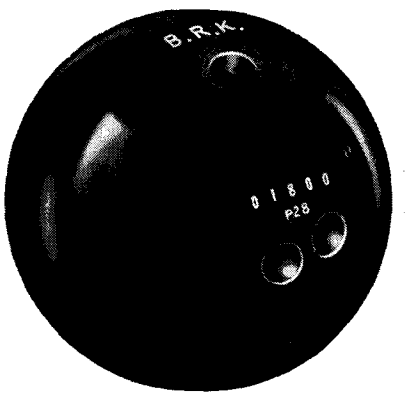

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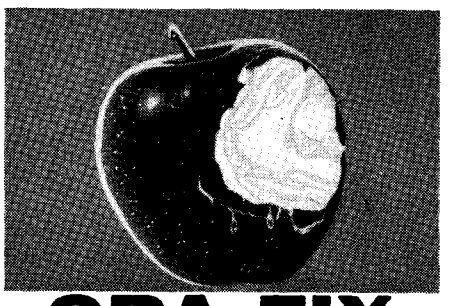

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half the bill. The rest has been conveniently ignored by Kittrell officials.

The American Friends Service Committee sent forty-seven of the oldest and ablest youngsters who wanted to go, to integrated schools in the North, at A.F.S.C. expense. The Virginia tuition grants, although available, were not used for these youngsters. Five Negro children in the county are using the grants to attend schools elsewhere in the state.

An estimated 200 Negro youngsters have left the county to receive "bootleg" education. That is, they were shipped by their parents to relatives or friends outside the county, even outside the state. There the children live as make-believe members of the family they are visiting and attend school without having to pay nonresident charges. It is a practice as old as the concept of "separate but equal" education itself.

Most of the Negro school children—some 1400—remain in the county. Volunteer "training centers" have been set up for them, and about 600 children attend, either regularly or part-time and more for morale than for learning. The 800 or so other children are lost, completely and perhaps permanently, to any known attempt at education. Some have gone to work, some play at home, some wander.

The Negro children at the centers are better off. They are supervised. In February, 573 of them were attending sixteen centers around the county. The month before there were 652 children in fourteen centers. Some of the centers have only temporary status. An unused, often abandoned, building is found, a housewife volunteers to serve as "leader," and the children come. Then, as the children become bored, or their mothers less anguished, the center closes up.

During the first year of the school shutdown most of the centers were run by teachers. There were seventy-one Negro teachers in the county when the schools closed. Now there are two, and both run centers. The others have gone elsewhere to find jobs. Today's center leaders are mostly well-meaning housewives who are inadequately trained to teach children, but do what they can during the three-and-a-half-hour daily weekday sessions. They review a few spelling words or play games with the children or invite them to cut up newspapers.

The largest of the centers, in the basement of the Farmville First Baptist Church—Negro—has two blackboards, four worktables, a collection of old theater seats, piles of used books, and eighty children, ages six through eighteen. The youngest of the children are given their lessons by an eighteen-year-old girl and a fifteen-year-old boy. The others receive mostly review work from the center leader, a former schoolteacher.

Another center, on a wooded hill near the hamlet of Prospect, is in a two-room schoolhouse closed down in the 1930's as unfit. The leader, a local housewife, started the center on her own last December. She bought a stove to heat the one bare room she uses, supplied a bucket and dipper for drinking water and, at Christmastime, began selling penny candy to the children to raise money for a door. In February, with a sheet still covering the doorway and the children wearing their hats and coats against the cold, a visitor from Richmond donated the ten dollars needed to buy the door. In March, the door still wasn't up.

In these surroundings the housewife supervises seventeen children, the youngest her four-year-old son, the oldest two seventeen-year-old boys who came to her "to get some spelling and arithmetic." Very little schoolwork is done. There is a record player, brought by one of the children, and the leader's portable radio. The children sit on two benches at the far end of the room and listen to music or play games or talk quietly among themselves.

Perhaps the best physical facility is the Loving Sisters of Worship Hall, a white, wooden two-story building mounted on concrete blocks, on the road to Hampden Sydney. It has the appearance of a colonial country schoolhouse, clean and neat and utilitarian. Here Mrs. Julia Anderson, fifteen years a teacher in the county, works with thirty-six children between the ages of eleven and seventeen. The day I visited the center the children were learning Roman numerals.

The worst facility I saw was in a deserted tenant farmer's shack, no more than fifty feet away. In a room ten feet by ten feet, with no plumbing and a tiny wood-burning stove, there are up to thirty-four children between the ages of five and ten. Magazines are stuffed into the sides and top of the rear door in an attempt to keep out the cold air.

When I visited this center, twenty-seven children were present, seated two to a desk. Two other little boys were outside gathering firewood. The children wore their hats and coats and squirmed in their cramped space.

Yet, strangely, this shabby shack felt the most like a schoolroom. The leader, sitting on a chair in a corner, wearing her coat, too, was Mrs. Victoria Brown, who had undertaken to teach her students how to read and write. Mrs. Brown has a master's degree in education from New York University and has been a teacher in Prince Edward for thirty-five years. She had each of her little students read for me, from work on scraps of paper mounted on all four walls. "See Betty Ride," one little girl read. "Three plus four is seven," a little boy recited. There wasn't a laggard in the bunch; each child performed flawlessly. Mrs. Brown beamed. A month later, Mrs. Brown was gone. She had secured a teaching job in a nearby county, a job she had had difficulty finding before because of the salary her experience and master's degree command. The children remained at their center, caught even tighter now in the educational bind.

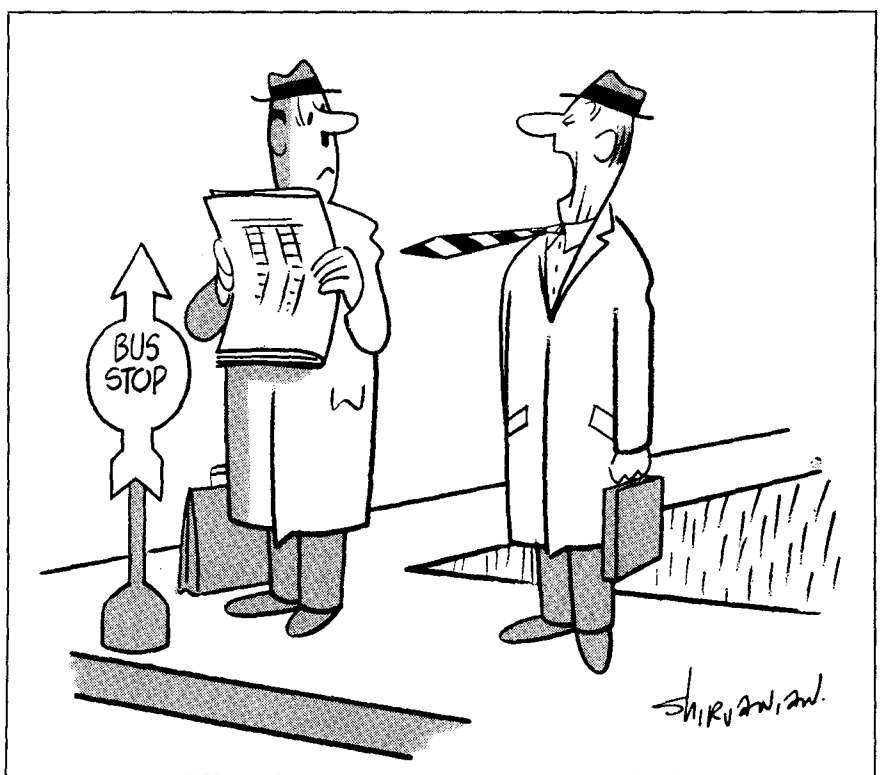
What lies behind the plight of Prince Edward, where today children have either makeshift education or no education at all? The answers don't fall easily into place. The county is not in a border state, where there has been voluntary compliance with desegregation, or in the less-than-Deep South, where there has been involuntary yielding. Nor is it an urban center, where the issue is now being met. Prince Edward is rural, remote and resolute in its way. Here fears run deeper and prejudices grip tighter. Civil rights has a long, hard road ahead.

Prince Edward County—some twenty-five miles wide and fifteen miles deep—lies buried away in the heart of southern Virginia's Black Belt, so called because the Negro population of the region nears, equals or surpasses the white population. (For Prince Edward's 15,000 residents, the breakdown is 53 per cent white, 47 per cent Negro, almost the reverse of the school population. The county, mostly a farming and light-industry community of middle-income whites and poor Negroes, has a reputation for docility bordering on apathy. The claim of its resident admirers is that it has never had a lynching, a strike or a sit-in demonstration.

Farmville, population just over 5000, is a trading center for neighboring counties. What distinguishes it from other small and remote Southern towns is Longwood College, a state teachers school for girls, in the heart of town, and Hampden-Sydney, a private college for men established in 1776, a few miles away. Other than that, Farmville is Main Street with a railroad track running across it, trucks tooling through and not stopping. The marquee on the State Theater, the only movie house, reads, ESCAPE YOUR WORRIES IN MOVIELAND.

The imprint of Southern tradition and behavior is clear in Prince Edward. Farmville's one bowling alley, one skating rink, one swimming pool, one golf course and one library are for whites only.

The county had had 200 years of absolute segregation before the current struggle began a decade ago. On April 23, 1951, five members of the senior class took the 450 students of the county's Negro high school out on strike, in protest against what they considered separate but unequal school facilities. (Segregationists concede that the facilities were unequal. They had plans for a new Negro high school, they explain, but lacked funds. In 1953, two years after the strike, a $900,000 Negro high school was erected.)



"Haven't you ever seen a starched necktie?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The high school, built in 1939 as a PW/ project, had no cafeteria or gymnasium and its classrooms became overcrowde within a year. Three tar-paper shacks heated by oil drums with long stovepipe running the length of each building, wer put up in 1940. Two thirds of the high school classes were held in these shac the time of the strike.

The students and their parents too their complaint to the National Associa tion For the Advancement of Colore People, but N.A.A.C.P. lawyers advise them that the organization was no longe interested in fighting for "separate bu equal" school facilities, as it had been The N.A.A.C.P. was now prepared t challenge the constitutionality of the stat segregation laws themselves and woul take on complaints directed toward tha end. The parents agreed, and a petition seeking an end to racial segregation or behalf of thirty-three of the students and their parents, was filed with the school board. The children returned to school: they had been out two weeks.

When, as expected, the school board rejected the petition, a complaint was filed with the United States District Court for Eastern Virginia. In May of 1952 a special three-judge court, convened to study the case on its merits, ruled that the school's facilities were unequal, but he that school segregation laws were v The N.A.A.C.P. then appealed to the preme Court of the United States. The court combined the Prince Edward suit with four similar petitions—from Kansas, Delaware, South Carolina and Washington, D.C.—and began hearings on all in December, 1952. These produced the historic court ruling of May 17, 1954, that "segregation in the public schools is unlawful, in direct conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment."

Implementation decrees which followed a year later ordered the involved schools desegregated "with all deliberate speed." But in January, 1957, Federal district Judge Sterling Hutcheson in Richmond ruled that Prince Edward needed time for desegregation and set no starting date for the action. A year and a half later, after further court delays, the judge was ordered by the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals to set a desegregation date. He set one—for 1965. This, too, was appealed; and finally, in May of 1959, a new judge ordered desegregation for that September.

The white citizens of Prince Edward had not been idle during this time. Wit hours of the 1955 implementation dec the county board of supervisors met, a ten o'clock in the evening, and voted unanimously to approve only that portion of the school budget required by law, a minimum of $150,000 for school-debt amortization. Four days later the P.T.A. met, with 1500 people present, and voted to raise privately $212,830 to guarantee the salaries of the sixty-three white teachers for the coming school year and to charter Prince Edward Educational Foundation to conduct private schools—in the event an immediate desegregation order came through. When it became apparent that desegregation would be delayed, the county adopted a month-to-month payment plan to teachers and was prepared to cut off expenditures whenever necessary. In 1956 a public hearing produced a declaration by the white community that it would turn to private schools if desegregation was ordered.

On June, 2, 1959, only days after the final desegregation order was issued, the whites of Prince Edward were ready. The board of supervisors rejected the scho board budget request for the next sch year and, instead, passed a budget wi out money for the schools. In September the private schools were functioning.

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Generally credited by his associates as the architect of the private-school plan and chief strategist for its survival is J. Barrye Wall, editor and publisher of the Farmville *Herald*, the county's semi-weekly newspaper. A militant segregationist, Wall has written such lines as: "In the South, neither the white race nor the Negro race would be happy in an integrated society," and, "An attempt to force oneself socially is not only ill-mannered but lacks consideration for the rights of others."

When I first met Barrye Wall, in his newspaper office, he told me he had nothing to say, he had done all the talking he was going to do. But reticence is not an instinct of the crusader. Wall, a cigar-chomper in his middle sixties, talked for almost three hours.

"We had no choice," Wall said at one point. He and his friends could have established a private school system for white children and kept the public schools open for the Negroes. But Wall rejects this alternative. The county could not afford to maintain both a public and a private system. More than once he said, "The Negroes could have the same thing we have. Nobody makes that point."

Wall was talking about a corporation, called Southside Schools, Incorporated, set up by members of the white community in December of 1959 after the foundation schools were under way. The

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The magnitude of our space program now taxes the imagination too.

CHESTER L. MARKS

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idea of Southside Schools was to supply similar but separate private facilities for Negro children. The Negroes could request the tuition grants, hire teachers and, presumably, find rent-free classrooms. A letter of explanation and an application form were sent to every Negro family in the county. One application was returned.

"Don't get the idea we're against public schools," Wall said late in the day. "We're not. We're against integration. And we've stopped it. We're just not in the public-school business any more. That's all there is to it."

Isn't it illegal to do away with public schools? "We don't think so," he said. "The state of Virginia permits it." But what if something should happen? What if the tuition grants should be ruled illegal? "No problem," Wall said. "We'll go without grants. The parents here will raise the money one way or another. They want these private schools badly."

The other spokesman for the private schools is Farmville businessman B. Blanton Hanbury, president of the foundation, formerly president of the P.T.A., and father of six children. "Five in school and one on deck," is the way he describes them. He feels they are six good reasons why he is against integration.

"You have to live in the South to understand our problem," Hanbury said. "We don't have Negroes like there are in the North. Most Negroes around here are quiet, rural people. They don't have a lot of energy. They're used to our way of life. Those who aren't go up North. I was in Washington last summer and I watched Negro policemen handling traffic on busy corners. They were sharp. They moved that traffic. In Prince Edward you couldn't find one Negro in a thousand who could handle the job. Negroes around here just aren't cut out for it.

"I know the N.A.A.C.P. calls this bigotry, but it's not. We have segregation, but not discrimination. What's the difference? When a Negro goes into a restaurant in the North, he doesn't know if he'll be served or not. Around here, he knows. That's the difference."

Does knowing mean the Negro likes it? Does he accept the fact that he can't go to a movie or a bowling alley in the county? "These, remember, are all private facilities," Hanbury said. "Both races can have what they want. If the Negroes wanted a library or a swimming pool, we'd even help them get it. But they're not interested. They want poolrooms and dance halls. They're more interested in drinking and carousing than in reading or swimming. That's what they've got and they're happy with it. We have a saying around here—be a Negro on Saturday night and you'll never want to be a white man again.

"I like to look at it this way. The whites around here aren't ready for integration either. If the county were richer, if it had more educated people, more of a middle class and more of an upper class, if the better Negroes didn't leave, then maybe. . . ."

The buildup of Negro leadership that has been evident elsewhere in the South in recent years is absent in Prince Edward. The only Negro leader to hold out for integrated public schools is the Rev. L. Francis Griffin, minister of the First Baptist Church in Farmville, local coordinator for the N.A.A.C.P., and president of P.E.C.C.A. Griffin is forty-three years old, heavy-set and slightly disorganized. He accepts speaking dates outside the county and often fails to appear. He says it costs $2650 a month to run the centers, but is unable to produce an accounting of the funds. He claims he is too busy to visit the centers and he knows little of what goes on there.

Stories in two Northern newspapers produced a shipment of donated desks and chairs and books for the centers. The material was piled in a Farmville garage, and Griffin asked the center leaders to come to town to help themselves. Much of the pile remains in the garage.

His organization, P.E.C.C.A., is little more than a weekly prayer meeting in his church, with perhaps seventy-five people gathering for some hymn singing, a sermon and the passing of the collection plate. Griffin skips a few of the meetings himself.

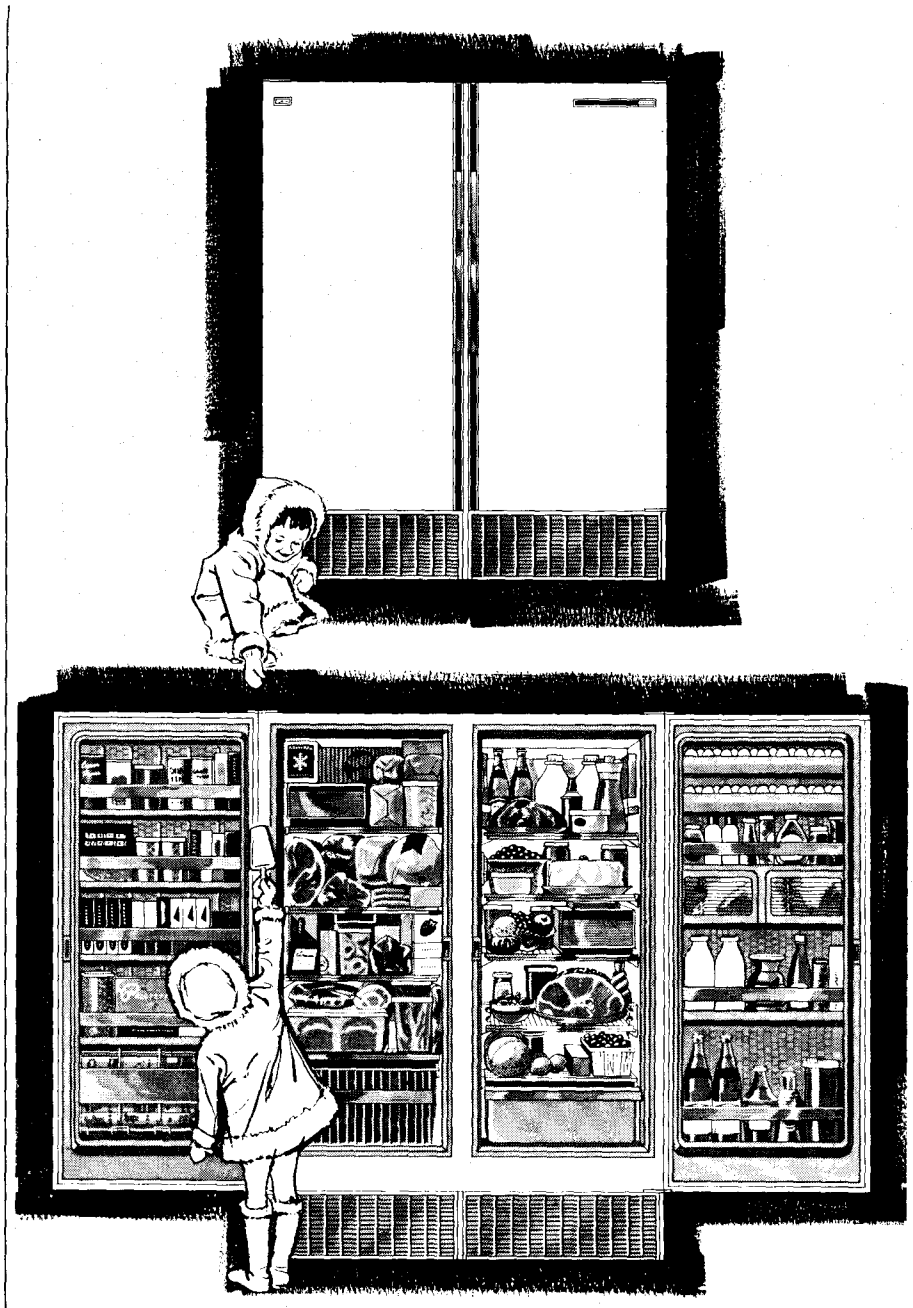
Last year he moved his wife and five children to New Jersey, where the children are going to public schools. Not even the N.A.A.C.P. lawyers, who were planning to use one of his children as a plaintiff in their court case, knew that the youngsters were no longer in Prince Edward.

To give Reverend Griffin his due, he is a lonely leader in a lonely fight. People in the county don't offer to help lead the fight. One of the other resident Negro ministers is not eager to have a center in his church. His congregation, he has told Griffin, fears reprisal.

When the struggle first began, the N.A.A.C.P. expected that the five high-school seniors who had engineered the strike would become, in time, the needed Negro leadership of the county. But these five youngsters, sophisticated enough to organize 450 other youngsters, were also sophisticated enough to leave Prince Edward.

An attitude of defeatism seems to be spreading among the Negro population. Some parents are unhappy that their children don't learn much at the centers. Others show a disinterest in integrated schools. Too many have had too little schooling themselves. Most seem to have lost what little appetite they had for the fight.

In the midst of this, Griffin stands alone, feeling (*Continued on Page 89*)



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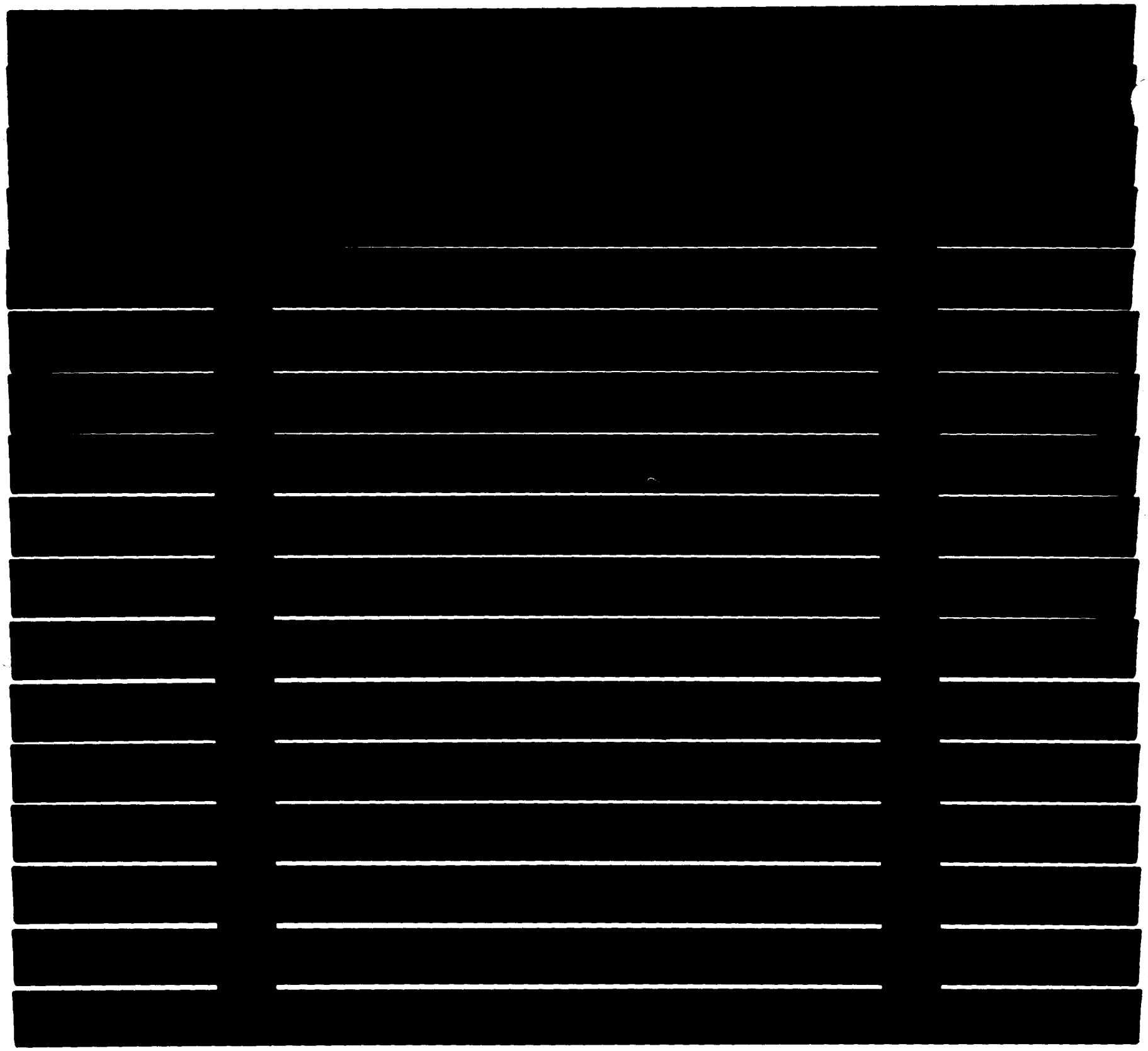

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(*Continued from Page 87*) the pressures from Negroes and whites. The segregationists say he is no longer "one of our Negroes." The few white moderates claim he seeks publicity, not victory. Some Negroes complain he is more interested in token integration than he is in education. Two years ago he had a congregation of about 200. Today it is well below 100.

Those whites not fully in sympathy with the private-school movement add up, at the moment, to about 5 per cent of the community, and they do very little talking. Pressures are too strong for them to speak out. A member of the school board who voted for the private schools but was opposed to selling the public schools was called "a nigger lover." He has withdrawn from the fight. A barber who questioned the wisdom of having only private schools later reported that people stayed away from his shop. In 1955 a Presbyterian minister said it was wrong to close the public schools; he lost his pulpit.

Last spring some white businessmen began to meet in secret to seek a settlement to the school problem. These were not integrationists, but less than hardened segregationists who wanted to resume public education and were willing to accept whatever integration was unavoidable. Their fifth meeting was discovered and exposed by segregationists.

An unsigned letter about the meeting was circulated through the county. "It has come to the attention of those of us who have worked so hard and sacrificed for the preservation of segregated schools . . . that an insiduous [*sic*] movement instigated by certain businessmen . . . who are willing to sell their honor and the moral upbringing of our children for a few dollars which they allegedly lost by a business slump that was felt nationwide . . . have allowed greed to compromise them into an alliance with these socialists, integrationists, 'do-gooders' and educationalists who would sacrifice our children in order to further themselves economically and politically."

There then followed "a confidential report of a secret meeting held outside the county" and the names of thirty-four of the forty-one men present. This was last June. There has been no meeting since. "We say nothing any more," a businessman told me wearily. "We have to be all for the private schools. Otherwise they say we're all against."

While I was there, I found only one white person in Prince Edward speaking against the closing of the schools—a college professor. He was meeting with Negroes in private and in public; he was expressing his opinion at gatherings of the white citizenry; he was buttonholing former friends in the street and making them talk to him.

A native Virginian, he had been more segregationist than integrationist when the struggle began. "I grew up with all these prejudices," he said. "As a boy once in Washington, D.C., I jumped up from a streetcar seat when a Negro sat down next to me. As recently as twenty years ago I avoided eating with Negro teachers at educational conventions. I am not an integrationist in the sense that I believe the two races can mingle closely. But I can't see why this mistreatment is necessary."

It shocked the college professor that white supremacy in the county was strong enough for the public schools to be abolished without any substantial protest. It offended him that public education was destroyed because white parents feared to have their children sit alongside Negroes in a classroom. It disillusioned him that the ministers would not speak out.

"It is my theory," he said, "that integration is less the cause for the private schools than the excuse for them. The leaders of this movement have been looking for a long time for the opportunity to get private schools. It is the few people of some wealth who pay most of the taxes. We have all heard the argument about how little the Negro pays in taxes for what he gets. These people believe that educating only the white children, in private schools, will be much cheaper for them. And it will keep the supply of cheap, unskilled Negro labor available in the county. There can be no tobacco crop without this cheap labor, and tobacco is our only significant money crop."

The professor was pressured because of his open opinions. Letters were sent to the governor and state superintendent of schools condemning his public statements. In town he was called "nigger lover" and "integrationist." Delegations went to the college president complaining about him. While I was in the county, a petition was circulated demanding his dismissal.

Then, a week after I left Prince Edward, I received what I think is the saddest letter I have ever read. It was from the professor and read in part: "I was told yesterday by the president of my college that should I open myself to renewed attack, he believed the state board of education would find it necessary to be relieved of so controversial a person as I seem to have become. Since I have three children wholly dependent upon me for support, I have no recourse but to submit to withdrawing from the battle. . . . There is nothing else that I can do."

Such are the fears and hatreds that fester in Prince Edward. The climate is so unsettled, the position of the white community so unsure that one voice—a mild, soft-spoken, educated voice—is a threat and must be silenced.

On May eighth, Federal Judge Oren Lewis in Richmond will hear arguments on all legal motions outstanding as of that date on the subject of Prince Edward—complaints, appeals, supplemental amendments to complaints and any other business hanging over in what is now a ten-year-old court case.

Conceivably the school crisis could end there, but no one in Prince Edward really thinks it will.

"We'll have the public schools open in September," Reverend Griffin says, but he admits he is being optimistic. "What we've done here is done," says Blanton Hanbury. "It's the coming thing in the South." "It will take a generation," says the silenced professor, "to heal the scars."

Whatever else happens, this much remains: With white children watching and Negro children waiting, Prince Edward has turned its back on the principle of free public education for all.

That Girl in the Office (Continued from Page 29)

commas. His youthful secretary, who was a vacation substitute, explained that her teacher had said commas should show up, on an average, with every tenth word; the youngster was making sure to sprinkle in plenty.

As employers comb the country for superior secretaries, they are especially interested in personality. Indeed a composite of group surveys puts the importance of personality at 75 per cent, technical skills at 25 per cent. In the secretarial connotation, "personality" has become an omnibus word suggesting the sum of native and acquired character attributes. Pursuit of improvement is usually called by educators the study of human relations. The big question is how to get along with male humans, especially whatever brand of human nature a girl happens to draw for a boss.

"A Jill-of-all-trades, that's what we have to be," said an experienced secretary interviewed at a convention of the National Secretaries Association. The N.S.A., largest organization of businesswomen in one profession, is actually international. Its 500-plus chapters are in the States, Canada, Mexico and Puerto Rico, with a first-in-Europe group recently established in Helsinki, Finland. The interviewer at the convention was a bit overwhelmed at finding himself the only man regularly attending the meetings of an organization composed of 22,000 women. He relaxed on discovering that if one expert secretary can make a man happy, a dozen of them around a banquet table can multiply the effect.

According to the Jills-of-all-trades, a secretary is supposed to be a psychologist, politician, diplomat, research expert, memory shark, writer, business lawyer, machinist, personal banker for her boss, errand girl and desk duster. Since she often must act on office decisions without asking the boss what he wants done, she's a mind reader too. Further, she is a voice culturist and a clothes model. She is calm, polite, dignified, charming and, even on gloomy Monday mornings, good-natured. She is unswervingly loyal to her boss and her company or, if she can't be both, she figures out which makes the most sense for all concerned.

It must be added that one of the interviewed secretaries emphasized discretion and good judgment in an emergency, telling the widely quoted anecdote about the girl who got a run in her stocking and, while her employer was out to lunch, slipped into his private office for a quick change. The boss, returning early with his wife, was surprised to find the pretty creature arising hurriedly from his chair. In the confusion of her departure she left a stocking on the executive's desk.

N.S.A.'s international president, now serving a second year's term, is personable Mrs. Evelyn G. Day. A University of Cincinnati graduate who has worked always for the same company, Armco Steel Corporation of Middletown, Ohio, Mrs. Day is executive secretary to Charles R. Hook, honorary chairman of the board. She is the author of a popular booklet on do's and don't's of human relations—*What a Secretary Should Know About Bosses*—in which she warns that one must not be an office wife.

By definition, an office wife is a secretary who takes a personal attitude toward the man in the office. There can be mild cases of possessiveness—bossing the boss, trying to reform him. "Don't," says Mrs. Day. "After all, he's doing all right or he wouldn't be where he is." Serious cases can involve a romantic feeling for a boss who already has a satisfactory wife of his own choice at home. One secretary at the convention said, "Lots of happily married men like to flirt a little. So what? It's all in a day's work. A girl who takes this seriously is asking for a real snafu."

Being quite impersonal is rather difficult, because a good secretary is a confidante of the boss, often to a degree unequaled by anyone else in the office. The situation, Mrs. Day thinks, can be complicated by a woman's tendency to take personally everything that happens and to be sensitive about chance remarks. As an extreme example, she cites the case of a newly hired executive. One of those girls who think every man in the office is interested in them said to her friends one day, "It's outrageous the way that new man winks at me." Her friends, after a gust of hilarity, explained that the newcomer had a nervous tic and winked all day long. This slowed the girl down some, but didn't cure her basic fault.

Mrs. Day's booklet is part of a series being published by the Dartnell Press of Chicago. The latest one—by Peggy Norton Rollason, N.S.A.'s public-relations director—explains that good secretaries must be public-relations experts, and teaches them how.

How does a girl get her start at acquiring the many virtues a secretary is expected to have? Employers' standards vary, but nearly everybody wants high-school-level graduates who have been exposed to fundamentals like typing, dictation, English and office practice—and it's all to the good if they have been able to cram in business arithmetic, business law and bookkeeping. Highly accredited, private business schools want secondary-school graduates or girls who through part-time study have made equivalent progress—and can prove it in rugged entrance tests. Each year more than 200 colleges award all together about 1500 four-year degrees in secretaryship (Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Business Science). These graduates in the main are the cream of the secretary crop, though some may be weak in manual skills, evidently from developing a highfalutin attitude toward lowly typewriter practice.

In addition, there is a growing practice among big companies of hiring a teacher or two and turning out their own secretaries. Youngsters employed in clerical posts are given hours off for free schooling; soon they are stenographers, and in time there is a squeal of delight as one of them is told she is a private secretary.

The National Secretaries Association co-operates with schools and colleges in many ways through its newly organized Future Secretaries Association. But N.S.A.'s wisest educational move since its founding in 1942 as a nonsectarian, nonpolitical, nonunion group was to dream up a way for established secretaries to increase their professional worth and win acknowledgment as certified professional secretaries. The Institute for Certifying Secretaries was set up in 1950 by a committee of educators and businessmen. George A. Wagoner, head of business education at the University of Tennessee, is serving his third year as the institute's dean, and Dr. Fred S. Cook of Wayne University, Detroit, is the educational consultant. Secretaries need not belong to N.S.A. to win a C.P.S. key; they just have to be mighty good and over twenty-five years old.

Candidates who get by a rigid screening process face a two-day examination in law, administration, economics, accounting, stenography and seventy-five potentially catastrophic problems in human relations. Each problem proposes four solutions, from which the candidate picks the best and the worst. A typical

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problem states that a boss got a letter from a client which made him so furious he promptly dictated a reply that was bound to make the client angry too. Question: Should the secretary (A) get the letter right in the mail; (B) tell the boss he shouldn't send such a fierce letter; (C) delay transcribing it; (D) transcribe it, but delay getting it signed until the morrow, hoping the boss would then be cooled off enough to file it in the wastebasket? Dean Wagoner says he would answer this (D) best, (B) worst.

There is a system whereby never-say-die girls may retake flunked sections of the annual tests for five years; then they must start anew with all sections. Information, including names of colleges offering courses aimed at the C.P.S. exams, can be obtained from N.S.A. headquarters, 1103 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri. Since 1950, certificates have been won by 1996 secretaries, including four men. Many more, having passed part of the tests, are still in there pitching. Benefits of the C.P.S. rating include faster salary raises, higher responsibilities, special attention from placement agencies and the spiritual lift of being on the move, rather than just drifting—"You like yourself better."

Educators generally agree with the C.P.S. institute's emphasis on human relations. Prof. Charles B. Hicks of Ohio State University holds that good instruction emphasizes the thread of human relationship running through all secretarial work; Thomas W. Gerrity of the International Correspondence Schools says, "Personality cannot be overstressed." A pioneer, Mrs. Katharine Gibbs founded a school in Providence, Rhode Island, fifty years ago to demonstrate that long-skirted females who ventured into business as "typewriters" should be educated "ladies" whose appealing personalities would be of value to their bosses.

Under Gordon Gibbs, son of the late founder, the Gibbs institution now has departments in New York, Boston, Montclair, New Jersey, and Providence, and an active alumnae association of 25,000. It is one of the world's most respected secretarial schools. A Gibbs brochure describes more than a hundred personal qualifications that must be met. An example says, in effect, that a girl should develop such a cast-iron serenity that she can absorb a bawling out whether she deserves it or not—"The secretary is the shock absorber of the office."

Miss Grace Cheney, a Gibbs vice president, explains that supplementing the formal curriculum are outside specialists who lecture on psychology, theater arts, hygiene, music appreciation, current events, ethics and the like. Vice president Marion Beck notes that the girls are graded regularly on dress and grooming; and if they don't heed the lectures by professional stylists, school counselors take over. Conservative smartness is the idea: Stockings required always, heels at least an inch high, no faddish coiffures and reserve the frilly, billowy garments for after hours. Use a whisper of cologne, perhaps, but no perfume that might attract notice. A telephone-company lecturer, plus classroom work with electronic gadgets called "teletrainers," help to modulate secretarial voices.

A pleasant voice is important, and in this connection it should be reported that several hundred secretaries are coming here each year from England. It appears that some American bosses snap up these overseas helpers, not because their technical skills are superior, but because they like the girls' English accents. And an English girl's demeanor suggests that while she may be functioning just now as a secretary, actually she is a duchess. After brief exposure to these influences, an American boss feels like a member of the House of Lords—and, much more important, so do his clients.

English intonations are not taught at the Gibbs School, but its alumnae do have unusual advantages. For example, they can depend on a free, lifetime job-placement system, including a special effort by Miss Gretchen Wamp of the New York school to match compatible personalities. A prospective boss is urged to drop into a Gibbs office and explain in detail just what he wants a secretary to do and be. Does he want a housekeeping girl, for example? One who, reaching the office before he does mornings, flings open the windows and airs the place out? Or does a breath of fresh air give him pneumonia? The placement people endeavor to match the boss's vi-

"About that electric blanket."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

sion to information in the girls' personality files. It is even said that if two baseball fans can be brought together, the work will go more smoothly.

Some educators are giving thought to a switch in the problem of personal adjustment long advocated by Dean William J. Hamilton of the ninety-five-year-old Peirce School of Business Administration of Philadelphia. He believes bosses should do some of the adjusting. A mild example: If a secretary shouldn't rustle papers or squirm in her chair during dictation, why should a boss mumble through his pipe, pace the floor or dictate out of the window? Dean Hamilton thinks that "Some men do an atrocious job of bossing." Incidentally, the dean has been associated with the same secretary for some time; he married her.

Gordon Gibbs, who also married his secretary, recently founded in New York the Katharine Gibbs Consulting Service, Incorporated, which he says is a unique effort to teach bosses how to boss. The service is separate from his school, but staffed by its instructors. Mrs. Edith Krag, director, says "the executive sets the office climate, and the best climate is when a girl works with, not for, him." The service advises firms on secretarial problems like frequent resignations and ineffective office procedures, summoning executives into climate-analyzing seminars.

Labor Department people refer to "the hourglass shape" of the secretarial employment chart, meaning that the best-filled age groups are under thirty and over forty-five. The wasp waist of the hourglass chart indicates that many of the middle-age group—thirty to forty-five—are home bringing up children. When placement people are asked if girls in the youngest category become secretaries with the focused idea of seeing a lot of men and corralling a husband, the resentful answer runs like this: "No! Most girls take pride in and bring full integrity to a job."

True, a survey of fifteen professions taken in the Los Angeles area showed that marriage prospects among secretaries ranked first, actresses second. It is true, also, that a secretary's experience with businessmen's triumphs and troubles makes her sensitive, stimulating and understanding and thus more desirable as a wife. But young secretaries generally are employed among groups of older, married men. The men who carry off these girls, leaving bosses to gnash their teeth, often meet them elsewhere.

In any event, secretarial work is interesting, often fascinating. The training period is short; good posts abound; and in 1960 the average weekly pay in sixty major labor markets ranged from $68.50 to $98, with higher marks in reach for those who accept special responsibilities. Also, analysts rate secretarying as a "jump job." For instance, today's secretary with a television station may tomorrow be before the cameras singing, dancing or declaiming commercials.

The modern trend is for a young secretary to keep right on working after she marries. If she has a baby on the way, she is likely to postpone her departure much longer nowadays than used to be the custom, as in many offices one can plainly see. Placement bureaus report that the only time a qualified girl has trouble getting her first job as a secretary is when she is a newlywed.

Another trend, which employers welcome, is the return to work of married secretaries in the older age group. A corporation officer says of them, "Women stay more youthful nowadays; and homemaking, especially when the children grow older, takes less time. The steadiness and judgment of maturity, the deeper sense of responsibility—I'm all for the returnees."

During the annual convention of the National Secretaries Association last Ju a warning comment about married secretaries was made by Henry Viscardi Jr., whom N.S.A. had selected as its "international boss of the year." As president and founder of Abilities, Incorporated, Viscardi has a big industrial plant at Albertson, Long Island, which employs only handicapped men and women and does annual business in the millions. He, with two artificial limbs himself, dashes around the country lecturing on the theme that there are no disabled people—only people. He said, "Certainly women with families can be grand secretaries. But I am convinced that if one of them doesn't make good as both a homemaker and a secretary, she won't make good as either."

Mrs. Edmund R. Michalik, C.P.S., of West Mifflin, Pennsylvania, was selected by the 1960 N.S.A. convention as its "secretary of the year," having survived months of grueling contests on chapter and regional levels and an oral, convention-floor run-off of six finalists. She is administrative assistant and secretary t Philip H. Powers, an assistant chancello of the University of Pittsburgh. Her husband is with the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Research Laboratories. Their son Richard, thirteen, is a schoolboy, with all-round interests. This looks like two-career success, yet Martha Michalik says, "I'm inclined to think that if married women don't have to go to work, they shouldn't. I'm afraid my son and I were cheated a little on the joy and fulfillment of his growing up."

Martha got married the day after being graduated from Pitt in 1946 and a week later was persuaded to help as a part-time lecturer at the university. After a spell at home during her son's infancy, she taught school until 1951, "thanks to the wonderful help of my mother, whom we paid less than regular baby-sitting rates." Then Martha tried staying home, didn't like it and away she went into her secretarial career. "My husband and I have always co-operated, right down to details like who would go shopping while the other baby-sat and cleaned house. All in all, I do think the situation is reasonably normal for our son."

Of course, experienced secretaries who do not get married are the ones who can focus all their mature qualities on career-woman success. Some of these women make very nice money indeed. A boss reminisced, "I had one of those rare ones. Boy, was she good! Her single weakness was that she worked for me twenty-six years—and then got married."

Some people who are qualified to express an opinion were asked if the girl in the office will eventually be displaced by automation. The answers were complex, but the composite thought was that the electric revolution is actually an evolution which will release secretaries from physical work, giving them more time for thoughtful effort. Clerical workers have increased faster than the population rate, and one of the reasons is that human beings have to push the buttons.

A machine does not have consciousness, common sense, the faculty to make original decisions or the power to think creatively. A machine might say, "Good morning," when a button is pushed—but it could hardly turn a gloomy day bright with its smile. THE END

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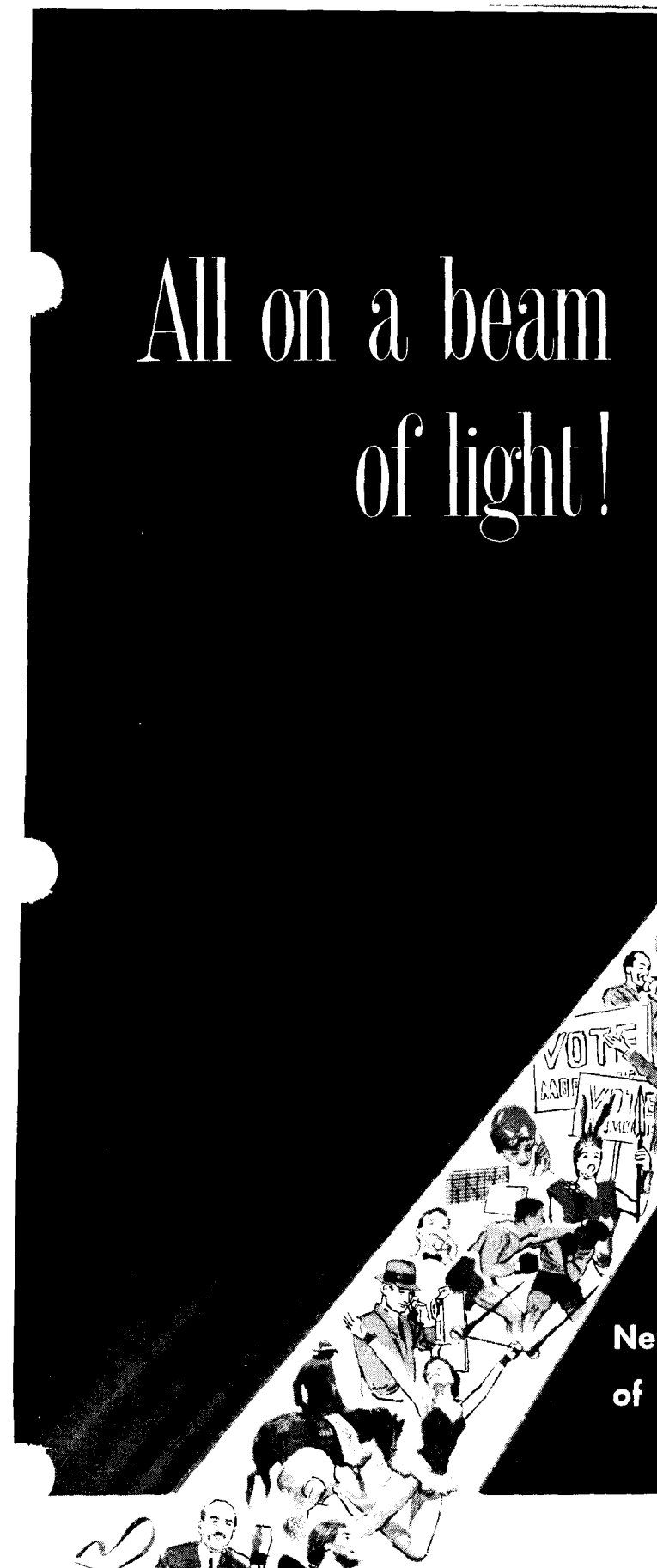

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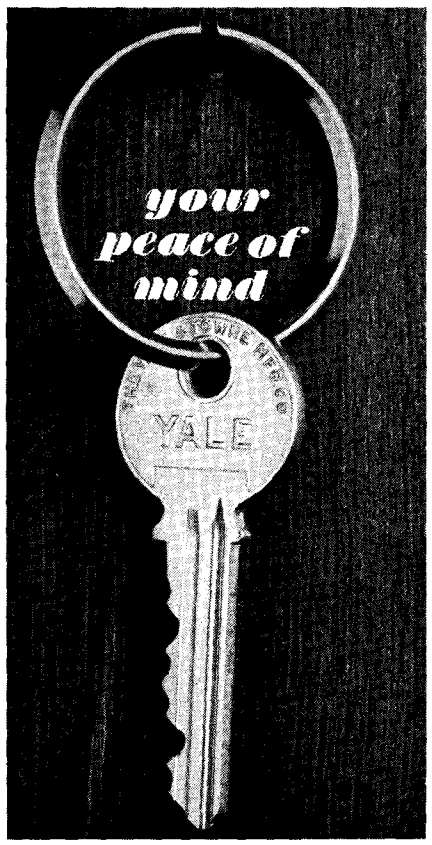

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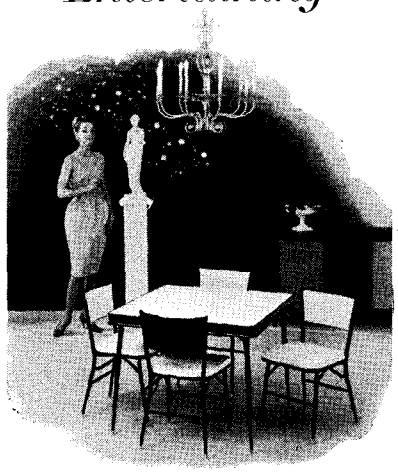

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Keeping Posted

Our Writing Editors

John Bird in 1912 and 1961.

Irv Goodman.

Senior editor **John Bird** wrote KANSAS, MY KANSAS (page 20) under a depressing handicap: He had to submit it for criticism to two loyal Kansans—his wife Katherine and *Post* editor Ben Hibbs. Both critics praised the article, but Bird remained depressed nonetheless. "In going back to those boyhood scenes," he says, "I began to feel almost as old as Kansas." (The Sunflower State is an even 100 this year; Bird is a mere fifty-one.)

Bird came to *The Post* in 1955, after serving as an associate editor of *Country Gentleman* magazine. Before that he served in the Navy and worked for the Department of Agriculture, and long before that he was a chicken chaser (see photo) in Hays, Kansas. "In those days, boys wore dresses until they were three or four," says he defensively.

I CALL ON DEAN MARTIN, by entertainment editor **Pete Martin**, is the second Martin-to-Martin interview in Pete's chatty series. (The other: I CALL ON MARY MARTIN, March 28, 1959.) Dean Martin, as you will learn on page 16, was born Dino Crocetti; and Pete Martin was born W. Thornton Martin Jr. But who would read I CALL ON DINO CROCETTI, by W. Thornton Martin Jr.?

Associate editor **Irv Goodman**'s principal chore is shopping for article ideas in his favorite city—New York. He has spent only four of his thirty-five years outside the city, two of them fighting with a tank battalion in Italy and two studying at the University of Denver. In Denver he read day-old copies of *The New York Times* and watched night games of the Denver Bears, then a Yankee farm club. Before coming to *The Post* early in 1960, he worked for *Sport* magazine for nine years, the last five as its managing editor.

Goodman took one of his rare excursions from New York to research his article on the plight of school children in Prince Edward County, Virginia (PUBLIC SCHOOLS DIED HERE, page 32). "I don't know how others will react to the story," he says, "but when I finished it, I felt, above all else, sad."

They Make You Laugh: *Kaz*

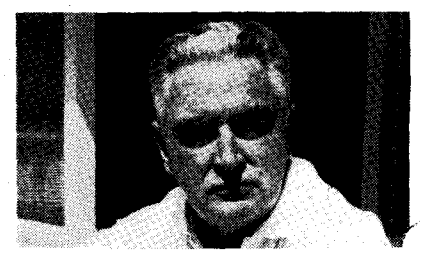
Larry Katzman does all his cartooning in the evenings and on rainy weekends. He's not a night owl; it's just that business comes before pleasure, and cartooning is his pleasure. His business is Kaz, Inc., of which he is president. Kaz specializes in baby products (Larry's father Max invented the electric vaporizer). They also produce such ingenious gadgetry (Larry is an electrical engineer) as an electric French-bread warmer and an electric warming pillow for pets.

Not long ago Larry's wife Shirley picked up his best shoes at the shoemaker's, where they had been taken for new heels. Then she hurried back to their Manhattan apartment to prepare supper for the children. Next day the bag containing the shoes still was on the kitchen floor. The Katzmans' new maid assumed it contained trash and deposited it in the incinerator. The charred shoes were not a total loss. Larry got to thinking about female absent-mindedness, and out of the ashes arose his cartoon on page 44.

Cartoonist Larry Katzman.

Books, Betting and Beatniks

Lucy Freeman, a *New York Times* reporter-turned-free-lancer, is one for the books. She has written seven volumes on psychoanalysis and her current book projects concern (1) emotional maturity, (2) the theater, (3) abortion and (4) horse racing. No. 4 got under way when she met Ted Atkinson, learned he wanted to write a book, decided this would be a splendid way to recoup her losses at the track. Ted grumbled when Lucy referred to a mare as "a lady horse," but otherwise the collaborators collaborated smoothly. See HOW TO BET THE HORSES (page 27).



Storyteller Myles Connolly.

THE HEADSTRONG DEBUTANTE (page 34) concerns, in addition to a headstrong debutante, a disagreeable beatnik who is neither seen nor heard in the story. "That's the way I like beatniks," says author **Myles Connolly.** "Invisible."

Connolly lives in Malibu, California, writes articles, stories, novels and verse. His first novel, *Mr. Blue*, was published thirty-three years ago. It has been printed in six languages and is still selling.

New Frontiersmen and The Post

Arthur J. Goldberg's WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT UNEMPLOYMENT? (page 15) is not our first article by a Secretary of Labor,* but it is our first by a Kennedy appointee. We hope it won't be the last, because the President has tapped quite a few occasional *Post* contributors for key Government posts. Our count is twelve: Interior Secretary Udall, HEW Secretary Ribicoff, Presidential Assistant Schlesinger, Under Secretary of State Bowles, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Rowan, Ambassador-at-large Harriman, Ambassador-to-Yugoslavia Kennan, Ambassador-to-India Galbraith, Ambassador-to-Japan Reischauer, Ambassador-to-Guinea Attwood, UN delegate Eleanor Roosevelt, Presidential adviser Robert Lovett. And we're not including Dean Acheson (four articles), Ambassador Reischauer's wife (five articles), Ambassador-to-Ireland Stockdale's wife (four poems) and John F. Kennedy, who wrote a June 2, 1956, article, TAKE THE ACADEMIES OUT OF POLITICS.

**James P. Mitchell wrote a* Post *article in 1956; William B. Wilson wrote one in 1918; James J. Davis wrote eight between 1923 and 1927.*

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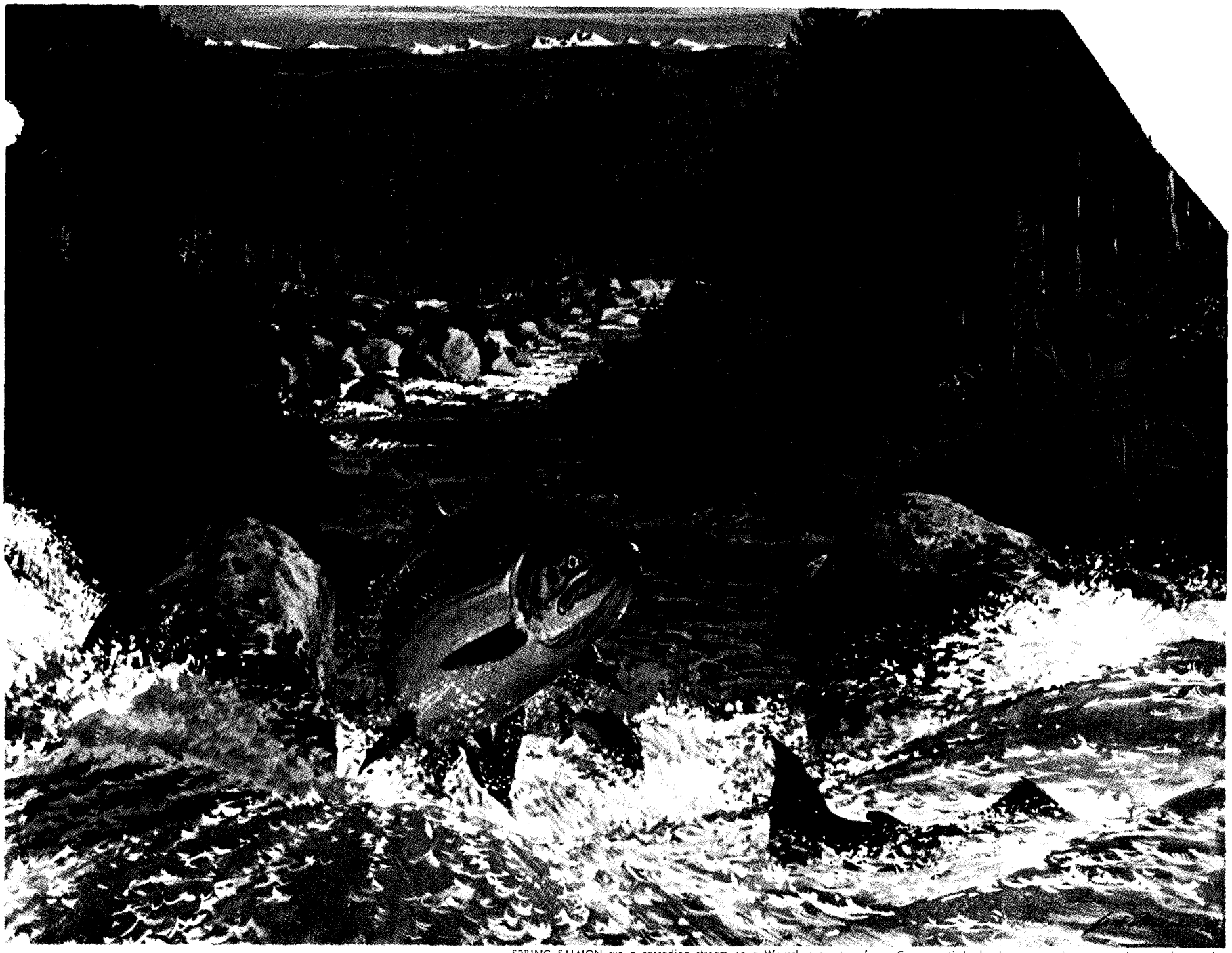

SPRING SALMON run a cascading stream on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm. Company timberlands are a major source of water for nearby farms, cities and industries. The techniques we use to perpetuate timber resources also serve to preserve watershed values on our lands.

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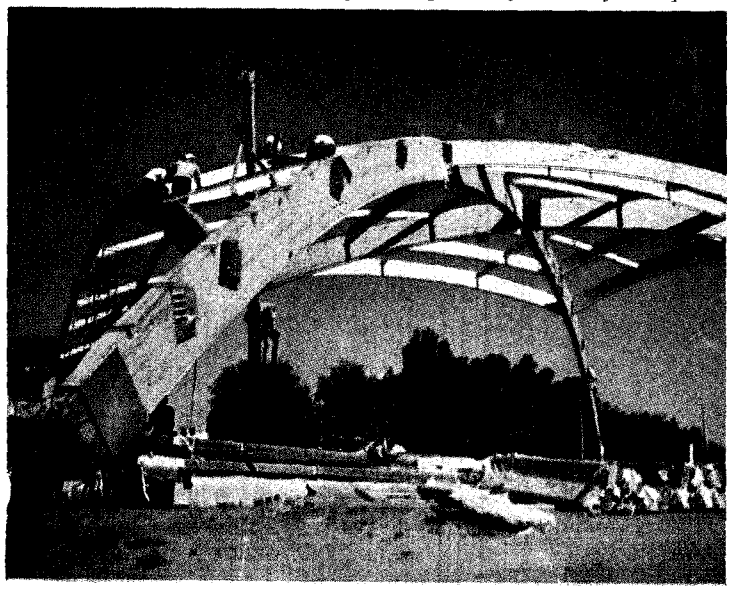

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